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HYMNS OF FAITH & LIFE

JOHN
HUNTER
1850

MANUEL



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ANNEX

HYMNS OF
FAITH AND LIFE

INCLUDING

PSALMS, CANTICLES AND ANTHEMS

COLLECTED AND EDITED

HYMNS

REV. JOHN HUNTER, D.D. (CLARE)

RECTOR, ST. MARK'S CHURCH, LONDON

OF

FAITH AND LIFE

SECOND EDITION

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the
understanding also.—Col. iii. 16

LONDON

J. M. DENT & CO.

1904

HYMNS

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FAITH AND LIFE

HYMNS OF FAITH AND LIFE

INCLUDING

PSALMS, CANTICLES AND ANTHEMS

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY THE

REV. JOHN HUNTER, D.D. (GLAS.)

THE KING'S WEIGH HOUSE CHURCH, LONDON
(LATE OF TRINITY CHURCH, GLASGOW)

THIRD EDITION

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the
understanding also.—1 Cor. xiv. 15

LONDON

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PRAISE ye the Lord! It is good to sing unto our God. It is pleasant, and comely is the hymn of praise.—*Ps.* 147, 1.

IN psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord.—*Ephesians* v. 19.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

—*Isaac Watts.*

How did I weep in Thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet-attuned Church?—*St. Augustine.*

Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.—*T. Dwight.*

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THIS new edition of *Hymns of Faith and Life* has been carefully revised, and re-arranged to suit the order of the *Christian Year*. A few hymns have been omitted, but many new and better ones have been added. In addition to acknowledgments made in the Preface to the first edition of this book (see Appendix), I have to tender my thanks for permission to use hymns to :

The CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for Hymns by Sir H. W. BAKER.

The FATHERS OF THE ORATORY, Kensington, for Verses from two copyright Hymns by the late Dr. FABER.

The REV. JAMES BELL, Hull, for additional Hymns.

The REV. AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, B.A., Bristol.

The REV. CANON BRIGHT, D.D., Christ Church, Oxford.

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by the late Dr. W. B. ROBERTSON of Irvine.

The HON. ROLLO RUSSELL.

MRS. SADLER, Hampstead, for Hymns by the late Rev. Dr. SADLER.

J. SKELTON, Esq., Edinburgh.

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The REV. W. S. TARRANT, Wandsworth.

The REV. THEODORE WILLIAMS, New York.

Mr. T. H. GILL has also allowed me to purchase the use of many of his hymns, and permission to use a hymn by the late Miss CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI has been obtained on their usual terms from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I have taken much trouble to avoid the infringement of any proprietary rights, but if I have unwittingly transgressed in this particular, I crave beforehand the kind indulgence of the owner. Few, I am sure, are the hymn writers who are not prepared to re-echo the words of Dr. Horatius Bonar, spoken in reference to his own hymns: "I consider them not as my property, but the property of the Church of God."

For assistance in correcting proofs and for many

suggestions, I am much indebted to my friends, Mr. JOHN BROOKE GREENWOOD of Manchester and Mr. WILLIAM WHITWELL of Balham.

Mr. B. SYKES, Organist and Choirmaster of Trinity Church, has revised the pointing of the Psalms and Canticles.

JOHN HUNTER.

9 UNIVERSITY GARDENS,
GLASGOW, *January 1st, 1896.*

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HYMNS OF FAITH AND LIFE.

God: His Worship and Glory.

Old Hymns

1. *Be joyful in the Lord.* L.M.

1. **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

HYMNS OF

Worship the King.

10.10.11.11.

1. **O** WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath th' deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
4. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir R. Grant.

3.

Worship the Lord.

12.10.12.10.

1. **O** WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.
2. Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness ;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3. Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
4. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

J. S. B. Monsell.

4. *Universal Worship.* L.M.

1. O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue ;
2. Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well ;
3. From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there,
4. To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee ;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
5. O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung,

J. Pierpont.

*Per Reche et
retro*

(Skinner)

Ch. Ky

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HYMNS OF

O taste and see that God is good. C.M.D.

4. **T**HE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind ;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool ;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2. The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high ;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3. The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell ;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live :
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

6.

Bless the Lord.

S.M.

1. **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
3. O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
4. There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
5. God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
6. Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

7. *In spirit and in truth.* 8.8.7.

1. GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee ;
2. Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.
3. By Thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By Thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee ;

4. And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice Thy praises pealing,
Must Thy noblest homage be.
5. Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.
6. Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

W. J. Fox.

8.

Worship.

L.M

- Welcombe*
1. O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
 2. That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirits' light, Thy Spirit's grace.
 3. That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.
 4. Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would seek no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

9.

Bless the Lord. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

1. YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light !
Fly at your Lord's command !

Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2. Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's face !

His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3. Ye saints, who toil below !
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing :

Take what He gives ;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives !

4. My soul ! bear thou thy part ;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love !

Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise !

Richard Baxter.

10.

Hear and Save.

7.7.7.5

1. **G**OD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive, and save.

2. When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat :
Look from heaven and save.

3. When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill ;
Lord, accept and save.

4. Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive, and save.

5. Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess :
Father, hear and save.

6. And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive, and save.

*Eliza F. Morris.**Hear Thou in Heaven. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.*

1. **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;

Intercessions
(W. H. Calvert)
B. O. P.

When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

2. When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

3. When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the suppliant knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

4. When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,

Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed name :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

5. When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair ;
 When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;
 When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

Horatius Bonar.

12. *The Eternal God.* C M

1. **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :
 2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
 3. Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
 4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

St. Ann.

5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
7. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

13.

The Rock of Ages.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The everlasting Thou !

2. Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die ;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

*Or
Ancient
- Arcadite*

*hebar
(Smair)*

(Ch. Hy m. 15)

3. O Thou, who dost not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast bless'd.

E. H. Bickersteth.

14. *7 B90?* *God our Refuge.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- Stephen*
(Ch. hymn, 184)
1. LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
 In every generation ;
 Thy people still have known Thy grace,
 And blessed Thy consolation ;
 Through every age Thou heardest our cry ;
 Through every age we found Thee nigh,
 Our strength and our salvation.
2. Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
 And oft Thy patience provéd ;
 But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
 Thy name we still have lovéd :
 And Thou hast kept and lovéd us well,
 Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
 Unshaken, unremovéd.
3. Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
 Shall Thine own people sever ;
 Our helper never will remove,
 Our God will fail us never :
 Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee ;
 Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
 For ever and for ever.

T. H. Gill.

B100

15. ? *Universal Praise.* 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7

+ 1. ALL lands and peoples, all the earth,
Put off the night of sadness ;
Make cheer and music and high mirth,
And praise the Lord with gladness !
Serve Him with joyful heart,
All kingdoms do their part,
And let immortal song
Before His presence throng
For ever and for ever !

*Ein feste
Burg*

2. O surely He is God alone,
The earth is mute before Him ;
And He is ours, and we His own,
His people who adore Him.
We are His flock, our feet
Walk in His pastures sweet ;
And, by cool brooks, the sleep
Is soft He gives His sheep
For ever and for ever !

3. O enter and His temple throng
With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving ;
Praise Him in holy mirth and song,
Our Lord, the ever-living !
With incense to the skies
Our thankfulness arise ;
His glory wide proclaim,
Speak good of His great name
For ever and for ever !

4. For gracious is the Lord our God,
He hears our dull complaining ;
His mercy has a sure abode,
And everlasting reigning ;

Seasons and times roll by,
 And nations fade and die,
 But God's majestic truth
 Leads on our eager youth
 For ever and for ever !

Stopford A. Brooke.

16. *Unceasing Praise.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **WE** praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning
 ray ;
 We praise Thee with the glowing light of day :
 All things that live and move, by sea and land,
 For ever ready at Thy service stand.
2. Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
 "Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
 By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are !"
 Grant us to echo on the song afar.
3. Thy name supreme, Thy kingdom, in us dwell,
 Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :
 Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
 For Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power !

Johann Franck.

17. *Lift up your Hearts.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. **T**O God, most high, draw near !
 Let all bow down before Him,
 And in a joyful psalm
 With heart and voice adore Him !
 The great and gracious Lord,
 Who all to us hath given,
 And whose high praise is sung
 By angel-choirs in heaven.

2. With upward look we leave
 Our mortal cares behind us ;
 Why should earth's vain desires
 To nobler things so blind us ?
 Come, faith and hope and love,
 Your glories now unfold ;
 Lead us as ye have led
 The holy men of old.

3. Like tender flowers of spring
 Their faces upward turning,
 And drinking sunbeams in
 As by a secret yearning,
 We'll lift our hearts on high
 For that more blessed light,
 Which cheers our hours of grief
 And guides our steps aright.

4. Lift up your hearts to God,
 For lowly service ready,
 Pursue the upward way,
 With footsteps strong and steady ;
 And when at last the grave
 Receives the pilgrim's dust,
 Then cometh joyful rest
 With spirits of the just.

Thomas Sadler.

18.

God is here.

L.M.

1. **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how awful is this place :
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face.

2. Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
 United choirs of angels sing :
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3. Being of beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. John Wesley.

19. *The Unchanging God.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. **L**ORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
 By whom new things to birth are brought,
 In whom no change is known !
 Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
 Thy people still in Thee have part ;
 Still, still Thou art our own.

2. Spirit who makest all things new,
 Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
 The heavenly march sublime.
 With Thy renewing fire we glow,
 And still from strength to strength we go,
 From height to height we climb.

3. Darkness and dread we leave behind :
 New light, new glory still we find,
 New realms divine possess ;
 New births of grace new raptures bring ;
 Triumphant, our new song we sing,
 The great Renewer bless.

T. H. Gill.

20.

The Everlasting.

S.M.

1. O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay !

2. O Everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,—
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings !

3. O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me, too !

4. O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day !

5. O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace :
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease !

Horatius Bonar.

21.

God our Light.

L.M.

1. LORD, of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star
Centre and Soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

2. Sun of our life ! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope ! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3. Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine !
4. Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love :
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee ;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

22.

God in All.

L.M.

1. **O** SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.
2. We shrink beneath Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.
3. And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !
4. Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

5. Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy deeper tones of reverent awe ;
 Make pure Thy children's erring will,
 And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

John Sterling.

23. *Inexhaustible Love.* C.M.

1. **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And helps our misery.
2. Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
 To every soul abound ;
 A vast unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
3. Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.
4. Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move ;
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.

5. Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure. C. Wesley.

24. *The Manifold Grace of God.* C.M.

1. **T**HOU Grace divine, encircling all,
 A shoreless, soundless sea,

- Wherein at last our souls must fall :
O Love of God most free.
2. When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us safe and slow :
O Love of God most wise.
3. And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace :
O Love of God most strong.
4. The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control :
O Love of God most kind.
5. But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name :
O Love of God within.
6. And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death :
O Love of God ! to Thee.

Eliza Scudder.

25. *God is Wisdom, God is Love.* 8.7.8.7.

- A* 1. **G**OD is Love : His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;

But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love. *Sir J. Bowring.*

26.

Eternal Light.

8.6.8.8.6.

1. **E**TERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee !
2. The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
3. O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
4. There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God :

5. These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of Holiness above ;
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love !

Thomas Binney.

27. *Whom have I but Thee ?*

108.

1. **T**HOU Life within my life, than self more dear,
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely near,
 From all my nameless weariness I flee
 To find my centre and my rest in Thee.
2. Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,
 Through thickest gloom I see Thy light arise,
 Above the highest heaven Thou art not found
 More surely than within this earthly round.
3. Take part with me against those doubts that rise
 And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies !
 Take part with me against this self that dares
 Assume the burden of these sins and cares !
4. How can I call Thee, who art always here,—
 How shall I praise Thee, who art still most dear,—
 What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given,—
 And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

28. *The Unsearchable God.* 11.10.11.10.

1. **I** CANNOT find Thee ! still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell :
 I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

2. I cannot find Thee ! E'en when most adoring
 Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
 Beyond these bounds of thought my thought up-
 soaring [there!
 From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not
3. Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, Thou art !
4. I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
 The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

29. *He is not far from any one of us.* C.M.

1. O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
 In all Thy love so near,
 Beyond the range of sun and star,
 And yet beside us here,—
2. What heart can comprehend Thy name
 Or, searching, find Thee out,
 Who art within, a quickening Flame,
 A Presence round about ?
3. Yet though I know Thee but in part,
 I ask not, Lord, for more :
 Enough for me to know Thou art,
 To love Thee and adore.
4. O sweeter than aught else besides,
 The tender mystery
 That like a veil of shadow hides
 The Light I may not see !

5. And dearer than all things I know
 Is childlike faith to me,
 That makes the darkest way I go
 An open path to Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

30. *Filial Fear and Love.* C.M.

1. **M**Y God ! how wonderful Thou art,
 Thy majesty how bright !
 How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light !
2. How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord !
 By prostrate spirits, day and night,
 Incessantly adored !
3. How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of Thee must be ;
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity !
4. O how I fear Thee, living God !
 With deepest, tenderest fears ;
 And worship Thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.
5. Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
 Almighty as Thou art ;
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.
6. No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
 With me Thy sinful child.

7. Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 And lose ourselves in Thee.

F. W. Faber.

31.

The Beneficence of God.

C.M.

1. **O** GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,
 Thy glory passing bright ;
 Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
 A rapture to the sight.
2. Thy justice is the gladdest thing
 Creation can behold ;
 Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
 The guilty to be bold.
3. Yet more than all, and ever more,
 Should we Thy creatures bless —
 Most worshipful of attributes —
 Thine awful Holiness.
4. There's not a craving in the mind
 Thou dost not meet and still ;
 There's not a wish the heart can have
 Which Thou dost not fulfil.
5. All things that have been, all that are,
 All things that can be dreamed,
 All possible creations, made,
 Kept faithful, or redeemed, —
6. All these may draw upon Thy power,
 Thy mercy may command ;
 And still outflows Thy silent sea,
 Immutable and grand.

7. O little heart of mine ! shall pain
 Or sorrow make thee moan,
 When all this God is all for thee,
 A Father all thine own ?

F. W. Faber.

32.

God in the Soul.

C.M.

1. **G**O not, my soul, in search of Him,
 Thou wilt not find Him there,—
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,
 Or heights of upper air.
2. For not in far-off realms of space
 The Spirit hath its throne ;
 In every heart it findeth place
 And waiteth to be known.
3. Thought answereth alone to thought,
 And soul with soul hath kin ;
 The outward God he findeth not
 Who finds not God within.
4. And if the vision come to thee
 Revealed by inward sign,
 Earth will be full of Deity,
 And with His glory shine !
5. Thou shalt not want for company,
 Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
 The indwelling God will go with thee
 And show thee of His own.
6. O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
 That God should condescend
 To make thy heart His dwelling-place
 And be thy daily Friend !

7. Then go not thou in search of Him,
 But to thyself repair ;
 Wait thou within the silence dim,
 And thou shalt find Him there !

F. L. Hosmer.

33.

The Sense of God.

C.M.

1. **O** NAME, all other names above,
 What art Thou not to me ?
 Now I have learned to trust Thy love
 And cast my care on Thee.
2. Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
 That lead the way to Thee,
 That burn upon the martyr-rolls
 And lists of prophecy.
3. And sweet it is to tread the ground
 O'er which their faith hath trod ;
 But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
 The soul's own sense of God.
4. The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,
 Our anxious burdens fall ;
 His crosses turn to triumph-palms
 Who finds in God his all.

F. L. Hosmer.

34.

Love, Light, Life.

7.7.7.5.

1. **L**OVE of love ! as deep and free
 As the all-absolving sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.

2. Light of lights ! with morning shine,
Lift on us thy Light Divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
3. Light of lights ! when falls the even
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
Shed a holy calm.
4. Life of life, our Saviour be ;
May we live and die to Thee ;
Till with saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm.

G. Rorison.

35.

Love in all.

C.M.

1. **T**HOU Lord art Love—though dimly now
Thy glorious name we trace,
It gleams through all Thy works below,
It shines in Jesus' face.
2. Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
The Living Voice they find ;
His Love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.
3. Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.
4. Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine ;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

5. Thy heaven is the abode of Love ;
 O blessed Lord, that we
 May there, when time's dim shades remove,
 Be gathered home to Thee.

J. D. Burns.

36. *The thought of God.* C.M.

1. **O**NE thought I have, my ample creed,
 So deep it is and broad,
 And equal to my every need,—
 It is the thought of God.
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
 I feast at life's full board ;
 And rising in my inner skies
 Shines forth the thought of God.
3. At night my gladness is my prayer ;
 I drop my daily load,
 And every care is pillowed there
 Upon the thought of God.
4. I ask not far before to see,
 But take in trust my road ;
 Life, death, and immortality
 Are in my thought of God.
5. To this their secret strength they owed
 The martyr's path who trod ;
 The fountains of their patience flowed
 From out their thought of God.
6. Be still the light upon my way,
 My pilgrim staff and rod,
 My rest by night, my strength by day,
 O blessed thought of God !

F. L. Hosmer.

37.

God Omniscient.

L.M.

1. **L**ORD, Thou hast formed mine every part,
 Mine inmost thought is known to Thee ;
 Each word, each feeling of my heart,
 Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see.
2. Though I should seek the shades of night,
 And hide myself in guilty fear,
 To Thee the darkness seems as light,
 The midnight as the noon-day clear.
3. The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
 All own Thee ever-present there ;
 Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,
 Thy spirit dwelling everywhere.
4. O may that Spirit ever blest
 Upon my soul in radiance shine,
 Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
 I taste Thy presence, Lord divine !

Robert Allan Scott.

38.

Wisdom, Light, and Love.

C.M.

1. **M**OST ancient of all mysteries,
 Before Thy throne we lie ;
 Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love ;
 Most Holy Trinity.
2. How wonderful creation is,
 Thy work, which Thou didst bless ;
 'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
 Divine Almightyness.
3. How beautiful the angels are,
 Thy saints, in radiant dress ;
 They're but the shadow of Thy light,
 Eternal Loveliness.

4. Infinite Goodness, Thou art dear
To Thy poor creatures' heart :
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.
5. We look up in our littleness
To Thy majestic state ;
Our comfort is Thou art so good,
And that Thou art so great.
6. O wondrous in Thy holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly ;
Give them the wings of faith and love,
Our God to glorify.

F. W. Faber.

39.

The Eternal Word.

C.M.

1. **I**N the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.
2. Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.
3. And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.
4. O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on, and never cease,
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !

5. Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,
 Thy summons shall have heard,
 And Thy creation be complete,
 O Thou Eternal Word !

Samuel Longfellow.

40. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.* L.M.D.

1. **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
 In reason's ear they all rejoice
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison

41.

Pious Lays.

7s.

1. COME, O come, in pious lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise ;
 Hither bring, in one consent,
 Heart, and voice, and instrument.
 Let those things which do not live,
 In still music praises give ;
 Nor a creature dumb be found
 That hath either voice or sound.
2. Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place :
 And amid the mortal throng,
 Be ye masters of the song.
 Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round,
 That our song of praise may be
 Everlasting, as is He.
3. So this huge wide orb we see
 Shall one choir, one temple be,
 And our song shall over-climb
 All the bounds of place and time ;
 And ascend from sphere to sphere
 To the great Almighty's ear.
 Then, O come, in pious lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise.

G. Wither.

42.

Praise.

C.M.

1. THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high ;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise ; but who am I ?

2. Thy brightness unto them appears,
While I Thy footsteps trace ;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy face.
3. They sing because Thou art their Sun :
Lord, send a beam on me !
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.
4. Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire :
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.

J. Mason.

43. *All the World Sing.* 10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.

1. **L**ET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King !
The heavens are not too high ;
His praise may thither fly :
The earth is not too low ;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King !
2. Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King !
The church with psalms must shout ;
No door can keep them out :
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King !

George Herbert.

44. *God Alone.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **N**ONE else but Thee, for evermore,
One, All, we dread, believe, adore ;
Great Earth and Heaven shall have their day,
And worn and old shall pass away,
But Thou remainest, on Thy throne
Eternal, changeless, and alone !
2. None else we praise ! in every form,
In peace of calm and power of storm,
In simple flower and mystic star,
In all around and all afar,
In Grandeur, Beauty, Truth, but Thee
None else we hear, none else we see.
3. None else we love ! for sweeter grace
That makes anew a ruined race ;
The heirs of life, the lords of death,
With earliest voice and latest breath,
When days begin, when days are done,
Bless we the Father for the Son !
4. None else we trust ! our flesh may fail,
Our heart may sink when foes assail,
But Thou art Strength to be our stay,
And Glory not to pass away :
None else in life and death have we,
But we have all in all with Thee.
5. Yea, none but Thee all worlds confess,
And those redeemed ones numberless :
None else, from everlasting One,
And evermore beside Thee none :
Of all that is, has been, shall be,
Father of Life, none else but Thee.

S. J. Stone.

45.

God in Creation.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine.
2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even ;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Thomas Moore.

46.

The Divine Nearness.

L.M.

1. THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in Thy paternal care.

2. Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.
3. In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness !
4. And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing :
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity !
5. And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Baptist W. Noel.

47. *The Universal Presence.*

L.M.

1. FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory fills the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
2. Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
3. We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be ;
But this we know,—that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4. Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.

48. *The Word of God in Nature.* C.M.

1. **T**HERE is a Book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
2. The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that Book, to show
How God Himself is found.
3. The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.
4. One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
5. The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
6. Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

49. *Thou God seest Me.* 8.8.4.4.8.8.8.

1. **O** LORD, in me there lieth nought
 But to Thy search revealèd lies ;
 For when I sit
 Thou markest it,
 No less Thou notest when I rise ;
 The closest closet of my thought
 Hath open windows to Thine eyes.
2. Thou walkest with me when I walk ;
 When to my bed for rest I go,
 I find Thee there,
 And everywhere ;
 Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
 No, not one word I cast to talk,
 But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.
3. Do thou thy best, O secret night,
 In sable veil to cover me ;
 The sable pall
 Shall vainly fall,
 With day unmasked my night shall be :
 For night is day and darkness light,
 O Father of all lights to Thee.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*50. *Love and Law.* L.M.

1. **O**NE Lord there is, all lords above ;
 His name is Truth, His name is Love,
 His name is Beauty, it is Light,
 His will is Everlasting Right.
2. But ah ! to wrong what is His name ?
 This Lord is a Consuming Flame

- To every wrong beneath the sun ;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.
3. Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me ?
 4. If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—
 5. Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands.

51.

O Love of God.

L.M.

1. **O** LOVE of God ! how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new ;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
2. O Love of God, how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate :
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
3. O wide-embracing, wondrous Love !
We read Thee in the sky above ;
We read Thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
4. We read Thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;

Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5. O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest !

Horatius Bonar.

52.

The Rock of Ages.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **R**OCK of Ages ! shelter me !
Let me stay myself on Thee !
When the billows o'er me roll,
When temptations sweep my soul,
Save me in the evil hour !
Keep me, O Eternal Power !
2. Naught have I to offer Thee ;
All I have Thou gavest me.
All my best desires are Thine ;
Mine the sin, and only mine.
Thou who didst my life create,
Leave me not to meet my fate !
3. All in vain with sin I strive,
Till Thy will my will revive.
Find, O Father, find Thy child
Wandering in the darksome wild ;
Let Thy light upon me shine ;
Stir me with the love divine !
4. When I fail of mortal breath,
When my powers sink in death,
Then, Almighty to sustain,
Let not all my hope be vain ;
Let me rise from that dread sea,
Rock of Ages, stayed on Thee !

Lyman Parsons.

53. *The Grace of God.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. 'MID life's strange vicissitude,
Seeming evil mixed with good—
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,
'Mid its losses and its gain,—
Be Thou still my staff and rod,
All-sustaining grace of God !
2. Like a pilgrim here I pass,
Darkly see as through a glass ;
Little know I of the way,
What shall be I cannot say ;
Let Thy light upon me shine,
All-sufficient grace divine !
3. 'Mid my ever-changing mood
One that changeth not is good ;
And His word within I have,
He will guard the life He gave ;
Thus I sing along the road
Steadfast in the grace of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

54. *God our Salvation.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. GOD is my strong salvation ;
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?
2. Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul, with courage wait :
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,—
 The Lord will give thee peace.

J. Montgomery

55. *Love and Life.* 8.8.8.8.6.

1. O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee ;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.
2. O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.
3. O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.
4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

56. *The Voice of God.* L.M.

1. HATH not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour,
 As if its inmost depths discerned
 The presence of a loftier power?

2. Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades
That spake a present Deity?
3. And as upon the sacred page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a vanished age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?
4. It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart,
5. Voice of our God, oh yet be near !
In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

S. G. Bulfinch.

57.

The Ever-Present God.

L.M.

1. **A**LL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
2. To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore since God is there.
3. While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4. Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.
5. Then let me to His throne repair,
And never be a stranger there :
Then love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.

Jeanne M. B. Guion, tr. W. Cowper.

58. *The Heavenly Helper.* 8.5.8.5.

1. UNTO Thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavour,
Holy thought and deed !
2. Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
Law and love Thou art.
3. Clouds and darkness are about Thee,
Just and sure Thy throne,—
Not a sparrow falls without Thee,
All to Thee is known.
4. Origin and End of being,
All things in and through,—
Light Thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.
5. Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be ;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

F. L. Hosmer.

59.

God with us.

L.M.

1. **O** LORD ! where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.
3. With heavenly grace our souls endue ;
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care :
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

60.

The Universal Love.

8s. 6 lines.

1. **L**ET all men know, that all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above ;
 That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
 And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
 That death itself shall not remain.
2. That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
 Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day !

3. And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last !
Let all men count it true that love —
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

R. C. Trench.

61. *The Universal Providence.* L.M.

1. **A**LL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of Thee ;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.
2. The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from Thy awful throne.
3. Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each mercy of the wingéd hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

W. C. Bryant.

62. *The Angels of God.* C.M.

1. **F**AIR are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me ;
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see !

2. Thine angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow ;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.
3. Lo ! all things are Thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me :
O for the ear to hear their word !
O for the eye to see !

J. Mason.

63. *The Mystery of God.*

L. M.

1. **N**O human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !
2. And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
3. And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal Mind ;
4. Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride,
To know their hearts approved by Thine.
5. So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. Higginson.

64. *Wrestling with God.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee ;
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
2. Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolved I am ;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
3. My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face,
 I see Thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
4. 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love, Thou lovest me !
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal love Thou art ;
 To me, to all, Thy mercies move ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love. *C. Wesley.*

65. *The Divine Holiness.* H. 12. 12. 10.

1. HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to
 Thee,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

2. Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
see,
Only Thou art holy : there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
3. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and
sky and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

R. Heber.

66.

The Divine Mercy.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1. **W**HOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling ?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.
2. The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose ;
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close.
To God we cried in strong despair,
He heard, and came to help our prayer.
3. Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose ;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.
He set us in a spacious place,
And there upholds us by His grace.

4. Whom should we love like Thee,
 Our God, our Guide, our King,
 The tower to which we flee,
 The rock to which we cling?
 O for a thousand tongues to show
 The mercies which to Thee we owe.

H. F. Lyte.

67.

The Lord is King.

L.M.

1. **T**HE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth ; and all ye heavens rejoice :
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.
2. The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just ;
 Holy and true are all His ways ;
 Let every creature speak His praise.
3. Alike pervaded by His eye,
 All parts of His dominion lie ;
 This world of ours and worlds unseen,
 And the thin boundary between.
4. Wisdom divine can ne'er mistake,
 Nor Might decay, nor Love forsake ;
 His children then should ever sing,
 " The Lord Omnipotent is King."

Josiah Conder.

68.

The Mystery of Life.

C.M.

1. **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

69. *The Breadth of the Love of God.* 8.7.8.7.

1. **T**HERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
2. There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3. There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
4. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

F. W. Faber.

70.

The Holy Place.

C.M.D.

1. **T**HE Lord is in His Holy Place
In all things near and far !
Shekinah of the snowflake, He,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.
2. He hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed ;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought ;
We find Him not by seeking long,—
We lose Him not, unsought.
3. Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holy knows
No tread, no touch of hand ;

The listening soul makes Sinai still
 Wherever we may be,
 And in the vow, "Thy will be done!"
 Lies all Gethsemane.

W. C. Gannett.

71.

Where is thy God?

S.M.

1. **W**HERE is thy God, my soul?
 Is He within thy heart;
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part?
2. Where is thy God, my soul?
 Only in stars and sun;
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one?
3. Where is thy God, my soul?
 Confined to Scripture's page;
 Or does His Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age?
4. O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart:
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.
5. Giver of holy words,
 Bestow Thy holy power,
 And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.
6. In Thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had;
 I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

72. *The Inward Witness.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. 'WHERE is your God?' they say :
 Answer them, Lord most holy !

Reveal Thy secret way

Of visiting the lowly :

Not wrapped in moving cloud,

Or nightly-resting fire ;

But veiled within the shroud

Of silent high desire.

2. Come not in flashing storm,
 Or bursting frown of thunder :

Come in the viewless form

Of wakening love and wonder ;—

Of duty grown divine,

The restless spirit, still ;

Of sorrows taught to shine,

As shadows of Thy will.

3. O God ! the pure alone,—

E'en in their deep confessing,—

Can see Thee as their own,

And find the perfect blessing :

Yet to each waiting soul

Speak in Thy still small voice,

Till broken love's made whole,

And saddened hearts rejoice.

James Martineau.

73. *The All-embracing Love.* L.M.

1. O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
 Shines on the eyes that will not see,
 And waits to bless us, while we dream
 Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee.

2. All souls that struggle and aspire,
 All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit ;
 And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
 On dusky tribes and centuries sit.
3. Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st ;
 Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;
 The white wings of the Holy Ghost
 Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.
- J. G. Whittier.*

74.

Our Father.

C.M.

1. **O**UR Father ! while our hearts unlearn
 The creeds that wrong Thy name,
 Still let our hallowed altars burn
 With faith's undying flame.
2. Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
 Our souls Thy face shall see ;
 The star of love must light the path
 That leads to heaven and Thee.
3. Help us to read our Master's will
 Through every darkening stain
 That clouds His sacred image still,
 And see Him once again,—
4. The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
 Who weeps for human woes,
 Whose pleading words of pardon blend
 With cries of raging foes.
5. If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
 Our hearts grow faint and cold,
 The strength we cannot do without
 Thy love will not withhold.

6. Our prayers accept ; our sins forgive ;
 Our youthful zeal renew ;
 Shape for us holier lives to live,
 And nobler work to do.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

75.

The Indwelling God.

L.M.

1. GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea !
 Maker of all above, below !
 Creation lives and moves in Thee,
 Thy present life through all doth flow.
2. Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
 There is Thy power ; Thy law is there.
3. We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
 Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
 And, when the morning breaks in power,
 We hear Thy word, " Let there be light ! "
4. But higher far, and far more clear,
 Thee in man's spirit we behold :
 Thine image and Thyself are there,
 The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. Longfellow.

76.

The All-surrounding Glory.

105.

1. FATHER, Thy wonders do not singly stand :
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom
 strayed,
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

2. In finding Thee are all Things round us found ;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
 3. Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.
- Jones Very.*

77.

The Silent Spirit.

C.M.

1. UNHEARD the dew's around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
2. Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.
3. Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place ;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.
4. In quietude Thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour ;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.
5. Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice :
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

78.

Protection on Land and Sea.

C.M.

- + 1. **H**OW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know Thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to Thy will !
 The sea that roars at Thy command,
 At Thy command is still.
5. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we adore :
 We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
6. Our life, while Thou preservest life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to Thee.

J. Addison.

79.

God is Good.

C.M.

1. **I** SEE the wrong that round me lies,
 I feel the guilt within ;
 I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
 The world confess its sin :

2. Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings :
I know that God is good.
3. Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.
4. The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above :
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love !
5. And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

J. G. Whittier.

80.

God our Home.

C.M.

1. O LORD, in whom are all my springs,
Joyful to Thee I come ;
My grateful heart exultant sings
To know Thou art its home.
2. The shelter of Thy glorious arms
How strong and safe and sweet ;
From sense and sin, from all alarms,
I fly to this retreat.
3. Here is my sure and tranquil rest
In every troubled hour :

Weary I lean upon Thy breast
And feel its soothing power.

4. In that dear place of purest love
What wings encircle me ;
Naught in the world can ever move
My trusting heart from Thee.

5. My Lord ! if now I find in Thee
So blest and sweet a home,
What shall the heavenly mansion be
When to its door I come ?

Austin Phelps.

81. *Rest in God.* 8.6.8.6.8.8.

1. I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again ;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.
2. Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.
3. Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4. Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
 Held in Thy law, I stand ;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in Thy hand ;
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow.

82.

Love, and Love alone.

8.7. D.

1. **G**OD and Father, great and holy !
 Fearing nought we come to Thee ;
 Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
 For Thy love has made us free.
 By the blue sky bending o'er us,
 By the green earth's flowery zone,
 Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
 "Thou art Love, and Love alone."
2. Though the world in flames should perish,
 Suns and stars in ruin fall,
 Love of Thee our heart should cherish,
 Thou to us be all in all.
 And though heavens Thy name are praising,
 Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
 Than the strain our hearts are raising,
 "Thou art Love, and Love alone."

Frederick W. Farrar.

83.

God is Love.

8.4.8.4.

1. **I** VEXED me with a troubled thought,
 That God might be
 A God whose mercy must be bought
 With misery.

2. But there's no wrath to be appeased
In heaven above ;
No wrath with bitter anguish pleased,
For God is Love.
3. No pleasure from our suffering
The Lord could steal,
Or anguish of the meanest thing
He made to feel.
4. But on Himself the grief He took,
The pain and loss
And shame of sin, and its rebuke
Upon the Cross.
5. For love rejoiceth not in pain
Of good or bad,
But beareth all, and still is fain
To make us glad.
6. Love circles us with mercies sweet,
And guides our way,
And sheds its light around our feet
By night and day.
7. O love of Jesus ! love of heaven !
O holy Dove,
Teach all the ransomed and forgiven
That God is Love.

Walter C. Smith.

84. *God is Love.* 8.8.8.4

1. **L**ET every voice for praise awake ;
Let every heart the joy partake ;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is Love !

2. Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is Love !
3. How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is Love !
4. O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is Love !
5. Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is Love !

T. Davis.

85.

The Sufficiency of Love.

L.M.

1. **W**ATCHING all through the weary night,
In darkness, lonely and forlorn ;
I hail the blessèd morning light,—
Thy love is brighter than the morn.
2. Praying, but tempted and cast down,
Tried from without and from within ;
I fail, and fear to lose my crown,—
Thy love is stronger than my sin.
3. Waiting to draw my dying breath,
No arm to stay, no art to save ;
I shudder to belong to death,—
Thy love is deeper than the grave.

4. O Love! so bright, so deep, so strong,
 When this brief span of life is o'er,
 Teach me to sing the heavenly song,
 And lead me to the shining shore.

H. R. Haweis.

86.

God's Hold of Man.

C.M.

1. 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
 Our feelings come and go ;
 Our best estate is tossed about
 In ceaseless ebb and flow.
2. No mood of feeling, form of thought,
 Is constant for a day ;
 But Thou, O Lord ! Thou changest not :
 The same Thou art alway.
3. I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
 My heart with peace is blest ;
 I lose my hold, and then come down
 Darkness and cold unrest.
4. Let me no more my comfort draw
 From my frail hold of Thee,—
 In this alone rejoice with awe ;
 Thy mighty grasp of me.
5. Out of that weak, unquiet drift
 That comes but to depart,
 To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
 Where Thou unchanging art.
6. Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
 Let Thy Almighty arm
 In its embrace my weakness clasp,
 And I shall fear no harm.

7. The purpose of eternal good
 Let me but surely know ;
 On this I'll lean, let changing mood
 And feeling come or go ;
8. Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul ;
 Nor lorn when clouds o'ercast ;
 Since Thou within Thy sure control
 Of love dost hold me fast.

J. Campbell Shairp.

87.

Stayed on Thee.

108.

1. NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art !
 That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;
 Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
 And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.
2. It blesses now, and shall for ever bless ;
 It saves me now, and shall for ever save ;
 It holds me up in days of helplessness,
 It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.
3. Girt with the love of God on every side,
 Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
 I work or wait, still following my Guide,
 Braving each foe, escaping every snare.
4. 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
 That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song ;
 Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
 Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

Horatius Bonar.

88.

The Will of God.

L.M.

1. **W**HEN spring's soft breath, and softer showers
 New life infuse in birds and flowers,
 This song, O Lord, shall then be ours—
 This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
2. When autumn cometh, golden-crowned,
 With treasures of the fertile ground,
 Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound—
 It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
3. When children's merry laugh and play
 Make sweetest music through the day,
 Most heartily we love to say—
 This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
4. When friends are ours, and joys increase,
 When sickness, want, and tumults cease,
 This thought comes with divinest peace—
 It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
5. O Father, in our hearts instil
 Right thoughts of Thy joy-giving will;
 All things for good are working still—
 Thy perfect will,—Thy will be done.

89.

The Will of God.

8.8.8.4.


1. **O** GOD, not only in distress,
 In pain, and want, and weariness,
 Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
 Thy will is done.
2. But oftener on the wings of peace
 And girt about with tenderness,
 Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
 Thy will is done.

3. In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.
4. In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
5. And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
6. Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

F. Smith.

90.

Aspiration. L.M.

1.  GOD, whose voice the ages hear,
Whose music thrills through worlds unknown,
Inform our hearts with power divine,
And wake pale doubt Thy name to own.
2. O Thou whose ocean's tide hath filled
Creation's space with kindly sway,
Touch every home from shore to shore
With gentle truth's immortal ray.
3. O Thou who guardest great and small,
Whose children own Thee Love sublime,
Make strong each heart that on Thee waits,
Shine through the pictured screen of time.

4. O Thou whose paths are sown with stars,
 Whose patience every child doth gird,
 We thank Thy love for life supreme,
 We praise for matchless hope Thy word.
5. Be Thou about us all our years,
 May all good works through Thee increase,
 Let sweetest calm ensue from tears,
 From earth's brief war Thy perfect peace.

F. A. Rollo Russell.

91. *Exalt His Name Together.* 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

1. YE people of the Lord
 Who in His love abide ;
 Your treasure do not hoard,
 Your gladness do not hide !
 Together bring
 Your costly store !
 Together sing !
 Together soar !

2. Glad heart, repeat to heart
 The story of thy peace :
 Each dear delight impart !
 Each dear delight increase !
 Thy foes o'erthrown,
 Thy sins forgiven,
 Thy darkness gone,
 Thy fetters riven !

3. In love together meet ;
 For joy together sing ;
 With mingled voices greet
 Each triumph of your King ;

The Lord's dear praise
 Together speak ;
 The Lord's right ways
 Together seek !

4. In linkéd praise and prayer
 Your heaven on earth begin :
 Together glimpses fair
 Of hastening glory win :
 From strength to strength
 Together go !
 In Heaven at length
 Together glow !

T. H. Gill.

+ 92. *Longing for the House of God.* 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

1. **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
2. O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.
3. They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat !
 Thou God our King
 Shalt thither bring
 Our willing feet.

Isaac Watts.

93. *The praise of the Eternal.* 12.13.12.12.

1. BRING, O morn, thy music ! bring, O night, thy
 silence !
 Oceans, chant the rapture to the storm-clouds
 coursing free !
 Sun and stars are singing,—Thou art our Creator,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !
2. Life and death, Thy creatures, praise Thee, Mighty
 Giver !
 Praise and prayer are rising in Thy beast and
 bird and tree ;
 Lo ! they praise and vanish, vanish at Thy bidding,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !
3. Light us ! lead us ! love us ! cry Thy groping
 nations,
 Pleading in the thousand tongues, but calling
 only Thee,
 Weaving blindly out Thy holy, happy purpose,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !
4. Life nor death can part us, O Thou Love eternal,
 Shepherd of the wandering star and wayward
 souls that flee !
 Homeward draws the spirit to Thy Spirit yearning,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

W. C. Gannett.

94. *Sanctify this Congregation.* 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.

1. COME, immortal Lord of gladness !
From the immeasurable height
Scatter all our sin and sadness,
Move upon our hearts in light !
All-pervading God, whose love
Joins us here with those above,
Make us now Thy new creation,
Sanctify this congregation.
2. Come and bring with Thee Thy treasure !
Love and meekness, joy and peace,
Gentleness that knows no measure,
Truths that cumbered hearts release,
Purity and faith in right,
Thirst for holiness and light.
Hear our contrite supplication,
Consecrate this congregation.
3. Come, abide in us for ever ;
Build Thy City in our heart
On Thy righteousness, and never
From its citadel depart.
Fill us with Thy holy awe ;
Make us prophets of Thy law,
Worthy of our high vocation
In the world's great congregation.

Stopford A. Brooke.

The Lord Jesus Christ : His Advent
and Birth.

95.

The Saviour comes.

C.M.

1. **H**ARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
2. He comes the prisoners to release,
In cruel bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
4. He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

P. Doddridge.

96.

Messiah comes.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. **R**ECEIVE Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes ;
Ye people, speak not sadly,
He makes the fallen rise ;
In all your habitations,
Complaint and sighing cease ;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.
2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
3. He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in bondage lying,
Are precious in His sight.
4. He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

J. Montgomery.

97.

Redemption draweth nigh.

6's. D.

1. **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.
2. Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky ,
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.
3. Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky :
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.
4. He comes, the wide world's King—
He comes, the true heart's Friend—
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye :
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

Christmas Hymns.

98.

Joy to the Earth.

C.M.

1. JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns :
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 As far as sin is found.

Isaac Watts.

99.

Christ is Born.

8.7.8.7.

- +
1. HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 2. Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 “Glory in the highest ; glory,
 Glory be to God most high.
 3. “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 4. “Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing :
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !”

5. Sons of men, repeat the story,
Sing the gladness of His birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the Earth !

J. Carwood.

100. *The Herald Angels.* 7s.

1. **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
2. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

C. Wesley.

101. *Christmas Eve.* 6.7.7.7.5.

- + 1. **H**OLY night ! peaceful night !
Through the darkness beams a light,
Where the angels vigils keep
O'er the Baby who, in sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.
2. Silent night ! holy night !
Darkness flies and all is light,
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
Peace on earth, goodwill they bring :—
Jesus Christ has come.

3. Holy night ! peaceful night !
 Child of heaven ! O how bright
 Was Thy smile when Thou wert born ;
 Blessèd was the happy morn,
 Full of heavenly joy.
4. Silent night ! holiest night !
 Wondrous star ! O lend thy light !
 With the angels let us sing,
 And our humble tribute bring :
 Jesus Christ is here.

Translated from the German of J. Mohr

102.

Christmas Eve.

D.C.M

1. **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie !
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
 The silent stars go by ;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting light ;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.
2. For Christ is born of Mary ;
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars ! together
 Proclaim the holy birth,
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.
3. How silently ! how silently !
 The wondrous gift is given ;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Philips Brooks.

103.

Peace on Earth.

C.M.D.

1. **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
“Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King !”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
2. Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world.
But man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !
3. And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the rugged way,
With painful steps and slow ;
Take heart ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

4. For lo ! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When, with the ever-circling years,
 Comes round the age of gold ;—
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its undimmed splendours fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which still the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

104.

Christmas.

C.M.D.

1. **A** THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.
2. And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore !
 Come all, and hearts made ready bring
 To welcome back once more
 The day when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And dawning in a lowly birth
 Uprose the Light of man.
3. For trouble such as men must bear
 From childhood to fourscore,
 Christ shared with us, that we might share
 His joy for evermore ;
 And twice a thousand years of strife,
 Of conflict, and of sin,
 May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
 His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch.

105. *The Voices of the Sky.* 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.

1. O LOVELY Voices of the sky
 That hymned the Saviour's birth !
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang "peace on earth" ?
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
 O Voices of the sky !

2. O clear and shining Light, whose beams
 A heavenly glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head !
 Be near through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining Light !

Felicia D. Hemans.

106. *Christmas Day.* C.M.

1. T-O-DAY be joy in every heart,
 For lo ! the angel throng
 Once more above the listening earth
 Repeats the advent song :
2. "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men !"
 Before us goes the star
 That leads us on to holier births
 And life diviner far !

3. Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate ;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait !
4. And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword !
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.
5. O star of human faith and hope .
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

F. L. Hosmer.

107. *The Nativity.*

C.M.

- X
1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
 2. "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind) ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
 3. "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign.
 4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5. Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

6. "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease !"

Glory to God in the highest !
 Glory to God !

Nahum Tate.

108. *The Prince of Peace.* L.M.

1. "WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
 The magi mused, "more bright than
 morn ?"
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
2. "What means that star," the shepherds said,
 "That brightens through the rocky glen ?"
 And angels, answering overhead,
 Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
3. 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
 We wait for Him like them of yore ;
 Alas, He seems so slow to come.

4. But they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
5. But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.
6. All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
7. So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"
8. And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

J. R. Lowell.

Hymns on the Incarnation.

109.

God in Man.

L.M.

- I. O GOD! Thou in Thy love dost make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,

- To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.
2. Thou in our very flesh dost come,
And make this sinful earth Thy home,
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.
 3. There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou dost not bear Thyself a part.
 4. Thou who art rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure ;
Thou who art high, becoming low
That we may to Thy stature grow.
 5. Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine !

J. S. B. Monsell.

110. *Sanctus of Emanuel.* L.M.

1. **A**ND art Thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord ;
And is Thy name Emanuel,
God present with His world restored ?
2. The world is glad for Thee ! the rude
Wild moor, the city's crowded pen ;
Each waste, each peopled solitude
Becomes a home for happy men.

3. The heart is glad for Thee ! it knows
None now shall bid it err or mourn ;
And o'er its desert breaks the rose
In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.
4. Thou bringest all again ; with Thee
Is light, is space, is breadth, and room
For each thing fair, beloved, and free,
To have its hour of life and bloom.
5. Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd ;
Each lowly wish, each daring claim ;
All, all that life hath long repress'd,
Unfolds undreading blight or blame.
6. Thy reign eternal will not cease ;
Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow ;
Within Thy mighty world of peace
The humblest flower hath leave to blow.
7. And with Thy guiding help we pierce
Life's labyrinth now no longer vain ;
The love that frees the universe
Hath made its broken story plain.
8. The world is glad for Thee, the heart
Is glad for Thee ! and all is well,
And fixed and sure, because *Thou art*,
Whose name is called Emanuel.

Dora Greenwell.

111.

Redeeming Love.

C.M.

1. PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

2. O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
3. O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
4. O generous love ! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;
5. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
6. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. Newman.

112.

The Divine Humanity.

C.M.

1. **T**O Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
2. For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

3. For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine ;
And Peace, the human dress.
4. Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine :
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.
5. And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew ;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

William Blake.

113.

The Lord is Come.

L. M. D.

1. **T**HE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil
The child of poverty and toil ;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe :
His joy, His glory, to fulfil,
In earth and heaven, His Father's will ;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter Cross, despised, adored.
2. The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

3. The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
 The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
 Throughout those words and acts divine
 Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;
 And from His inmost Spirit flow,
 As from a height of sunlit snow,
 The rivers of perennial life,
 To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

4. The Lord is come ! In every heart
 Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
 In every land where right is might,
 And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
 In every Church where faith and love
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
 In every holy, happy home,
 We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come !

A. P. Stanley.

114. *The Earthly and the Heavenly.* C.M.

1. O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2. This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
 This watch the Lord did keep,
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
 These tears the Lord did weep.

3. Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.

4. Thou to our woe who down did'st come,
Who one with us would'st be,
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with Thee.
5. O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine :
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.
6. Yes, strange the gift and marvellous
By Thee received and given !
Thou tookest woe and death for us,
And we receive Thy heaven. T. H. Gill.

115. *The Bright and Morning Star.* II. IO. II. IO.

1. **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid :
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Brother and Master and Saviour of all.
3. Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid :
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber.

116. *Jordanis Oras.*

L.M.

1. **O**N Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
 Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
 Come then, and hearken, for he brings
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.
2. Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
 And furnished for so great a guest ;
 Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
 For Christ to come and enter there.
3. For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
 Our refuge, and our great reward ;
 Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
 And wither like a flower decayed.
4. Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
 And make us rise to fall no more ;
 Once more upon Thy people shine,
 And fill the world with love divine.
5. To Him who left the throne of heaven
 To save mankind all praise be given ;
 Whom with the Father we adore,
 And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

From the Parisian Breviary
tr. J. Chandler.

117. *The Heavenly Vision.*

L.M.

1. **O** THOU in lonely vigil led
 To follow Truth's new-risen star
 Ere yet her morning skies are red,
 And vale and upland shadowed are,—
2. Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
 Obedient to the vision be :
 Trust not in numbers ; God is God,
 And one with Him majority !
3. Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
 Forgotten are the scorn and blame ;
 The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
 And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.
4. Now, as of old, in lowly plight
 The Christ of larger faith is born :
 The watching shepherds come by night,
 And then—the kings of earth at morn !

*F. L. Hosmer.*118. *The Magi.*

7s.

1. **A**S with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.
2. As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare ;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.

W. C. Dix.

119. X

Epiphany.

6.5.

1. FROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home ;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hastening from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

Light of Life that shinedst
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man.

2. There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward,
By that guiding star.

Light of Life that shinedst
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man.

3. Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star :—

Light of Life that shinedst
 Ere the worlds began,
 Draw Thou near and lighten
 Every heart of man.

Godfrey Thring.

The Earthly Life of Jesus.

120.

The Childhood of Jesus.

C.M.

1. **BY** cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
2. Lo ! such the child, whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
4. O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine !
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
 Were all alike divine ;

5. Dependent on God's bounteous breath,
 We ask His grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own !

R. Heber.

121. *He grew in Wisdom and Stature.* C.M.

1. **O** HAPPY pair of Nazareth,
 Who saw the early light
 Of Him who dawned upon the world
 As dawns the day on night.
2. Within their home they saw the Child
 That lived the perfect love,
 A love like that which rules the heart
 Of the great God above.
3. His childish voice and kindly tone,
 His pure and patient face,
 His tender mercies, shown to all,
 With never-ceasing grace ;
4. The way He bore His youthful cross,
 The reasons for His tears,
 The kind of things which gave Him joy—
 Unchanged through growing years,—
5. At home and in the playground throng,
 They saw these heavenly ways,
 And grew increasingly to speak
 With words of reverent praise.
6. That simple, lovely, wondrous life
 Betrayed itself from heaven ;
 He was the Child that should be born,
 The Son that should be given.

7. He grew in stature and in praise,
 By honest hearts adored,
 Till in that home where He was born
 His brothers called Him Lord.

B. Waugh.

122.

The Baptist and Christ.

S.M.

1. **A** VOICE by Jordan's shore !
 A summons stern and clear ;—
 Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
 God's judgment draweth near !
2. A voice by Galilee,
 A holier voice I hear ;—
 Love God ! thy neighbour love ! for see,
 God's mercy draweth near !
3. O voice of Duty ! still
 Speak forth ; I hear with awe ;
 In Thee I own the sovereign will,
 Obey the sovereign law.
4. Thou higher voice of Love,
 Yet speak Thy word in me ;
 Through duty let me upward move
 To Thy pure liberty !

S. Longfellow.

123.

The Temptation.

C.M.

1. **J**ESUS our Lord ! who tempted wast
 In all points like as we,
 And didst achieve in that dread fight
 Undoubted victory ;

2. Teach us, when angered at our lot
Our faithless souls repine,
Man liveth not by bread alone
But every word divine ;
3. When we would rush on danger's point,
And dare the lifted sword,
Speak in our ears the warning voice,
" *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord ;*"
4. And when, deceived by pride or power,
Earth's idols we espouse,
Teach us that God is God alone,
And on us are His vows.
5. Thus shall we more than conquerors
With Thee pass through the strife ;
And angels come and minister
Around the heirs of life.

Henry Alford.

124.

Lent.

L. M.

1. **W**HERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,
Lord, teach us in Thy steps to press,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.
2. Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.
3. Where'er Thou art may we remain ;
Where'er Thou goest may we go ;
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4. Oh, may we in each holy tide,
 Each solemn season, dwell with Thee !
 Content if only by Thy side
 In life or death we still may be.

125.

The Wilderness.

L.M.

1. **A**WHILE in spirit, Lord, to Thee
 Into the desert would we flee ;
 Awhile upon the barren steep
 Our fast with Thee in spirit keep :
2. Awhile from Thy temptation learn
 The tempter's wileful lures to spurn,
 And in our hearts to feel and own
 "Man liveth not by bread alone."
3. And while at Thy command we pray
 "Give us our bread from day to day,"
 May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
 Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

J. F. Thrupp.

126.

The Lord of Love.

7.7.5.7.7.5.

1. **W**HEN the Lord of Love was here,
 Happy hearts to Him were dear,
 Though His heart was sad ;
 Worn and lonely for our sake,
 Yet He turned aside to make
 All the weary glad.
2. Meek and lowly were His ways,
 From His loving grew His praise,
 From His giving, prayer :
 All the outcasts thronged to hear,
 All the sorrowful drew near
 To enjoy His care.

3. When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God ;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.
4. Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life :
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.
5. Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above. *Stopford A. Brooke.*

127. *The Childlike Heart.* 8.8.8.6.

1. I T fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to His knee.
2. He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head ;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.
3. "Forbid them not ; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

4. Master, I fain would enter there ;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.
5. Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.
6. All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.
7. And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.
8. O happy thus to live and move ;
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

Stopford A. Brooke.

128.

The Revelation of God.

L.M.

1. **T**HY home, O Lord, is everywhere,
Yet nowhere art Thou all revealed ;
For when I say, "Thou dwellest there,"
One half Thy glory is concealed.
2. Yet most in man, in highest man,
In Him that made the cross a crown,
Thy living image, Lord, I scan,
And hail the heaven to earth brought down.

3. In Him who joined the poles of thought,
 Made sorrow joy, made Calvary shine,
 My meanness is to glory wrought,
 And earth is heaven, and man divine.

George Matheson.

129.

Christ in Galilee.

C.M.D.

1. **A**MID the din of earthly strife,
 Amid the busy crowd,
 The whispers of eternal life
 Are lost in clamours loud ;
 When lo ! I find a healing balm,
 The world grows dim to me ;
 My spirit rests in sudden calm
 With Christ in Galilee !
2. I linger near Him in the throng,
 And listen to His voice ;
 I feel my weary soul grow strong,
 My saddened heart rejoice.
 Amid the storms that darkly frown
 I hear His whisper sweet,
 And lay my heavy burden down
 At His beloved feet.
3. My vision swiftly fades away,
 The world is round me still ;
 But Jesus seems with me to stay,
 His promise to fulfil.
 And toil and duty sweeter seem
 While He abides with me :
 My heart is rested by my dream
 Of Christ in Galilee.

Henry W Hawkes.

130. *Of such is the Kingdom.* C.M.

1. **W**E need Truth's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath His small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.
2. We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;
The child is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !
3. Of such the kingdom !—Teach Thou us,
O Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine !
4. The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unfold.
5. Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness ;
The childlike heart is all. *J. G. Whittier.*

131. *The Miracle of Love.* C.M.

1. **D**EAR Friend ! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine,—
2. Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3. Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.
4. The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel-visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.
5. For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

J. F. Clarke.

132.

The Well of Life.

C.M.

1. SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.
2. Samaria's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.
3. And, Lord, to us, as weak as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love revealed
At Jacob's well of old.
4. In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee,
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

5. Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory Thou.

Sir E. Denny.

133.

Redeeming Power.

L.M.

1. LORD, I was blind : I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace ;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.
2. Lord, I was deaf : I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.
3. Lord, I was dumb : I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name ;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.
4. Lord, I was dead : I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.
5. Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. Matson.

134.

Be not Afraid.

7s.

1. WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
“ *It is I; be not afraid.*”

2. When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
“*It is I; be not afraid.*”
3. When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
“*It is I; be not afraid.*”
4. When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,—
“*It is I; be not afraid.*”
5. When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death’s dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,—
“*It is I; be not afraid.*”

W. W. How.

135. *Light, Life, and Way.*

108.

1. **O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive’s chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe :—
2. We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
3. Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

136. *The Divine Religion.*

L.M.

1. **O** FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
 Yet bending brow and eye severe
 On all which pains the holy sight,
 Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,—
2. Beneath Thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth ;
 How equal in their sufferings lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth.
3. In holy words which cannot die,
 In thoughts which angels longed to know,
 Christ gave Thy message from on high,
 Thy mission to a world of woe.
4. That voice's echo hath not died ;
 From the blue lake of Galilee,
 From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
 It calls a struggling world to Thee.

*J. G. Whittier.*137. *Light of the World.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. **L**IGHT of the World, we hail Thee !
 Flushing the eastern skies ;
 Never shall darkness veil Thee
 Again from human eyes :
 Too long, alas, withholden,
 Now spread from shore to shore,
 Thy light, so glad and golden,
 Shall set on earth no more.
2. Light of the World ! Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part :

Thou robest in Thy splendour
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpest them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

3. Light of the World ! illumine
 Each darkened land of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be touched with life divine ;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 We long and pray to see.

J. S. B. Monsell.

138.

The Great Example.

L.M.

1. **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in Thy word ;
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine ;
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer ;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
4. Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here !
 So God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

139.

The Secret of Jesus.

108.

1. "COME unto Me !" So spake the Lowly One,
Yearning in love o'er souls with care op-
pressed ;
"Weary and sad, here lay your burden down !
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."
2. "Come unto Me !" still speaks the voice of God,
Pleading in souls which wander all unblest ;
"Seek ye the path my Well-Belovèd trod !
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest ;
3. "Come unto Me, all ye whose hearts are sore,
Gaining the world, yet fevered with the quest ;
Take now the yoke My Well-Belovèd bore :
So shall ye find the secret of His rest."

140.

Where Abidest Thou ?

78.

1. MASTER, where abidest Thou ?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away ?
May we find repose in Thee ?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see."
2. Master, where abidest Thou ?
We would leave the past behind ;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee :
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

3. Master, where abidest Thou?
 All the springs of life are low ;
 Sin and grief our spirits bow,
 And we wait Thy call to go.
 From the heights of heavenly rest,
 Where the just abide with Thee,
 From the voice which makes them blest,
 Comes the summons, "Come and see."

Elizabeth Charles.

141. *The Lilies of the Field.* 8.7.

1. **L**ONG ago the lilies faded
 Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
 But the love that bade them blossom
 Still is working everywhere.
2. On the moors, and in the valleys,
 By the streams we love so well,
 There is greater glory blooming
 Than the tongue of man can tell.
3. Long ago in sacred silence
 Died the accents of His prayer ;
 Still the souls that seek the Father
 Find His presence everywhere.
4. In the multitude adoring,
 In the chamber sad and lone,
 He is there to help and comfort,
 As they pray, "Thy will be done !"
5. Let us seek Him, still believing
 He that worketh round us yet,
 Clothing lilies in the meadows,
 Will His children ne'er forget.

W. G. Tarrant.

142.

The Divine Healer.

C. M. D.

1. **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
 Was strong to heal and save ;
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,
 O'er darkness and the grave.
 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
 The palsied and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame.
2. And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
 Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
 Owned Thee, the Lord of light ;
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 Almighty as of yore,
 In crowded street, by restless couch,
 As by Gennesaret's shore.
3. Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
 Thou Lord of life and death ;
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
 With Thine Almighty breath ;
 To hands that work, and eyes that see,
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
 May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre

143.

Hosanna.

C. M.

1. **H**OSANNA unto David's Son !
 The Hebrew children cry ;
 Hosanna to the lowly One !
 The Gentile youth reply.

2. Hosanna for His blessings given !
Sang such as felt His hand ;
Hosanna touched by Him from heaven
Sings still our blessed band.
3. From East to West in shrines of praise,
As in the courts above,
The children their hosannas raise,
He breathed for them such love.
4. Kingdom, of which He said they are,
Below or in the skies,
Come, shine in glory from afar,
Upon our spirits rise !

Cyrus A. Bartol.

144. *Thy Way is in the Deep.* C.M.

1. **T**HY way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with Thee :
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.
2. Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so ?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
3. A moment may His hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay !
We cry, " Lord, keep the tempest-tost,"
And safe we're borne away.
4. The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care ;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

5. O happy soul of faith divine !
 Thy victory how sure!
 The love that kindles joy is thine,
 The patience to endure.
6. Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel,
 And wipe our tears away :
 'Tis Thine, to order all things well,
 And ours to bless Thy sway.

James Martineau.

145.

Peace be Still.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
 The dark and stormy wave ;
 And trusted in His Father's arm,
 Omnipotent to save !
2. When darkly round our footsteps rise
 The floods and storms of life,
 Send Thou Thy Spirit down to still
 The elemental strife.
3. Strong in our trust, on Thee reposed,
 The ocean path we'll dare,
 Though waves around us rage and foam,
 Since Thou art with us there.

S. G. Bulfinch.

146.

Follow Me.

8.5.8.3.

1. **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress ?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming"
 Be at rest !"

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
3. Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,—
But of thorns."
4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer, Yes!"

*Stephen the Sabaite.
Tr. J. M. Neale.*

147.

She Loved Much.

C.M

1. **A**S Mary knelt and dropped her tears,
So, gracious Lord, would we;
And pour the ointment of our hearts,
Our choicest love on Thee.

2. Oh the sweet joys of penitence !
We trust Thee and adore ;
We wonder at Thy gracious word,
" Arise and sin no more."
3. Thou dost forget our sinful past,
Thou takest off the stain ;
Bathed in the ocean of Thy love,
Our souls are pure again.
4. We come with sad confessing lips,
For Thy forgiving touch ;
And Thou dost thrill us with the words
That we have loved Thee much.
5. We raise our tearful eyes to Thee
And meet Thy smile divine ;
Where shall we look, O pitying Christ,
For tenderness like Thine ?
6. We hide our souls in Thee, O Lord,
In Thee we seek our rest :
Oh ! raise us from Thy sacred feet
To lean upon Thy breast.

148.

Love's Offering.

P.M.

1. **M**ASTER, no offering, costly and sweet,
May we, like her of old, lay at Thy feet ;
Yet may love's incense rise, sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to Thee.
2. Daily our lives would show weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways brightened with song ;
Some deeds of kindness done, some souls by pati-
ence won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

3. Some word of hope for hearts burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace for eyes blinded with tears,
Some dews of mercy shed, some wayward foot-
steps led,

Dear Lord, to Thee.

4. Thus in Thy service, Lord, till eventide
Closes the day of life, may we abide !
And when earth's labours cease, bid us depart in
peace,

Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker.

149. *The Homeless Christ.* 6.10.6.10.

1. WINDS have their hour of calm, [deep ;
And waves their slumber on the voiceless
Eve hath its breath of balm

To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

2. Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus hath not where to lay His head.

3. The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus hath not where to lay His head.

4. And yet He comes to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

5. Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour, on my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

J. S. B. Monsell.

150. *The Transfiguration.* 108. 6 lines.

1. **S**TAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill :
 A little longer, let us linger still ;
 With all the mighty ones of old beside,
 Near to the Awful Presence still abide ;
 Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
 And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.
2. Stay, Master, stay ! we breathe a purer air ;
 This life is not the life that waits us there :
 Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go ;
 We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know ;
 Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
 The thing we fain would grow—eternally.
3. “ No ! ” saith the Lord, “ the hour is past,—we go ;
 Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
 While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
 The plough lies waiting in the furrow there !
 Here we sought God that we might know His will ;
 There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still.”
Samuel Greg.

151. *On the Mount.* L.M.

1. **N**OT always on the mount may we
 Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
 The shores of thought and feeling know
 The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.
2. Lord, it is good abiding here—
 We cry, the heavenly presence near ;
 The vision vanishes, our eyes
 Are lifted into vacant skies.

3. Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;
4. Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.
5. The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

152. *It is Good to be Here.*

L.M. D.

1. **L**ORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received, on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
2. Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three,
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns ;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last, best creed is Love.

3. Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine ;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.
4. Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice ;
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
" This is My Son ! O hear ye Him ! "

A. P. Stanley.

153.

Bethany.

L.M.

1. **N**O man hath seen Thee, Lord of light,
Who art around and in us all ;
But Jesus from Thy bosom bright
Came forth to free our souls from thrall.
2. O Saviour, listen to the song
Which from our gladdened lives ascends ;
And lift us by Thy spirit strong
Above the taint of earthly ends.
3. Thy love fell warm on Mary's heart,
While she sat musing at Thy feet :
Though Martha chose the lower part,
Her service still to Thee was sweet.

4. As Thou didst weep for Lazarus,
Yet knowing he should live again,
We look to Thee to pour on us
Fresh pity for our briefest pain.
5. Lord, by the ladder of Thy love
To those three lives in Bethany,
With lightened steps we mount above
To knowledge and to love of Thee.

A. C. Murphy.

154. *Shepherd and Flock.* C.M.

“There shall be one flock, one Shepherd.”

1. **T**HE Shepherd yearned not for one fold ;
Not of one fold He spoke :
One flock the Shepherd would behold,
His lips foretold one flock.
2. No rigid rites, no creed exact,
May the one flock combine ;
No hedge its pasture may contract,
No pales its range confine.
3. Where'er the Shepherd's name is sweet,
Where'er He guards and guides,
Where'er glad souls His bidding greet,
There, there the flock abides.
4. To sheep within one fold enclosed
He bounds not His delight ;
One flock of many folds composed
One Shepherd doth unite.
5. May we among Thy sheep be told
Whatever name we bear ;
Lord, grant us grace, whate'er our fold,
With Thy one flock to share.

T. H. Gill.

155. *The House of many Mansions.* C.M.

1. **O** WHEN did lips such grace declare?
The Father's house hath room !
Yes, many are the mansions fair ;
Thy people all may come.
2. The heavenly glory may not part
Thy lovers, Lord, from Thee :
O Saviour sweet, where'er Thou art
There all Thine own shall be.
3. Thou bringest home Thy shining ones
In Thine own light to shine :
Thou settest high on glorious thrones
Those hidden ones of Thine.
4. Room for Thy weaklings Thou dost make
Among Thy men of might ;
Those fadeless palms Thy martyrs take,
And wear that raiment white.
5. For each Thou hast a portion meet
On all doth wait Thy love ;
Thy brethren dear make yet more sweet
The Father's house above.
6. O ! in the Father's house divine
Find room, dear Lord, for me,
And grant this longing soul of mine
An endless home with Thee.

*T. H. Gill.**Hymns on the Passion and Death of Jesus.*156. *The Loneliness of Jesus.* L.M.

1. **O**'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;

And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2. The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.
3. Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind,
And on His lone, unsheltered head,
Blows the chill night-damp of the wind.
4. Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.
5. Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell.

157. *The Lord of Charity.* 8.5 8.5.

1. **T**HOU, who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st Thy face to die,
By Thy holy, meek example
Teach us Charity!
2. Thou, who that dread cup of anguish
Did'st not put from Thee;
O most Loving of the loving,
Give us Charity!

3. 'Thou who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
O, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us Charity !
4. Send us Faith, that trusts Thy promise ;
Hope, with upward eye ;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us Charity !

Henry Alford.

158. *The Cleansing of the Temple.* 108.

1. **D**ESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ; behold, we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in Thy way.
2. Thy road is ready, Lord ; Thy paths made
straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet,
And hark, hosannas loud, Thy footsteps greet.
3. Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin ;
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?
4. Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set Thy face.
5. And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of Thy finished victory,
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
" Hosanna ! " and Thy gracious footsteps greet.

Jeremy Taylor.

159. *Jesus hasting to Suffer.* C.M.

1. **T**HE Saviour,—what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest !
2. With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task His spirit flew ;
'Twas love that urged Him on.
3. Lord, while Thy dying glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

*William Cowper.*160. *Palm Sunday.* L.M.

1. **R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O King of love pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
2. Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4. Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh,
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain ;
 Then take, O Christ, Thy power and reign !

H. H. Milman.

161. *Remember Me.*

7s. D.

1. **W**HEN the paschal evening fell
 Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
 When around the festal board
 Sate the apostles with their Lord,
 Then His parting word He said,
 Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
 "This whene'er ye do or see,
 Evermore remember Me."
2. Years have passed : in every clime,
 Changing with the changing time,
 Varying through a thousand forms,
 Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
 Still the sacred table spread,
 Flowing cup and broken bread,
 With that parting word agree,
 "Drink and eat ; remember Me."
3. When by treason, doubt, unrest,
 Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed ;
 When the shadows of the tomb
 Close us round with deepening gloom ;
 Then bethink us at that board
 Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
 Who, when tried and grieved as we,
 Dying, said, "Remember Me."

4. When in this thanksgiving feast
 We would give to God our best,
 From the treasures of His might
 Seeking life and love and light;
 Then, O Friend of human-kind,
 Make us true and firm of mind,
 Pure of heart, in spirit free;
 Thus may we remember Thee. *A. P. Stanley.*

162. *The Last Supper.* 10.10.10.10.

1. "THIS is My body, which is given for you ;
 Do this," He said, and brake, "remembering
 Me."
 O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
 To us the Bread of Life each moment be.
2. "This is My blood, for sins' remission shed,"
 He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round :
 So let us drink, and, on life's fulness fed,
 With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall
 bound.
3. "The hour is come !" with us in peace sit down ;
 Thine own Belovèd, O love us to the end ;
 Serve us one banquet ere the night's dark frown
 Veil from our sight the presence of our Friend.
4. Girded with grace, still wash Thy servants' feet,
 While they, submissive, wonder and adore ;
 Bathed in Thy love, our spirits every whit
 Are clean—yet cleanse our goings more and more.
5. Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I ?"
 Leaning upon Thy arm, we ask in fear—
 Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
 To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is near.

6. But round us fall the evening shadows dim ;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense ;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice—" Arise, let us go hence."

C. L. Ford.

163.

The Eucharist.

S.M.

1. **T**HE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread He broke ;
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words He spoke !

2. Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;
Thanks, in that dismal hour ;
His bitter foes advancing then
In all their rage and power.

3. Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

4. And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When He, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distressed ?

5. Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in that stress of agony
Such room for thanks He found ?

6. Oh, shame us, Lord,—whate'er
The fortunes of our days,—
If, suffering, we are weak to bear,
If, favoured, slow to praise !

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

164.

Gethsemane.

L.M.

1. **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father ! take this cup away !"
2. Ah ! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray ;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God ! take not this cup away !"
3. O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh ;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
4. Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise :
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, lifts up the hand.
5. O King of earth ! the Cross ascend :
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne ;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.
6. Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
Make but one fold below, above :
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

James Martineau.

165.

Watching with Christ.

8.8.8.6.

1. **W**HEN harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,

We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.

2. O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot Thy pain,—

3. Bend o'er us, Lord, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with Thee !

*J. G. Whittier and
Stopford A. Brooke.*

166.

Gethsemane.

8.6.8.4.

1. FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son,—

2. O, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief ;
And, to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow the grief !

3. And Thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done !—

4. By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Our Saviour, when the stroke doth fall,
Hallow our grief !

Felicia D. Hemans.

167.

Gethsemane and Calvary. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.8.

✓

1. **W**HERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary ;
Where, through each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

2. When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed ;
When on the Cross to heaven
His parting Spirit given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

3. No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life ;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn ;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

4. Delighting to the last
In memories of the past ;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel ;

Still yearning to the end
 For mother and for friend ;
 His great humility
 Loves in such acts of love to die.

5. O by those weary hours
 Of slowly ebbing powers,
 By those deep lessons heard
 In each expiring word ;
 By that unfailing love
 Lifting the soul above,
 When our last end is nigh,
 So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die.

A. P. Stanley.

168.

Save Me from this Hour.

L. M.

1. **O** SUFFERING Friend of human kind !
 How, as the fatal hour drew near,
 Came thronging on Thy holy mind
 The images of grief and fear !
2. Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
 The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
 The thorny crown, the insult keen,
 The scourge, the Cross, before Thee rose.
3. Did not Thy Spirit shrink dismayed,
 As the dark vision o'er it came ;
 And though in sinless strength arrayed,
 Turn shuddering from the death of shame ?
4. Onward, like Thee, through scorn and dread,
 May we our Father's call obey,
 Steadfast Thy path of duty tread,
 And rise through death to endless day !

S. G. Bulfinch.

169.

Gethsemane and Calvary.

7s.

1. **W**HEN my love to God grows weak,
 When for deeper faith I seek,
 Then in thought I go to Thee,
 Garden of Gethsemane.
2. There I walk amid the shades,
 While the lingering twilight fades ;
 See that suffering, friendless One
 Weeping, praying there alone.
3. When my love for man grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary, I go
 To Thy scenes of fear and woe ;
4. There behold His agony
 Suffered on the bitter tree ;
 See His anguish, see His faith,
 Love triumphant still in death.
5. Then to life I turn again,
 Learning all the worth of pain,
 Learning all the might that lies
 In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford and S. Longfellow.

170.

Trial.

6.5.6.5.

1. **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me,
 Lest, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee :
 When 'Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

2. With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or in darker semblance
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3. When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink ;
 On Thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me dying
 To Eternal Life.

J. Montgomery.

171.

True Disciples.

9.8.9.8.

1. SON of the living God ! oh, call us
 Once and again to follow Thee ;
 And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
 Thy true disciples still to be.
2. And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
 In inmost thought, or deed, or word,
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.
3. Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavour
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend ;
 To give ourselves to Thee forever,
 And find Thee with us to the end.

H. A. Martin.

172.

Via Crucis.

6.4.6.3.

(THE CALL.)

1. FOLLOW to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He who for ever was
Son of God.
2. You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.
3. As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.
4. Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

(THE ANSWER.)

5. Oh! I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life,
To the goal.
6. Yes, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.
7. Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

8. Grant through each day of life,
 To stand by Thee :
 With Thee, when morning breaks,
 Ever to be !

G. Monroe.

173.

The Beauty of the Lord.

L.M.

1. **H**OW beauteous were the marks divine
 That in Thy meekness used to shine ;
 That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Lamb of God.
2. O ! who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
 So pure, so made to live in light !
 O ! who like Thee did ever go
 So patient through a world of woe !
3. O ! who like Thee, so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men before !
 So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
 So glorious in humility.
4. And death, that sets the prisoner free,
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee ;
 Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
 And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

A. C. Cox.

174.

They Crucified Him.

L.M.

1. **S**EVEN times He spake, seven words of love ;
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men :
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2. O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
3. A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's dwelling is :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
4. O love of God ! O sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Frederick William Faber.

175.

Christ Crucified.

L.M.

1. **L**ORD Jesus, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh may we count the world as loss !
2. When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
3. O holy Lord ! uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below :
4. Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. Walsham How.

176. *Why hast Thou Forsaken Me?* 6. 7s.

1. THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief ! I watch with Thee ;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of awe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.
2. Silent through these three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Son of God may die.
3. Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by Thy bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

*J. Ellerton.*177. *Stabat Mater.* 8.8.7.

1. FOES were wrought to cruel madness ;
Friends had fled in fear and sadness ;
Mary stood the Cross beside :
2. At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.
3. Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified :

4. But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the Cross beside.
5. And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified ;
6. But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the Cross beside.

W. J. Fox

178. *Perfect through Suffering.* 8.8.7.

1. “IT is finished !” Man of sorrows,
From Thy Cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
2. While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious.
3. Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be ;
4. Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee ;
5. Still to Thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
6. Honoured be Thy Cross for ever,
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before.

F. H. Hedge.

179.

Good Friday.

7.7 7.

1. DAY of loss and day of gain,
Day of peace and day of pain,
We would think of Thee again !
2. Then did death, which struck so high,
Doom its very self to die
In the hour of victory ;
3. Christ, on the accursèd tree
Bound to set the sinner free,
Triumphed in His agony.
4. Wonder of all wonders known !
Christ upon the Cross alone
Made the whole world's sins His own !
5. Day of loss and day of gain,
Day of peace and day of pain,
We would think of Thee again !

J. S. B. Monsell.

180.

The Crown of Thorns.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thine only crown,—
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How do those features languish
Which once were fair as morn !
2. What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
This love that knew no end !

Oh, make me Thine for ever !
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee !

3. In this Thy bitter passion,
 Good Shepherd, think of me
 With Thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be :
 Beneath Thy cross abiding,
 For ever would I rest ;
 In Thy dear love confiding,
 And with Thy presence blest.

*St. Bernard of Clairvaux,
 tr. John Mason Neale.*

181.

It is Finished.

7s.

1. “ **I**T is finished”—all the pain,
 All the sorrow, all the strain ;
 Death has freed the Lord of life
 From the burden of His strife.
2. “ It is finished”—all the days,
 Led through many weary ways ;
 Now at last His eyelids close
 On the hatred of His foes.
3. “ It is finished”—all the love,
 Deep as His that dwells above ;
 Saving others, all He gave,
 But Himself He would not save.
4. “ It is finished”—Hark ! the cry,
 Uttered in love’s agony,
 Is the seal, below, above,
 Of the Victory of Love.

Stopford A. Brooke.

182. *The Fellowship of Suffering.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **T**HE crown, the palm of saints in Paradise,
Our striving spirits do not crave to win.
Breathe—in Thy cup, O Christ, of agonies—
Breathe Thy deep love, and let us drink therein.
2. To weep as Thou hast wept, we ask no more,
Be ours the sorrows that were known to Thee;
To the bright heavens we have no strength to soar,
But we would find Thee on Thy Calvary.

*William Smith.*183. *Love and Sorrow.* L.M.

1. **W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
3. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts.*184. *Our Calvary.* 10.4.10.4.

1. **G**OD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

2. Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God's sons may lie ;
 Each soul redeemed from sense and sin must know
 Its Calvary.
3. He never sends a joy not meant in love,
 Still less a pain ;
 Our gratitude the sunlight falls to move ;
 Our faith the rain.
4. In His hands we are safe. We falter on
 Through storm and mire :
 Above, beside, around us, there is One
 Will never tire.
5. What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
 Our lips in dust ?
 God's arm shall lift us up to victory :
 In Him we trust.
6. For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
 Nor things above,
 Shall ever sever us, that we should go
 From His great love.

Frances P. Cobbe.

185.

The Cross.

L.M.

1. SIGN of a glorious life afar,
 The holy Cross with joy we take,
 Sign of a peace strife could not mar,
 Sign of a faith death could not shake.
2. It tells how Truth once crucified,
 Now throned in majesty doth reign ;
 How Love is blessed and glorified,
 That once on earth was mocked and slain.

3. Up, children of the Cross ! and dare
Follow where Jesus goes before ;
Be strong to take, be strong to bear,
For love and right the Cross He bore.

L. A. Gotter.

186. *The Last Renunciation.* 11.10.11.10.

1. **A**ND now, belovéd Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast are still.
2. Freely Thy life Thou yielddest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.
3. Dear Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the
night,
Oh breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish ;
At that dread eventide let there be light.

Eliza T. Alderson.

187. *Strength from the Cross.*

7s.

1. **T**O the Cross, O Lord, we bear
All the spirit's darker care ;
By the sense of sin oppressed,
At the Cross we seek our rest.
2. There the way of peace appears,
Calm and bright 'mid strife and tears ;
There the spirit's rest we see,
Found alone, O God, in Thee.

3. By the patience of Thy Son,
By the prayer, "Thy will be done,"
By the love, so strong in death,
Blessing with the latest breath,
4. Teach us, Lord ; our souls inspire ;
Kindle fresh the sacred fire ;
Melt our hardness, end our pride,
Make us one with Him who died.

Thomas Hincks.

188.

Fellowship in Suffering.

7s.

1. **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
3. Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
4. When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
5. When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our swift departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

H. H. Milman

189. *Beneath the Cross.* 8s. 5 lines.

1. **D**ESPISÈD is the man of grief,
 Rejected and denied belief,
 By them whose sorrows He hath worn,—
 For whom He bears the bitter scorn,
 The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.
2. We all like sheep have gone astray,
 And turned aside from wisdom's way:
 But He the path of death hath trod,
 And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
 To lead our stricken souls to God.
3. O let us cast each vice away,
 Beneath the Cross each passion lay;
 With contrite heart and weeping eye
 Behold the Saviour lifted high,
 And every sin and folly fly.

*C. Dawson.*190. *The Lessons of the Cross.* 7s.

1. **N**EVER further than Thy Cross;
 Never higher than Thy feet;
 Here earth's precious things seem dross;
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
2. Gazing thus, our sin we see,
 Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
 Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
 Love, which bore the Cross for us.
3. Here we learn to serve and give,
 And, rejoicing, self deny:
 Here we gather love to live,
 Here we gather faith to die.

4. Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.
5. Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

Elizabeth Charles.

191. *The Cross our Symbol.* 8.7.8.7.

1. I N the Cross of Christ I glory :
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way :
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.
5. In the Cross of Christ I glory ;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir J. Bowring.

192. *Fellowship in Sacrifice.*

L.M.

1. **W**HEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
2. We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head ;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, " Love is one."
3. Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His Cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
4. And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of God's unmeasured loving heart.

*J. G. Whittier.*193. *The Divine Sympathy.*

L.M.

1. **O** LOVE Divine, that stoopst to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care :
We smile at pain while Thou art near !
2. Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year ;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near !
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear ;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, for ever dear ;
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

194.

Easter Eve.

7.7.7.

1. **A**LL is over—fought the fight ;
 Heaviness is for a night,
 Joy comes with the morning light.
2. Leave we in the grave with Him
 Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
 If our souls would rise with Him.
3. Glory to the Lord who gave
 His pure Body to the grave,
 Us from sin and death to save.

W. S. Raymond.

The Living Christ.

195.

Easter.

8.8.8.4.

1. **P**AST are the Cross, the scourge, the thorn,
 The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
 And brightly breaks the Easter morn.
 Hallelujah !
2. Gone are the gloomy clouds of night ;
 The shades of death are put to flight ;
 And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
 Hallelujah !
3. And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
 Though black the night, the morn is near ;
 Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
 Hallelujah !

4. And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.

Hallelujah !

5. Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign.

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

A. C. Jewitt.

196.

Easter Morn.

C.M.

1. **O**N eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn !
2. The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring ;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.
3. O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow :
4. Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years.

F. L. Hosmer

197. *Alleluia.* 7s.

1. JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day.
Alleluia !
Lately on the Cross undone,
Alleluia !
Now His victory is won.
Alleluia !

2. Hymns of joy then let us sing
Alleluia !
Unto God, our heavenly King.
Alleluia !
Death is slain since Christ is raised,
Alleluia !
God the Conqueror be praised.
Alleluia !

3. We shall follow where our Lord,
Alleluia !
To the Father's throne has soared ;
Alleluia !
And above the heavens sing
Alleluia !
Alleluia to our King.
Alleluia !

198. *The Day of Resurrection.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. THE Day of Resurrection !
Earth ! tell it out abroad !
The Passover of gladness !
The Passover of God !

From Death to Life Eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-Light ;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain,
 His own *All hail !* and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain !

3. Now let the heavens be joyful !
 Let earth her song begin !
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein :
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,—
 For Christ the Lord is risen,—
 Our Joy that hath no end.

St. John Damascene, tr. J. M. Neale.

199. *The Festival of Immortality.* 10 lines 7s.

1. **L**O, the day of days is here !
 Earth puts on her robes of cheer ;
 Day of hope and prophecy,
 Feast of immortality !
 Fields are smiling in the sun,
 Loosened streamlets seaward run,
 Tender blade and leaf appear,
 'Tis the springtide of the year ;
 Day of hope and prophecy,
 Feast of immortality !

2. Lo, the day of days is here !
 Hearts, awake, and sing with cheer !
 He who robes His earth anew
 Careth for His children too.
 They who look to Him in faith
 Triumph over fear and death ;
 Speaks the angel by the door,
 "They are risen evermore" ;
 Day of hope and prophecy,
 Feast of immortality !

3. Lo, the day of days is here !
 Music thrills the atmosphere.
 Join, ye people all, and sing
 Love, and praise, and thanksgiving !
 Rocky steep or flowery mead,
 One the Shepherd that doth lead,
 One the hope within us born ;
 One the joy of Easter morn.
 Day of hope and prophecy,
 Feast of immortality !

F. L. Hosmer.

200.

Eternal Life.

10.10.10.10.

1. **E**TERNAL Life, whose holiest Child to-day
 Entered the rapture Thou dost always know,
 And, loving, left us the immortal May,
 Conquest of death, and evil's overthrow—
2. Set our affections on the things above ;
 Dead to ourself, to weakness and to sin,
 While on our toilsome journey to Thy love
 We pass, on pilgrimage, from inn to inn.
3. Our life is hidden, Lord, within Thy life :
 And when the mists are cold and loud the sea,

When the heart fails, and close and fierce the strife,
Pour into us our life that waits in Thee.

4. So shall we, while we tread the painful earth,
Sing like the morning stars, and Easter be
Ours every day, and travail end in birth,
And all our dead go forth to Galilee.
5. And, at the last, when death unties our clay,
Claim as Thine own the Life Thou gav'st of old ;
Waken, and lift it to the nightless day
Where Jesus meets us by the heavenly fold.

Stopford A. Brooke.

201. *The Angel by the Tomb.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **T**HE mourners come at break of day
Unto the garden-sepulchre ;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray
For Him, the Loved One buried there :
What radiant light dispels the gloom ?—
An angel sits beside the tomb.
2. The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low :
The Spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.
3. Then mourn we not belovèd dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray :
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day :
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

S. F. Adams.

202. *Appealing to Christ's Sympathy.*

6.6.10.6.6.10.

1. **T**HOU who didst stoop below
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality ;
 Thy blessèd labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth—passed to Thy home on
 high.
2. It was no path of flowers
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?
3. Dear Master of our life,
 Be with us through the strife !
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
 Raise Thou our eyes above
 To see a Father's love
 Beam like a bow of promise through the cloud.
4. E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Brother, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

*Sarah Miles.*203. *Christ our Life.*

L.M.

1. **C**ONQUEROR of Death ! Thy mighty voice
 Calls from their graves the sleeping dead :

In that glad sound would I rejoice,
And lift with theirs my fallen head.

2. Life without love, I find, is death ;
Love is not love which loves not Thee ;
Both love and life flow from Thy breath,
Breathe Thou both life and love in me !
3. Thy sacrifice upon the Cross
Has shown the omnipotence of love ;
True life we gain through Thy life's loss,
Through Thy descent we rise above.

Thomas Hill.

204.

The Walk to Emmaus.

108.

1. 'T WAS at this hour, upon the world's great day,
Two men of sorrow went upon their way;
Of bitter death they made their bitter moan,
And One drew nigh, and with them walk'd unknown.
2. So draw Thou nigh to us, dear and dread Lord ;
So to earth's mourners sacred hope afford ;
If yet we know Thee not, reveal our need,
Show us Thyself, the dead Christ, risen indeed.
3. 'Twas at this hour the Sacred Wayfarer,
With strange, sweet yearning made their hearts to stir ;
Then when He would go on, as one constrain'd
Of prayer, " Abide with us ; " return'd, remain'd.
4. So, Lord, abide with us, day is far spent ;
Be Thou constrain'd to this Thy dear intent ;
Hast Thou done all, and shall that all be vain ?
Blest Wayfarer, reveal Thyself again.

5. 'Twas at this hour they won Him to their board,
And suddenly, behold, it was the Lord !—
For He took bread, and bless'd it,—and anon
He gave it to them.—And the Lord was gone.
6. So, go not now ; abide, and bless, and break,
Till all our bread is holy, for Thy sake ;
O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,
Let us cry, also, " We have seen the Lord."

Jean Ingelow.

205.

Toiling all Night.

C.M.

1. **T**HE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
But at Thy gracious word
We will let down the net again ;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.
2. So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.
3. At morn we look and naught is there,
Sad dawn of cheerless day ;
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay ?
4. There is a stay—and we are strong ;
Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand
5. In His own time ; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride :
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.

6. Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.
7. To our own nets ne'er bow we down ;
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore :
8. Or if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.

J. Keble.

206.

Jesus our Leader.

7.6.7.6.

1. O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !
O, happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O, happy if ye suffer
As Jesus suffered then !
2. The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To hear His voice will turn,—
What are they but His angels,
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light ?

3. The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure,—
 What are they but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth?

S. Joseph of the Studium, tr. J. M. Neale.

207. *The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* L.M.

1. **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears ;
 The Saviour of mankind appears.
2. Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
3. Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, His agonies, and cries.
4. In every pang that rends the heart,
 The Man of Sorrows had a part :
 He sympathizes with our grief,
 And to the sufferer sends relief.
5. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aid of heavenly power,
 To help us in the evil hour.

M. Bruce.

208.

Suffering and Joy.

C.M.

1. **T**HE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know :
3. To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
4. They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.
5. The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. *T. Kelly.*

209.

The Living Saviour.

10.10.10.6.

1. **A**ND didst Thou love the race that loved not
Thee ?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow ?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous
sea ?
Art Thou his kinsman now ?
2. O God ! O kinsman loved, but not enough !
O Man ! with eyes majestic after death,

Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
 Whose lips drawn human breath !

3. By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
 By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost
 shine,
 To draw us sinners in ;
4. By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
 By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
 By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
 I pray Thee visit me.
5. Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
 Die ere the guest adored she entertain--
 Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
 Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow.

210.

Immortal Love.

L.M.

1. **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove ;
2. Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how :
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
3. Our little systems have their day :
 They have their day and cease to be :
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4. We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.
5. Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
6. But vaster : we are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear :
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain world to bear Thy light.

Alfred Tennyson

211.

Jesus yet lives.

C.M.

1. JESUS has lived, and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at His feet, while anthems ring,
A grateful offering lay.
2. Jesus has died ; but His pure life,
So perfect and divine,
Remains to conquer sin and strife,
In every age and clime.
3. Jesus yet lives : above, below,
Triumphant over death ;
And in His name we face each foe,
And win the fight of faith.
4. Jesus yet lives ; and O ! may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our glorious destiny
That we may live like Him.

W. R. Alger

212.

Come up Hither.

6s.

1. **T**HOU hast gone up again,
Thou who didst first come down ;
Thou hast gone up to reign,
Gone up from cross to crown.
2. Beyond the opening sky
No more Thy face we see ;
Yet draw our souls on high,
That we may dwell with Thee.
3. Up to those regions blest
Where faith has fullest sway,
Up to Thine endless rest,
Up to Thy cloudless day ;
4. Up to that glowing life,
Up to that perfect peace,
Unvexed by doubt or strife,
Where care and conflict cease.
5. Up, up to where Thou art,
Fount of unwasting Love,
Up to that mighty heart,
All its great power to prove.
6. Not now for distant heaven
Or future life we pray :
Lord, let Thy grace be given
To make us Thine to-day.
7. Here, hold us in Thy hand,
Here, by Thy Spirit guide,
So shall our hearts ascend,
And still with Thee abide.

Eliza Scudder.

213. *Ascension.*

7s.

1. **H**E is gone ; a cloud of light
 Has received Him from our sight
 High in heaven where eye of men
 Follows not, nor angels' ken :
 Through the veils of time and space
 Passed into the holiest place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

2. He is gone ; toward their goal
 World and church must onward roll ;
 Far behind we leave the past,
 Forward are our glances cast :
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages as they change ;
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

3. He is gone ; but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before ;
 In the heaven of heavens the same,
 As on earth He went and came.
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare ;
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we shall yet be one. *A. P. Stanley.*

214. *Seeking Things Above.*

L.M.

1. **W**E follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead,
 And, quickened, would ascend to Thee,
 Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
 Into Thy glorious liberty.

2. We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;
 With Thee we seek the things above ;

Our inmost souls Thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love :

3. The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will ;
With Thee the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still :
4. The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long :
The love that faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.
5. Thus through Thy quickening Spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

215. *Head over all Things.* 7.7.8.7. D.

1. **H** EAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee.
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those before Thee.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
2. While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher ;
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

Charles Wesley.

216.

The Day of God.

C.M.

1. **T**HY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.
2. But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.
3. And lo ! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near :
4. The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed :
5. When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

217.

The Reign of Christ.

L.M.

1. **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;

His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Isaac Watts.

218. *Faith, not Sight.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **WE** walk by faith, dear Lord, and not by sight ;
We cannot follow where Thy footsteps led,
Nor hear that voice of tenderness and might,
The voice that calmed the storm and raised the
dead.
2. Yet had we known Thee, doubting and weak-hearted,
With thickest veil of worldly thought between,
We might have stood aloof, or soon departed,
And not believed that which our eyes had seen.
3. But, if we have not seen, and yet believe,
A better blessing Thy dear love imparts,
More than Thine outward presence to receive,—
To find Thy Spirit formed within our hearts.

219.

Christendom.

C.M.

1. **L**ONG, long have men lip-homage spent,
Lord Jesus, upon Thee ;
Long hath the world eye-service lent
Unto Thy majesty.
2. But ah ! dear Lord, with what faint might
Hath Thy true kingdom come !
The sound how loud, the sway how slight
Of Christ in Christendom.
3. Its blood-stained annals, how they mock
The book that tells of Thee !
Its throned oppressors, how they shock
Thy tender majesty !
4. How ill hath persecuting pride
Thy gracious steps pursued !
How oft have ruthless priests belied
Each sweet beatitude !
5. Ah, Holy One ! is this Thy reign ?
Is this Thy realm, Thy home ?
Lord Christ, is this Thine own domain,
This fierce, false Christendom ?
6. But still Thou hast a people true,
A realm Thou canst not lose ;
In them, through them, Thy work pursue,
Thy gracious self diffuse !
7. This fierce, false Christendom unmake,
Its pride, its wrath o'ercome !
To Thy blest self the kingdom take,
And make true Christendom !

T. H. Gill.

220.

The Unseen Master.

8.7.8.7.

1. **A**LL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh
While His hands uphold and guide.
2. Grief nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.
3. Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

J. Newton.

221.

The Present Christ.

C.M.

1. **C**HRISt cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim ;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.
2. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
3. The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
4. O not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

5. In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.
6. The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes :
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

J. G. Whittier.

222.

Christ Liveth.

C.M.

1. **I**MMORTAL by their deed and word
Like Light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.
2. The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.
3. And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.
4. Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear.
5. Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,
Speed on Thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all His will obey.

F. L. Hosmer.

223. *Christ with Men through Men.* 11.10.11.10.

1. O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—
2. Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—
3. Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow
stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again:—
4. And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth:
5. O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief.

J. Ellerton.

224. *The Bridegroom Cometh.* 14.14.14.14.

1. BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle
of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is
burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall
surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber
in his eyes.

2. Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in
sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden
crown ;
But see that thou art sober, with a watchful eye,
and thus
Cry, " Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us."
3. That day, the day of fear, shall come ; my soul,
slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it
bright with oil ;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at
eventide :
' Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise ! Go forth
to meet the Bride !"
4. Beware, my soul ! take thou good heed lest thou in
slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and
vainly cry ;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and
Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of
the Son.

Gerard Moultrie.

225. *Until the Day Break.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **W**HEN dark the sky that overhangs my soul,
And mists are thick that through the valley
roll,
Then, as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
" When the day breaks, the shadows flee away."
2. Unholy phantoms from the deep may rise,
And gather through the gloom before mine eyes ;

But all shall vanish at the dawning ray—
When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

3. I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay—
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.
4. God maketh all things good unto His own ;
For them in every darkness light is sown ;
He will make good the gloom of darkest day,
Till that day break, and shadows flee away.
5. He will be near me in the awful hour,
When the last foe shall come in blackest power ;
And he will hear me when at last I pray—
“ Let the day break, the shadows flee away ! ”
6. In Him, my God, my Glory, I will trust :
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust !
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay—
His day will break, those shadows flee away !

S. J. Stone.

226.

The Dawn of God.

C.M.

1. **L**ONG hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
2. Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

3. As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground.
4. So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

J. Morrison.

227. *O Quickly Come.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **O** QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all ;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
O quickly come : for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
2. O quickly come, great King of all ;
Reign all around us and within ;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
O quickly come : for Thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.
3. O quickly come, true Life of all,
For death is mighty all around ;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found :
O quickly come : for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4. O quickly come, sure Light of all,
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day :
 O quickly come : for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

Laurence Tuttielt.

228. *What of the Night?* L.M.

1. **O**UT of the dark the circling sphere
 Is rounding onward to the light ;
 We see not yet the full day here,
 But cheer'd we mark the paling night.
2. And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
 And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
 And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
 These stars have been above us still.
3. Look backward, how much has been won !
 Look round, how much is yet to win !
 The watches of the night are done ;
 The watches of the day begin.
4. O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
 The night and day alike in view,
 Thy will our dearest hope enfolds :
 O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

Samuel Longfellow.

229. *The Lord will Come.* C.M.

1. **T**HE Lord will come and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err ;

Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2. Mercy and Truth that long were missed
Now joyfully are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
3. Truth from the earth like to a flower
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.
4. O happy earth, where good is set
To bid all sorrow cease—
City of God, whose coronet
Is everlasting Peace.

John Milton.

230.

The End of the Age.

7s.

1. **E**ARTH shall melt with fervent heat ;
Heaven shall vanish like a scroll ;
God shall from His judgment-seat
Speak the doom of every soul.
2. So the ancient Scripture saith ;
We its inner truth divine ;
Through its pictured form of death
We behold the Spirit shine.
3. Earth shall her Deliverer see,
Christ shall in the heart appear ;
Night, and Age, and Winter flee,
Morn, and Truth, and Spring draw near.

4. Lo ! the second heaven appears !
 Lo ! the age of Love unfurled !
 'Tis the spring-tide of the spheres ;
 'Tis the morning of the world.

Thomas Lake Harris.

231.

Dies Iræ.

6.7.

1. DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,
 When this world shall pass away,
 And the heavens together roll,
 Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 Long foretold by saint and sage,
 David's harp, and Sibyl's page.
2. Then the writing shall be read,
 Which shall judge the quick and dead :
 Then the Lord of all our race
 Shall appoint to each his place ;
 Every wrong shall be set right,
 Every secret brought to light.
3. Then in that tremendous day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What shall I the sinner say ?
 What shall be the sinner's stay—
 When the righteous shrink for fear,
 How shall my frail soul appear ?
4. King of kings, enthron'd on high,
 In Thine awful Majesty,
 Thou who of Thy mercy free
 Savest those who sav'd shall be—
 In Thy boundless charity,
 Fount of Pity, save Thou me.

A. P. Stanley.

232. *The City of God.* 6.6.10.6.6.10.

1. O WHEN shall we behold
That city, all of gold,
Foreseen in vision from the ancient days,
Where charity shall reign,
And mercy's blest refrain
Rear the bright gates in harmonies of praise.
2. When shall the nations come,
Beneath its burning dome,
To find the Lord and bow before His feet?
When shall celestial fire
Consume each base desire,
And purify the world with fervent heat?
3. When shall the rebel host,
Who throned the cloudy coast
Of evil, fly despoiled of power to wound;
While peace and love, once more,
Re-ope the heavenly door,
And trees of life spring forth on mortal ground?
4. Within Thy Word we see,
O Lord! the prophecy;
And for it wait, and cry, with one accord,
"All Holy One! again
Descend and dwell with men
Till all mankind are brethren in the Lord."

*Thomas Lake Harris.**The Holy Spirit.*233. *The Comforter.* 8.6.8.4.

1. O UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,

*Sh. Cuthbert
Dykes.*

A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

234. *Prayer for Spiritual Strength.*

L.M.

1. **T**HOU Power and Peace ! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove !

2. For ever lend Thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
Nor leave the hearts which Thou hast made
Fit temples of Thy grace divine.

3. Nor let us quench Thy blessed light ;
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
 O Holy Spirit, Comforter !

235.

A Prayer for the Spirit.

L.M.

1. FOUNTAIN of life, most pure, most bright !
 Sun of the soul, the spirit's light !
 Great Source of joy, and End of rest,
 For ever blessing, ever blest !
2. As the young dayspring's glorious birth
 Calls into life rejoicing earth,
 And with new beauty, love, and power,
 Robes field and stream and tree and flower :
3. As cooling dews, like gentle sleep
 On hearts that bleed and eyes that weep,
 In the sweet hour of evening's calm
 On feverish earth shed heavenly balm :
4. Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
 Thou living Beam, thou Fire divine !
 Bid sin's distracting turmoil cease,
 Thou Comforter, thou God of peace !
5. Descend, Almighty, from above
 On beams of light, on wings of love ;
 And every soul a temple be,
 Meet, holy Lord, for heaven and Thee !

W. P. Sparks.

236.

The Strengthening Spirit.

L.M.

1. SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love !
 Who dwell'st enthroned in light above,
 Descend, and bear us on Thy wings
 Far from these low and fleeting things.

2. 'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal :
'Tis Thine to make the hardened feel ;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the grovelling spirit rise.
3. Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, great Strengtheners, to Thee?
4. Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire :
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm ;
Our joys refresh, our passions calm :
5. Come, like the sun's enlightening beam ;
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream :
With all Thy graces present be :
Spirit of God ! we wait for Thee.

Wm. Lindsay Alexander.

237.

Spirit Divine.

C.M.

1. SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power ;
Come, Holy Spirit, come !
2. Come, glorious Light ! to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.
3. Come, cleansing Fire ! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

4. Come as the dew ! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy Thy quickening power.
5. Come, Wind of God ! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

A. Reed and S. Longfellow.

238.

Pentecost.

L.M.

1. **L**OOK up, O man ! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came,
For thee descends the spirit-host ;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.
2. This common earth, by mortals trod,
Is hallowed by the present God ;
And His great heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.
3. While others see the chance and change,
Thy soul the heavenly spheres may range,
And there discern, with finer sense,
The heart of God's great Providence.
4. The lonely chamber of thy rest
Shall beam with many an angel guest,
And Nature lay her tribute sweet
Of health and beauty at thy feet.
5. No chain shall bind thy freeborn might,
No shadow veil the heavenly height ;
But sorrow from thy soul shall cease,
And God's own presence give thee peace.

Thomas L. Harris.

239.

Holy Spirit.

7s.

1. **H**OLY Spirit, Truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and Inward Light !
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
2. Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire !
3. Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.
4. Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.
5. Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

S. Longfellow.

240.

The presence of the Spirit.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **G**RACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be ;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2. Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be ;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
3. Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.
4. Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be :
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.
5. Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be :
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.
6. Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be :
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. Lynch.

241. *Inspiration.* L.M.

1. MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour Thy living spirit in !
2. Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt Thou from the willing mind
Withhold Thy light and love and power.
3. Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from Thine own altar-fire.
4. That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach.

242. *Inspiration.* L.M.

1. O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
2. O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed Thy love and taught Thy ways,
Forth in Isaiah's thunder rolled,
Breathed in the psalmist's tenderest lays.
3. O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast and sealed Him thine ;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine.

4. Is not Thy word as mighty now
 As when the prophets felt its power?
 The ancient days remember Thou,
 The ancient inspiration shower.

243. *To-day Sacred as Yesterday.* C.M.

1. **O**UR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here,
 Thine own this latter day ;
 To us Thy radiant steps appear ;
 We watch Thy glorious way.
2. Not only olden ages felt
 The presence of the Lord ;
 Not only with the fathers dwelt
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word.
3. Doth not the Spirit still descend
 And bring the heavenly fire?
 Doth He not still Thy Church extend,
 And waiting souls inspire?
4. Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise ;
 Be this Thy mighty hour ;
 And make Thy willing people wise
 To know Thy day of power.

T. H. Gill.

244. *The Breath of God.* S.M.

1. **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

2. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

245.

The Inmost One.

L.M.

1. **H**OW near to us, O God, Thou art !
Felt in the movement of the heart ;
Nearer than self Thou art to each ;
The truth of Thine indwelling teach.
2. With feverish restlessness and pain
We strive to shut Thee out—in vain !
To darkened mind and rebel will
Thou art the only Dayspring still.
3. Eyes art Thou unto us, the blind ;
We turn to Thee, ourselves to find :
We cannot ope a door of prayer,
But Thou art seeking entrance there.
4. O Father—Spirit ! more than near !
Through all our thought Thy voice we hear ;
Our life would welcome Thy control,
Immanuel ! God within the soul.

5. Thou fill'st our being's hidden springs ;
 Thou giv'st our wishes heavenward wings ;
 We live Thy life, we breathe Thy breath,
 And in Thy presence is no death !

246. *The Living God.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. **N**OT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,
 Make our glad spirits glow.
 Our eyes behold Thy works of might ;
 On us full beam Thy wonders bright ;
 The living God we know.
2. We joy not only to be told,
 How with Thy saints and seers of old
 Thou madest sweet abode.
 We of Thy presence bright can tell,
 Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell ;
 We feel the living God.
3. Thou settest us each task divine ;
 We bless that helping hand of Thine,
 This strength by Thee bestowed.
 Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
 Thine own the cause—Thine own the might,
 We serve the living God.
4. Ah ! soon we droop ! ah ! soon we tire ;
 Our fainting hearts new strength require,
 Again would quickened be.
 We ask no priest ; we seek no shrine ;
 To Thee we come for life divine,
 Thou living God, to Thee.

5. O more than satisfy our need ;
 Our most divine desire exceed ;
 Our constant Quickener be.
 Thou living God, possess us still ;
 Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
 Our blessèd life in Thee.

T. H. Gill.

247.

Whitsunday.

L.M.

1. **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 Oh, shed Thine influence from above ;
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
2. In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's surpassing glory sung :
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.
3. Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
 Still o'er Thy holy Church preside ;
 Still let mankind Thy blessings prove ;
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

248.

Speak, Lord.

7.6.7.6.D.

1. **S**PEAK, for Thy servant heareth ;
 Thus give us grace, O Lord,
 To listen and to answer
 Whene'er Thy voice is heard ;
 Whether we wait expectant
 Its sound to guide us home,
 Or all unsought, unwelcome,
 Its sudden warning come.

2. Above the whirl of traffic,
Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
Thy whispers soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts replying,
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear.
3. And in the latest conflict,
When strength and faith are low,
And all our schemes of comfort
Are baffled by the foe ;
Amid life's feeble throbblings,
Yet nearer and more near ;
May Thy sweet tones of solace
Speak, and Thy servants hear.

Henry Alford.

249.

The Universal Spirit. C.M.

1. **E**NDURING soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend ;
Unchanging peace 'mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End.
2. Through Thee the worlds with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run ;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendour clothes the sun.
3. Where'er the living soul looks out
From eyes of beast or bird,
Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
Or forest leaf is stirred,---

4. Thy Spirit breathes, Thy way is seen,
O Fount of living force !
Who art, and hast for ever been,
The world's eternal Source.
5. The thoughts that move the heart of man,
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety.
6. These are Thy thoughts, Almighty Mind,
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.
7. No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from Heaven :
No loving deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.
8. O fill me now, Thou living Power,
With energy divine ;
Thus shall my will from hour to hour
Become, not mine, but Thine.

E. S. Oakley.

250.

The Inward Word.

L.M.

1. **T**HE wondrous voice within the mind
Is all unheard amid our din ;
In outward things we seek to find
What only can be found within.
2. A larger, fuller life we need,
Divine release from inward ill,
The right to hear our spirit plead,
And learn therein the eternal will.

3. Above us shines the azure height
So calm and free beyond our strife ;
But beams not thence the inner light,
The guiding law of moral life.
4. Around us striving passions spread
Their blinding mists before our eyes ;
And 'midst the jars by factions bred
The living truth unheeded lies.
5. O ! here amid these voices vain
That but distract the trusting soul,
Thou, Inward Word, our light maintain,
And guide us to Thy perfect goal.
6. We win Thee not by searching far,
In sky above or earth around ;
Thy voice divine, where'er we are,
Must ever in ourselves be found.

James Bell.

251.

Spirit of Grace.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. SPIRIT of Grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead !
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife,
The patient pilgrim still is led !
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come !
2. Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free !
Live Thou in me, O Life divine !
Until my deepest love be Thine.

3. O Breath from far Eternity !
 Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
 So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
 Spring up amidst the desert-sand ;
 And where Thy living water flows,
 My heart shall blossom as the rose.

G. Tersteegen.

252. *A Litany of the Spirit.* 7.7.7.5.

1. COME to our poor nature's night,
 With Thy blessèd inward light,
 Holy Ghost, the Infinite ;
 Comforter Divine.
2. We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
 Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
 Lost,—until by Thee restored,
 Comforter Divine.
3. Orphans are our souls, and poor ;
 Give us from Thy heavenly store
 Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
 Comforter Divine.
4. Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter Divine.
5. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
 Make Thy temple in each breast—
 There Thy presence be confessed ;
 Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.

253. *The Sin against the Holy Ghost.* C.M.

1. **O** SIN of sins ! from souls of light
In gloomy wrath to shrink ;
Of works of love and acts of right
Perversely to misthink.
2. To scan good deeds with evil eye,
And brand with evil name ;
The Spirit's witness to belie,
The Holy Ghost defame.
3. His gifts, His workings manifest
To mark and misbestow ;
To take them from the Spirit blest
And give them to the foe.
4. Lord, keep us from this sin of sins
That grievèd most Thy Son,
The guilt that no forgiveness wins,
That speaks the soul undone !
5. Oh, make us glad Thy Spirit's might
In righteous souls to trace,
In love and goodness to delight
As in His very grace.
6. To reckon everything of cost
As what from Him proceeds,
And gather for the Holy Ghost
The praise of all good deeds.

*T. H. Gill.*254. *Quench not the Spirit.* C.M.

1. **L**ORD ! is it ours to entertain
Thy Spirit pure and sweet ?
May we enjoy His blissful reign,
His biddings gladly greet ?

2. Lord ! is it ours to drive away
That gracious glorious Guest ?
May we cast off His blissful sway,
Gainsay His biddings blest ?
3. May we His gracious strivings slight
Till we are slaves to sin ?
May we shut out His beamings bright
Till all is dark within ?
4. Lord, keep this darkness far from us,
This woe all woes above !
Oh, never may we slight Thee thus,
Life-bringing Heavenly Dove !
5. When Thou dost sweetly shine, may we
Make welcome all Thy light ;
And what Thou biddest mightily
Fulfil with all our might !
6. So, Spirit pure ! wilt Thou be won
With us for aye to dwell ;
So will Thy holy fire burn on
Unquenched, unquenchable.

T. H. Gill.

255.

The Comforter.

4.6.6.6.6.6.2.

1. COME, Thou, oh come ;
Sweetest and kindest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul ;
In all anxiety,
With pow'r from heaven on high,
Console.

2. Come, Thou, oh come ;
 Help in the hour of need,
 Strength of the broken reed,
 Guide of each lonely one ;
 Orphan's and widow's stay,
 Who tread in life's hard way
 Alone.

3. Come, Thou, oh come ;
 Glorious and shadow-free,
 Star of the stormy sea,
 Light of the tempest-tost,
 Harbour our souls to save,
 When hope upon the wave
 Is lost.

4. Come Thou, oh come ;
 Joy in life's narrow path,
 Hope in the hour of death ;
 Come, blessed Spirit, come,
 Lead Thou us tenderly,
 Till we shall find in Thee
 Our home.

Latin tr. G. Moultrie.

256. *The Pathways of the Spirit.*

8.6.

1. **H**OW dost Thou come, O Comforter?
 In heavenly glory dressed,
 Down floating from the far-off skies,
 With lilies on Thy breast?
 In lone, mysterious silences,
 In visions rapt and high,
 And holy dreams, like pathways set,
 Betwixt the earth and sky?

2 Not always thus—for Thou dost stoop
 To our poor common clay,
 Too faint for saintly ecstasy,
 Too impotent to pray.
 Not always through the gates of prayer,
 Or penitential psalm,
 Or sacred rites, or holy day,
 Or incense, breathing balm.

3. How does God send the Comforter?
 Perchance through faith intense;
 Perchance through humblest avenues
 Of sight, or sound, or sense.
 Haply in childhood's laughing voice
 Shall breathe the voice divine,
 And tender hands of earthly love
 Pour for thee heavenly wine!

4. How will God send the Comforter?
 Thou knowest not, nor I!
 His ways are countless as the stars
 His hand hath hung on high;
 His roses bring their fragrant balm,
 His twilight hush its peace,
 Morning its splendour, night its calm,
 To give thy pain surcease!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

257. *Come Holy Spirit!* 10. 10. 10. 10.

1. SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart,
 Wean it from earth, through all its pulses
 move;
 Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
 And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2. I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitants, no opening skies ;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
3. Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh ;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
4. Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

George Croly.

258.

Spiritual Power.

C.M.

1. SPIRIT of Wisdom ! guide Thine own,
Who make Thee now their choice,
That they may never walk alone,
But hear Thy heavenly voice.
2. Spirit of Understanding ! Light
That this world never saw !
Open their eyes to see aright
The wonders of Thy law.
3. Spirit of Counsel ! 'neath the cloud
Of sorrow and dismay,
Cheer Thou their souls with anguish bowed,
And chase all doubt away.
4. Spirit of Strength ! infuse Thy might,
Nerve Thy young soldiers' arms ;
Temptation let them put to flight,
And banish hell's alarms.
5. Spirit of Knowledge ! whose deep things
Are now but darkly shown ;

Lead them on resurrection wings,
To know as they are known.

6. Spirit of Godliness ! unfold
The joys of heavenly grace ;
Give peace on earth—the bliss untold
Of saints who see Thy face.

7. Spirit of Holy Fear ! inspire
Dread reverence of Thy name ;
That they, with the celestial choir,
May praise Thee without blame.

J. H. Butterworth.

259. *Father, Son, and Spirit.*

L.M.

1. **G**IVE praise to Him who built the hills ;
Give praise to Him the streams who fills ;
Give praise to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar !

2. Give praise to Him who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born ;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight !

3. Give praise to Him whose love has given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven ;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night !

4. Give praise to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God ;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness !

5. To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow ;
To Thee, eternal God ! we raise
Our humble, fervent song of praise.

H. Bonar.

260. *Father, Son, and Spirit.* 7s. D.

1. **H**OLY, Holy, Holy, Lord
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eyes beheld them good ;
 While they sang, with sweet accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
2. Holy, Holy, Holy ! Thee
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;
 Lightly by the world esteemed ;
 From that world by Thee redeemed ;
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
3. Holy, Holy, Holy ! all
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing :
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King,
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord—
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

*J. Montgomery.*261. *Creator, Saviour, Guide.* 8.8.8.

1. **C**REATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
 Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide,
 Far out of sight we seem to glide.

2. Help us, each hour, with steadier eye
To search the deepening mystery,
The wonders of Thy sea and sky.
3. The blessèd angels look and long
To praise Thee with a worthier song,
And yet our silence does Thee wrong.
4. By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.

J. Keble.

262.

Trinity Sunday.

C.M.

1. OUR God is one ! this truth sublime
Doth every knowledge hold ;
Yet spell we little at a time :
Language is manifold.
2. The Might Supreme from Sinai spoke ;
And where the Presence burned,
And thunders from the mountain broke,
Israel her Monarch learned.
3. Yet dearer word Jehovah kept
For a more blessed hour ;
In sweeter syllables it slept
Within the name of Power.
4. God swept in unclothed glory by,
And did His servant hide :
The Christ of Nazareth tenderly
Stands at our very side.
5. "So long time with you have I been,"
Says Jesus to our quest ;
Yet have ye known Me not, nor seen
The Father manifest.

6. " Now to my greater Self I go :
From earth I must ascend,
That deeper, nearer, ye may know
The God who doth Me send ! "
7. " God must be with you, and within :
Your souls that I have loved,
Of judgment, righteousness, and sin
Inly must be reprov'd. "
8. Our God His glory uttereth
As shines in heaven His sun :
He is,—He comes,—He quickeneth :
The Life Divine is One. *A. D. T. Whitney.*

Praise and Thanksgiving.

263. *His Mercies aye endure.* 7s.

1. **L**ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
2. He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3. All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. He hath, with a pitying eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

264. *All Thy works praise Thee.*

7s.

1. **H**ARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King :
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.
2. Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
3. Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
4. All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
5. Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
6. Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

J. Austin.

265. *The Service of Praise.* C.M.D.

1. **F**ILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.
2. Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board,
With my beloved ones.
3. Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain ;
Or standing by another's couch
Watching the pulse of pain.
Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will ;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.
4. So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song ;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar.

266. *All is Well.* 7.7.8.8.7.7.

1. **T**HOU who sendest sun and rain,
 Thou who sendest bliss and pain,
 Good with bounteous hand bestowing,
 Evil for Thy will allowing,
 Though Thy ways we cannot see,
 All is just that comes from Thee !

2. In the peace of hearts at rest,
 In the child at mother's breast,
 In the lives that now surround us,
 In the deaths that sorely wound us,
 Though we may not understand,
 Father, we behold Thy hand !

3. Hear the happy hymn we raise ;
 Take the love which is Thy praise ;
 Give content in each condition,
 Bend our hearts in sweet submission ;
 And Thy trusting children prove
 Worthy of their Father's love.

Bayard Taylor.

267. *Mercy and Judgment.* 6s.

1. **L**ORD, for the erring thought
 Not into evil wrought ;
 Lord, for the wicked will
 Betrayed and baffled still ;
 For the heart from itself kept,
 Our thanksgiving accept.

2. For ignorant hopes that were
 Broken to our blind prayer ;
 For pain, death, sorrow, sent
 Unto our chastisement ;
 For all loss of seeming good,
 Quickened our gratitude.

W. D. Howells.

268. *Hear our Praise.*

L.M.

1. **F**OR Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
For bending wheat, and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.
2. We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—
To Thee of causes still the Cause ;
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows,
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.
3. We bring no sorrows to Thy throne ;
We come to Thee with no complaint ;
In providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.
4. Here, on this blest Thanksgiving night,
We raise to Thee our grateful voice ;
For what Thou doest, Lord, is right ;
And, thus believing, we rejoice.

*J. G. Holland.*269. *Common Gifts.*

L.M.

1. **F**OR common gifts we bless Thee, Lord—
The hearing ear, the eye to see,
Beauty forever round us poured
In sweet and varied ministry.
2. We bless Thee for the wholesome air,
For showers that fall and suns that warm,
For darkness, and the truce to care
Sleep brings with many a soothing charm.
3. For gentle courtesies of life,
For dear communion, friend with friend,
Those hours with sacred meaning rife
When love looks to no earthly end.

4. We yield Thee praise for sovereign power
That steadies us o'er gulfs of pain ;
Shall we forget Thee in the hour
That leads us back to peace again ?
5. Let not our gratitude delay
Till good withheld constrains the prayer,
Give clearer vision, that we may
Hold common blessings as if rare.

Charlotte M. Packard.

270.

The Gospel.

C.M.

1. **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
2. Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every cheerful ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.
3. Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.
4. But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the gospel seen :
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons.

271. *Mercies Yet to Come.*

1. **W**E bless Thee, Lord, for all the joy,
Which Thou to us hast given ;
And yet, O Lord, we bless Thee more
For what Thou hast in heaven.
2. We thank Thee for the flowers that blow
Around the children's feet,
And more that we for aye may grow
In influence good and sweet.
3. We praise Thee more for all Thy love
That all the days declare,
And yet, O Lord, we love Thee more,
For love we yet may share.
4. We thank Thee, Lord, for all the hope
That lives where'er we go ;
And yet, dear Lord, we praise Thee more
For hopes we yet may know.
5. We ask Thee, Lord, to fill our souls
With songs, that we may raise
Sweet hymns of love to God above
When prayer is turned to praise.

*Joseph Johnson.*272. *Unceasing Praise.* L.M., 6 LINES.

1. **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

273.

Glory to God.

7s.

1. **L**ET the whole Creation cry
 Glory to the Lord on high !
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
 " God is good, and therefore King."
2. Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
 Ever bright and fair in love !
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
 Night and stars, in God rejoice.
3. Chant His honour, ocean fair !
 Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud, and storm,
 Rain and snow, His praise perform.
4. All the elemental powers,
 Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song !
 Rivers, roll His praise along.
5. Let the blossoms of the earth
 Join the universal mirth ;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
 Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.
6. All the beasts that haunt the woods,
 And the fish that cleave the floods,
Insects, and all creeping things,
 Loud exalt the King of kings.
7. Warriors fighting for the Lord,
 Prophets burning with His word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
 Join the rushing of the song.

8. Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw ;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, "The Lord is good and great."
9. Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold ;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.
10. From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone !

Stopford A. Brooke.

274.



Benedicite.

8.7.8.8.7.

1.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,

Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

2.

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noon-light,

Starry temples azure-floored ;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

3.

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,

Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

4. Rock and high land,
 Wood and island,
 Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
 Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
 Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
5. Rolling river,
 Praise Him ever,
 From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
6. Bond and free man,
 Land and sea man,
 Earth, with peoples widely stored,
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
 Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
7. Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver ;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord !

John Stuart Blackie.

275. *All things praise Thee.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. ALL things praise Thee—Lord most high,
 Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
 All were for Thy glory made,
 That Thy greatness thus displayed
 Should all worship bring to Thee ;
 All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.

2. All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light ;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray ;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
3. All things praise Thee—round her zones
Earth, in fragrant, brilliant tones,
Rolls a ceaseless choral strain,
Roaring wind, and deep-voiced main,
Rustling leaf, and humming bee,
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
4. All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud ;
Summer, winter, all to Thee
Glory render :—Lord, may we.
5. All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee :
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.

G. W. Conder.

276.

A Thanksgiving.

C.M.

1. **B**E light and glad ; in God rejoice,
Who is our strength and stay ;
Be joyful, and lift up your voice
To God the Lord alway.

2. Sing praise, O sing unto the Lord
With melody most sweet ;
Let heart and voice in one accord,
As is most just and meet.
3. Ourselves, O God, we wholly bind,
A sacrifice to be ;
In token of our thankful mind,
O God most dear, to Thee.
4. To Thee we cry, and also breathe
Thanksgiving, laud, and praise,
For Thy good gifts we now receive,
And hope for all our days.
5. We praise Thee, mighty Lord, on high,
With heart and hearty cheer ;
To Thee we sing, we call, we cry,
O Lord our God most dear.
6. Thou art the worker of our wealth,
Our safeguard and our stay :
O Lord, grant now Thy people health ;
On Thee we wait alway.

Adapted from Metrical Anthems, 1578.

277. *Praise.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. **N**OW thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2. O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given ;
We lift our hearts to Him
Who reigns in highest heaven :
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth.

278.

Thanksgiving.

8.7.8.7.

1. **L**ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives ;
2. Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above ;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;
3. For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee.

4. Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be lowly wise :
Dreary mist or cloudy slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

5. Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee and not to men ;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is to give it Thee again.

T. W. Jex Blake.

279. *Joy and Sorrow.* 8.8.8.8.8.8.

1. FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade :
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

2. Lord God of Gods, before whose throne
Stand storm and fire, O what shall we
Return to Heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

3. O Thou that sit'st in Heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest ;
Command my soul, and cure my sin.
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

4. When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,

When Earth and all things in it change ;—
 O Lord, Thy mercies fail us never ;
 When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

J. Quarles.

280.

Exultation. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

1. **R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation ;

Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation ;

His works of love proclaim

The greatness of His name ;

For He is God alone

Who hath His mercy shown ;

Let all His saints adore Him.

2. When in distress to Him we cried,
 He heard our sad complaining :

O trust in Him whate'er betide,

His love is all-sustaining.

Triumphant songs of praise

To Him our hearts shall raise ;

Now every voice shall say

O praise our God alway ;

Let all His saints adore Him.

3. Rejoice to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation ;

Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,

Whose arm hath brought salvation ;

His works of love proclaim

The greatness of His name ;

For He is God alone

Who hath His mercy shown ;

Let all His saints adore Him.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

281. *Bless the Lord.* 8.7.8.7.8.7.

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Praise the everlasting King.
2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Glorious in His faithfulness.
3. Father-like, He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Widely yet His mercy flows.
4. Angels, in the height adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Praise with us the God of grace.

*H. F. Lyte.*282. *Praise the Lord.* 8.7.8.7.

1. PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious :
 Never shall His promise fail.
 God hath made His saints victorious :
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
4. Praise the Lord of our salvation,
 Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.

John Kemphorne.

283.

Blessèd be God for ever.

8.8.8.8.

1. **B**LESSÈD be Thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
 Blest are they Thou kindly keepest.
2. God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessèd be Thy name for ever.
3. God of evening's peaceful ray,
 God of every dawning day,
 Rising from the distant sea,
 Breathing of eternity !
4. Thine the flaming sphere of light,
 Thine the darkness of the night :
 God of life that fade shall never,
 Glory to Thy name for ever.

James Hogg.

284.

Rejoice!

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1. REJOICE ! the Lord is king :
Your Lord and King adore ;

Mortals ! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2. His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet His thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3. He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4. He leads the circling year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :

O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5. Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

John Taylor.

285.

Thanksgiving.

108.

1. **W**E bless Thee, Lord, for all this common life
 Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife ;
 For earth and trees and sea and clouds and springs ;
 For work, and all the lessons that it brings.
2. For Pisgah gleams of newer, fairer truth,
 Which ever ripening still renews our youth ;
 For fellowship with noble souls and wise,
 Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies ;
3. For each achievement human toil can reach ;
 For all that patriots win, and poets teach ;
 For the old light that gleams on history's page,
 For the new hope that shines on each new age.
4. May we to these our lights be ever true,
 Find hope and strength and joy for ever new,
 To heavenly visions still obedient prove,
 The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty Love !

J. M. White.

286.

Our God we thank Thee. 8.4.8.4.8.4.

1. **O**UR God ! we thank Thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright,
 So full of splendour and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right !
2. We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
 Joy to abound ;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round,
 That in the darkest spot on earth
 Some love is found.
3. We thank Thee, too, that all our joy
 Is touched with pain ;

That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
 That thorns remain ;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

4. For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys tender and true,
 Yet all with wings ;
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.

5. We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost keep
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more,
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

6. We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest ;
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 Upon Thy breast.

A. A. Procter.

287. *God is Light.*

118.

1. **A**LL-GRACIOUS, all-loving, great Father of
 Light !

Who knowest not shadow nor trouble of night,
 In brightness triumphant arise on our heart ;
 Our languors and coldness, oh bid them depart.

2. Arise on our souls with Thy warm-shining ray,
 Disperse with Thy beaming our darkness away ;

- Surmount like the morning our mountains of wrong,
And fill us with new inspirations of song.
3. In deep adoration before Thee we bow,
With succour and radiance appear to us now ;
Accept us in mercy, our blindness remove,
And cause us Thy sweet benediction to prove.
 4. O Father most tender, Beginning and End !
Our Hope to inspire us, our Strength to defend !
All fearfulness, fainting, and doubting dispel :
For what can harm any whom Thou lovest well ?
 5. And help us to trust Thee, whate'er may betide,
Should pleasure or painfulness walk by our side ;
Both shadow and sunshine are under Thy care,
And daylight and starlight Thy goodness declare.
 6. Our sins are as clouds that o'erdarken Thy face,
And hide the pure beauty and charm of Thy grace ;
Our selfishness pardon, our evil forgive,
Nor leave us alone in transgression to live.
 7. O Light of the world ! rise in splendour and shine ;
These dark hills of time touch with glory divine ;
The kingdom of Christ and of kindness lead in,
And Love's golden reign in all nations begin.

James Bell.

288.

Praise.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **L**ORD of power, Lord of might ;
God and Father of us all ;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call ;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

2. Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good ;
Fill our souls with light divine ;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.
3. Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name ;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame :
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.
4. Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

G. Thring.

289.

All things from God.

C.M.

1. FATHER, I well may praise Thy name
In sounds of flowing song ;
And in glad words aloud proclaim
That I to Thee belong.
2. I see Thy light, Thy world's wide scope,
I hear Thy wind 'abroad' :
All things that give me life and hope
Are from my Father, God.
3. This living soul, which I call mine,
Doth feel and know and love ;
It is an utterance of Thine,
A breathing from above.

4. So I would fill a higher part,
Self-acting, like to Thee ;
Therefore I'll stir my inmost heart
To live in action free.
5. This be my action, henceforth now,
Ever to will the good ;
And then when strength is failing, Thou
Wilt give my spirit food.
6. And through the grace of Him who willed
To do Thy will on earth,
With truth my spirit shall be filled,
And reach its place of birth.

George MacDonald.

290.

All Thy mercies.

C.M.

1. **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise :
2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart !
But Thou canst read it there.
3. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
4. Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

5. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
6. When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
7. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
8. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

J. Addison.

291.

O give Thanks.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers ;
Guard of our unconscious hours.
2. O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

3. O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care !
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
4. O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for sinful man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

J. Conder.

292.

Praise and Prayer.

L.M.

1. GREAT Lord of all ! our Father, God !
With song and prayer we worship Thee :
Thy beauty breathes its joy abroad ;
Thy love's warm tide flows full and free.
2. In morn and evening's twilight glow
Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel ;
And midnight heavens with silent show,
Thy watchful, patient love reveal.
3. But not in realms that sense can sound,
Springs the pure fount which life imparts ;
Its blessed source alone is found
In reverent, loving, trustful hearts.
4. O may that living fountain dwell
In us, replenished from above ;
And through our thirsting spirits swell,
The rising tides of life and love.

5. What consecration, God of grace !
 Thy love doth over all things spread,—
 Fair nature's light, and friendship's face,
 And tender memories of the dead.
6. Our holy dead ! in Thee they live ;
 With them, to-day, we live in Thee.
 To us, O Life Eternal ! give
 The life of faith in love made free.

Charles T. Brooks.

293. *Our Sacrifice of Praise.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies ;
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This, our sacrifice of praise.
2. For the beauty of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light ;
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This, our sacrifice of praise.
3. For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and mind's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight ;
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This, our sacrifice of praise.
4. For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild ;

Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5. For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

6. For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love ;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. Pierpont.

294.

For all Thy gifts.

L.M.

1. **T**HOU One in all, Thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all Thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to Thee our grateful praise.
2. We bless Thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.
3. For life that Thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like Thine,
For duties that our hands employ,—
We bring our offerings to Thy shrine.

4. Be Thine to give and ours to own
 The truth that sets Thy children free,
 The law that binds us to Thy Throne,
 The love that makes us one with Thee.

S. C. Beach.

295.

The Lord of all.

C.M.

1. SING forth His high eternal name
 Who holds all powers in thrall,
 Through endless ages still the same,—
 The mighty Lord of all.
2. His goodness, strong and measureless,
 Upholds us lest we fall ;
 His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
 The loving Lord of all.
3. His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
 Our strong defence and wall ;
 His providence our life surrounds,—
 The saving Lord of all.
4. He every thought and every deed
 Doth to His judgment call,
 Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
 The righteous Lord of all.
5. When, turning from forbidden ways,
 Low at His feet we fall,
 His strong and tender arms upraise,—
 The pardoning Lord of all.
6. Unwearied He is working still,
 Unspent His blessings fall,
 Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
 The only Lord of all.

S. Longfellow.

296.

Alleluia.

10.10.7.

1. **S**ING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven : O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
2. Ye Powers, who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.
3. The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.
4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
5. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
6. There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
7. This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.
8. While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.
9. Almighty God, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore : to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Spain, Eighth Century; tr. J. Ellerton.

297. *In Everything give Thanks.*

C.M.

1. LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine ;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice ;
My very praise is Thine.
2. I praise Thee while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace.
3. Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour ;
Bright dreams and fancyings strange ;
Blessings when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range.
4. Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unask'd, unhoped have come ;
And choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.
5. Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When looking up I saw Thy face
In kind austerity clad.
6. I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.
7. And such Thy loving force be still
'Mid life's fierce shifting fray ;
Shaping to truth self's froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

J. H. Newman.

298. *The Blessings of Salvation.*

L.M.

1. **A**LMIGHTY Father ! Thou didst frame
Our souls and bodies by Thy will ;
The matchless glories of Thy name
Our sole allegiance follows still.
2. O righteous God ! Thy love unchanged
Gives every child an equal place ;
And hearts Thy terrors have estranged
Melt in the sweetness of Thy face.
3. O loving God ! our thanks we pay
That Thou didst send Thy Son on earth,
Our Lord, our Light, our Truth, our Way,
First-born of the immortal birth.
4. O Father, by His spirit moved,
May we be one with Him in Thee !
O make us love as He did love,
And with His freedom make us free.

Wm. Everett.

299.

Praise.

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. **O** PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling !
He guides us on to age
Through sunlit paths of youth ;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiled truth.
2. That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly ;
To all who learn or teach,
Give wisdom pure and holy.

In solemn awe we bend,
 All wondering round Thy throne,
 And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
 Our Joy, our Gladness own.

3. O Lord of truth and light,
 All heaven and earth possessing,
 Grant us Thy laws to know,
 Our daily task-work blessing !
 Teach us Thy love to see,
 O'er earth and heaven outspread,
 While wisdom, conquering fear,
 With highest faith shall wed.

E. H. Plumptre.

300. *Praise for the Records of Revelation.* 8.6.8.4.

1. **T**O Thee, O God, we render thanks,
 That Thou to us hast given
 A light that shineth on our path,—
 A light from heaven,—
2. That Thou into the hearts of men
 Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
 And mad'st their lips the source from whence
 Flowed words of Thine :—
3. The words that speak of lives that live,
 And life beyond the grave,
 Of Him who came that life to give,—
 Those lives to save :—
4. Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
 To set His servants free,
 And left this message as their guide,—
 "Remember Me."

5. Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
Till by His quickening spirit led,
We meet our God.

G. Thring.

301.

The Voice of Praise.

C.M.

1. **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought.
4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows ;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From all our guilty woes.
5. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw.

302.

A Joyful Song.

L.M.D.

1. SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.
2. For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He is, etc.
3. For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do ;
Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
Trust in His name, for it is true.
For He is, etc.
4. For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love ;
Exalt His name, for it is joy.
For He is, etc.
5. For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die ;
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

303. *At all times praise the Lord.*

S.M.

1. **A**T all times praise the Lord :
His promises are sure.
What if thou doubt? His steadfast word
Unchanging shall endure.
2. Praise Him, when skies are bright
And gladness fills thy days :
Heaven shames thee with its glorious light
And calls thee to His praise.
3. Praise Him, when clouds are dark :
True faith waits not to prove :
Though hope no brightening gleam may mark,
His meaning still is love.
4. Praise Him, when home is sweet,
As though we ne'er should part :
But pray—while kindred spirits meet—
Pray for a thoughtful heart.
5. Praise Him, when far away
On mountain or the sea.
Each place is home to them who pray :
Thy Father guardeth thee.
6. Praise Him, when joyful songs
The saints on earth unite
In sacred chorus with the throngs
Of angels in the height.
7. Praise Him, when drear and lone
The shadows round thee fall—
No eye upon thy sins but One :
Fear not : He pardons all.

8. At all times praise the Lord :
 His promises are sure.
 Fear not : doubt not : His steadfast word
 Unchanging shall endure.

J. S. Howson.

304. *Hallowed be Thy name.* 7.7.7.5.

1. **L**ORD of nature, whose command
 Filled the ocean, air, and land
 With the creatures of Thine hand,
 Hallowed be Thy name.
2. For the sweetness of the spring,
 For the flowerets blossoming,
 Birds that in the dawning sing,
 Hallowed be Thy name.
3. For the glorious skies of June,
 For the splendour of its noon,
 For the summer's every boon,
 Hallowed be Thy name.
4. For the autumn's bounteous yield,
 For the golden harvest-field,
 For the winter's snowy shield,
 Hallowed be Thy name.
5. For the strength of manhood's arm,
 Childhood's grace and woman's charm,
 Human love and friendship warm,
 Hallowed be Thy name.
6. For ten thousand blessings given,
 Labours that through Thee have thriven,
 Joys of earth and hopes of heaven,
 Hallowed be Thy name.

7. For Thy Spirit's inward token,
For the word by prophets spoken,
For the bonds that Thou hast broken,
Hallowed be Thy name.
8. For the labour and the strife,
Years with pain and trial rife,
For the battle-storm of life,
Hallowed be Thy name.
9. For the faith that will not quail,
For the love that cannot fail,
For the truth that shall prevail,
Hallowed be Thy name.
10. For Thy pledge of future joy,
Final peace where none annoy,
Endless life without alloy,
Hallowed be Thy name.

Percy Greg.

305.

Praise perfected.

C.M.

1. ○ MAKE me, Lord, Thy statutes learn !
Keep in Thy ways my feet !
Then shall my lips divinely burn ;
Then shall my songs be sweet.
2. Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar ;
Each deed of holiness shall wake
A strain Divine the more.
3. My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee ;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

4. O wherefore swells so sweet above
 The everlasting hymn ?
 Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
 Those tuneful seraphim !

5. When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
 Make my poor voice divine,
 And all harmonious heaven confess
 No sweeter song than mine ?

T. H. Gill.

306. *Joy in Heaven and Hope on Earth.* 8.7.6 lines.

1. HALLELUJAH ! Song of gladness,
 Voice of joy that cannot die ;
 Hallelujah ! Sound the sweetest
 Heard amid the choirs on high ;
 Which they ever sing, abiding
 In God's house, eternally.

2. Hallelujah ! church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky !
 Hallelujah ! bright and glorious,
 Lift ye saints this strain on high !
 But by Babylon's dark waters
 We in exile still must sigh.

3. Hallelujah ! Songs of gladness
 Suit not always souls forlorn :
 Hallelujah ! Sounds of sadness
 Midst our joyous strains are borne :
 For in this dark world of sorrow
 We for sin must often mourn.

4. But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God ! we raise to Thee ;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy peace to see !
 Then we'll sing our Hallelujah ;
 Ours at last this strain shall be.

Latin Hymn, 11th Century.

Confession, Penitence, and Purity.

307. *A Prayer for Mercy.* 8.8.8.4.

1. **W**HEN first the stream of life runs low
 In childhood's veins, and weak and slow
 From year to year our forces grow,
 Have mercy, Lord !
2. When youthful passions, rising high,
 In flame our thoughts, and pleasures cry
 On every hand, Come, taste and try,
 Have mercy, Lord !
3. When manhood's baser lusts prevail
 O'er virtue's law, and judgments fail
 To cause the stony heart to quail,
 Have mercy, Lord !
4. When manhood's hair is tinged with grey,
 And early pleasures pass away,
 With our dull'd senses' swift decay,
 Have mercy, Lord !
5. When death seals up this weary eye,
 When past the closing agony,
 Then hear our solemn litany,
 Have mercy, Lord !

John Dendy.

308. *God our Refuge.*

L.M.

1. **T**O Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
2. Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee !
3. We trusted hope and pride and strength ;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length—
We come to Thee, O Lord, again.
4. A guide to trembling steps yet be !
Give us of Thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

*T. W. Higginson.*309. *Self-Scrutiny.*

8.6.8.4.

1. **S**HOW me myself, O holy Lord ;
Help me to look within ;
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.
2. Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God ;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod :
3. Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took His name ;—
Mine, but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame !

4. Yet, Lord ! I thank Thee for the sight
 Thou hast vouchsafed to me ;
 And humbled to the dust I shrink
 Closer to Thee :

5. And if Thy love will not disown
 So frail a heart as mine,
 Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
 But keep it Thine !

310. *In God's sight.* 8.6.10.4.

1. **W**HY should we vex our foolish minds
 So much, from day to day,
 With what an idle world concerning us
 May think or say ?

2. Do we not know there sits a Judge,
 Before whose searching eyes
 Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
 And open lies ?

3. O my omniscient Lord and God !
 Enough, enough for me,
 That Thou the evil in me and the good
 Dost wholly see.

4. Let others please to think of me
 Or say whate'er they will ;
 Such as I am before Thy judgment-seat,
 So am I still.

5. Praise they my good beyond desert,
 And all my bad ignore ;—
 That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
 No less, no more !

6. Decry they all my good, and blame
 My evil in excess ;
 That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
 No more, no less.

B. Caswall.

311. *The Confidence of the Penitent.* S.M.

1. **O**PPRESSED with sin and woe,
 A burdened heart I bear ;
 Opposed by many a mighty foe,
 Yet will I not despair.
2. With this polluted heart
 I dare to come to Thee.
 Holy and mighty as Thou art—
 For Thou wilt pardon me.
3. I feel that I am weak
 And prone to every sin ;
 But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
 Wilt give me strength within.
4. I need not fear my foes ;
 I need not yield to care ;
 I need not sink beneath my woes,
 For Thou wilt answer prayer.
5. In my Redeemer's name,
 I give myself to Thee ;
 And, all unworthy as I am,
 My God will welcome me.

Anne Bronte.

312. *Lord have Mercy.* 7s.

1. **L**ORD ! have mercy when we pray
 Strength to seek a better way ;

When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherished sin ;
 When our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale ;
 When our tears bedew Thy word ;
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

2. Lord ! have mercy when we lie
 On the restless bed, and sigh,
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still
 From the thought of former ill ;
 When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come ;
 When is loosed the silver cord ;
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

3. Lord ! have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below ;
 When its darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex and fears distress ;
 When the earliest gleam is given
 Of Thy bright but distant heaven ;
 Then Thy fostering grace afford ;
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

H. H. Milman.

313.

The Need of Pity.

4.6.4.6. D.

1. **S**HOW pity, Lord,
 For we are frail and faint ;
 We fade away,
 O list to our complaint !
 We fade away
 Like flowers in the sun ;
 We just begin,
 And then our work is done.

2. Show pity, Lord,
Our souls are sore distressed ;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest ;
As troubled seas
That surging beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

3. Show pity, Lord,
Our grief is in our sin ;
We would be cleansed ;
O make us pure within !
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to Thee,
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

4. Show pity, Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love ;
That holy love
Which draws the soul above ;
That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity.

D. Thomas.

314. *Blessed are they that Mourn.* C.M. J

1. **S**PEAK to our hearts, O Father, say
What we have been to Thee ;
How we have wandered far away,
And hardly turned to see.

2. Then lifted hands will hide the face ;
Then tears our grief will prove,
That such hath been the Father's grace,
And such the children's love.
3. Then shall our spirits hold at once
A comfort and a pain ;
For we shall know Thy wandering sons
Are turning home again.
4. With such glad grief, such tearful joy,
Be our repentance blest ;
Thy comfort then, without alloy,
Shall give us heavenly rest.

George Macdonald.

315. *Lost and Found.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.

1. **T**HOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and all Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.
2. Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes ;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;
From ourselves, ourselves disguise ;
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.
3. Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll,
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul ;

Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star—and Thou hast found us.

4. O most merciful, most holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way ;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray !
Cloud and storm oft gather round us :
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

F. T. Palgrave.

316.

The Fire of Love.

6s.

1. **W**E name Thy name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from Thy ways may be.
2. And we can own Thy law,
And we can sing Thy songs,
While this sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.
3. On us Thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot look down,
And yet the mire be mire.
4. Then spare us not Thy fires,
The searching light and pain ;
Burn out the sin ; and, last,
With Thy love heal again.

F. T. Palgrave.

317.

Forgiving Love.

C.M.

1. **L**OVE me, O Lord, forgivingly,
O ever be my Friend ;

And still, when Thou reprovest me,
Reproof with pity blend.

2. O pity me, when weak I fall ;
And as, with saddened eyes,
I upward look, O let Thy call
Come, strengthening me to rise.
3. My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,
Like clouds again grow black ;
O change the winds that bring such night,
And drive the darkness back.
4. This fearful striving, let it cease,
Then fervent, fruitful days
Shall yield both promise and increase,
And make my growth Thy praise.

T. T. Lynch.

318.

Comfort Me.

7.7.7.6

1. **I**N the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
4. When the tempter me pursu'th,
With the sins of all my youth,

And reproves me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

5. When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed ;
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

R. Herrick.

319. *The Cry of the Penitent.*

C.M.D.

1. **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry ;
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.
2. We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.
3. And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

*J. Marchant, 1560.
Altd. by R. Heber.*

320. *Out of the Depths.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. **O**UT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing !
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing :
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee ?
2. Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living :
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy
3. Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation ;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation :
Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.
4. Like those who watch for midnight's hour,
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

Martin Luther.

321. *Gratitude and Penitence.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank Thee, Lord !
2. For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength Thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank Thee, Lord !
3. For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for Thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord !
4. From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord !
5. We trust Thy wisdom, love, and power :
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord !

D. Agate.

322. *Confidence in the Divine Goodness.* C.M.

1. O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause,
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !
2. If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

3. Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good ! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
4. Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

Robert Burns.

323. *Constraining Love.* II. IO. II. IO.

1. FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name ;
2. That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.
3. O let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest :
Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted
When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed.
4. Let all this goodness by our minds be heeded,
Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed !
Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed ;
O speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed.

J. Freeman Clarke.

324. *The Gentleness that makes Great.* S.M.

1. DEAL gently with us, Lord !
The ways of sin are wide ;
O take us by Thy tender hand,
And in Thy pathway guide.
2. Deal gently with us, Lord !
Our foes press thick and bold :
O who shall fight the warfare through,
If Thou Thine arm withhold.
3. Deal gently with us, Lord,
Then we shall gentle be ;
And o'er our feeble brethren watch
In love and charity.

*Wm. Everett.*325. *Repenting.* 10.10.10.6.

1. BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.
2. Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.
3. Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.
4. Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

5. Because I called good evil, evil good,
And thought I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent.
6. Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

Sarah Williams.

326.

I Repent.

10. 10. 10.

1. MY sins have taken such a hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee ;
Lord, I repent ! accept my tears and grief.
2. Of nights unhallowed, and of sinful days, [ways,
Of careless thoughts and words and works and
Lord, I repent ! accept my tears and grief.
3. And in the life which doth within me live,
And the Forgiveness which can all forgive ;
Lord, I believe ! help Thou mine unbelief.
4. Of selfishness, which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife, and every sinful lust ;
Lord, I repent ! accept my tears and grief.
5. Of sins, that as a cloud have hid Thy face,
Of Thy care slighted, and Thy grievèd grace,
Lord, I repent ! accept my tears and grief.
6. In Love, which puts sin's envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died ;
Lord, I believe ! help Thou mine unbelief.
7. Sin is my sorrow, passion is my pain,
To Thee their vileness—and in me their stain ;
Lord, I repent ! accept my tears and grief.

J. S. B. Monsell.

327. *Deliver us from Evil.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.

1. FROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path ;
From Thy final condemnation,
From Thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
2. From a heart of hate and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride,
From all harshness or unkindness,
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
3. From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares,
From the plotter's crafty measures,
Foolish thoughts and trifling cares,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
4. In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment-day,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

*R. Mant.*328. *A Prayer for Purity.* 8.8.8.4.

1. ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

2. If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be ;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.
3. Yea, only as the heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.
4. So wash Thou me, without, within ;
Or purge with fire, if that must be :
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

Walter C. Smith.

329.

Sincere Penitence.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
2. Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.
4. Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

330.

Thou God See'st Me.

C.M.

1. O GOD, enshrined in dazzling light
Above the highest sphere,
My soul is filled with awe to feel
That Thou art present here.
2. Thine eye is as a lamp of fire,
And in its searching flame
I see myself all stained with sin,
And bow my head with shame.
3. But, O my God, Thy love I know,
And from the dust I rise,
And from myself and all my sin
To Thee I lift mine eyes.
4. My sins are dark, but over all
Thy burning love I see ;
And all my soul is full of praise,
And worships only Thee.

W. W. How.

331.

Out of the Depths.

S.M.

1. OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall ;
Be merciful to me.
2. Out of the deep I cry—
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
3. Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,

From morning watch till night is near
I plead Thy precious name.

4. Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was with Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow ;
Be merciful to me.

Sir H. W. Baker.

332

The Failure of Endeavour.

7s.

1. **G**OD of mercy, God of love !
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
2. Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
3. Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;
4. These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own :
Humbled, at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.
5. God of mercy, God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Oh restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

John Taylor.

333.

A Perfect Heart.

C.M.

1. **O**F all the precious gifts, O Lord,
Thy mercy can impart,
Whate'er Thou wilt to withhold,
O grant a perfect heart.
2. Behold us, how we feebly float
Through many a changing mood ;
How oft one flash of thought annuls
Our firmest choice of good.
3. We sin, repent, and fondly think
Our hill is now made strong ;
Our state of grace, restored, abides—
Thou knowest, Lord, how long.
4. Alas, for prayer-made purposes
That live not half the day—
For goodness like the morning cloud,
Like dews that pass away !
5. Oh take our incoherent wills,
And set them straight with Thine,
Our broken threads of moral life
In one strong whole combine.
6. Make us each day more fixed in love,
To Thee more simply given,
Till perseverance lands us safe
In thine unchanging heaven.

William Bright.

334.

Make Clean Our Hearts.

L.M.

1. **G**IVE us, O Fount of Purity,
A conscience clear, without offence,
That Thou in us unceasingly
May'st deign to keep Thy residence.

2. Between us and Thyself remove
 Whatever hindrances may be,
 That so our inmost hearts may prove
 A holy temple meet for Thee.
3. Still grant us, by Thy godly strength,
 A mind more perfectly renewed ;
 All failings rooted out at length ;
 Ourselves with new-born powers endued.
4. Let coward fear to hope give place,
 And meekness reign, like mother mild ;
 And charity, the chiefest grace,—
 Pureness of spirit undefiled,—
5. Regard Thee with a filial love ;
 No slavish fear within us be ;
 That so our cherished thoughts, above
 Aught else, may ever rest on Thee.

From the Latin tr. T. G. Crippen.

335.

Lighten Our Darkness.

C.M.

1. **O**H that thou wouldst the heavens rend,
 And comfort me with light ;
 In love and holiness descend,
 And scatter all my night.
2. Consume my wrong, my fear dispel,
 Bid feebleness depart,
 Be stronger than my selfish will,
 And greater than my heart.
3. Then, when my sin has found defeat,
 And Thou hast all my soul,
 Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
 The healing waters roll,

- 4 That I may rest awhile, before
 I take my work again ;
 And hear from the eternal shore,
 The requiem of pain.

Stopford A Brooke.

336.

A Cry for Help.

L.M.

1. ○ HELP me, God, to cast out sin,
 That taints the living founts within ;
 Help me to crush its bitter root,
 Whence all my pangs and sorrows shoot.
2. O help me, God, lest I shall fail
 When passions fierce my soul assail ;
 Thy wondrous arm so vast in might
 Can shield poor wrestlers for the right.
3. O help me, God, for Thou alone
 Hast all my hidden struggles known ;
 Still make me feel Thy guardian care,
 That I life's burdens well may bear.
4. O help me, God, that while I live
 I all my heart to Thee may give,
 And calmly feel, should death draw nigh,
 I would be Thine to live or die.

T. Knox.

337.

A Prayer for Humility.

C.M.

1. ○ UR Father, hear our longing prayer,
 And help this prayer to flow,
 That humble thoughts which are Thy care,
 May live in us and grow.
2. For lowly hearts shall understand
 The peace, the calm delight
 Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land—
 A pleasure in Thy sight.

3. Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.
4. Hear us, our Saviour ! ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee ;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

George Macdonald.

338

Shield Thy Servants.

7s. 6 lines.

1. GRACIOUS Father, hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair ;
Let Thine arm our safeguard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee :
God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight.
2. Soldiers of the Cross, we stand
Armed for battle by Thine hand ;
Rock of strength, to Thee we fly ;
Hide us in adversity.
God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight.

C. Wesley.

339.

The Knowledge of God.

C.M.

1. SHINE forth, Eternal Source of Light,
And make Thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all Thine own.
2. Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in Thy presence lost.

3. To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read Thy name,
True life to obey Thy will.
4. For this we long, for this we pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

Philip Doddridge.

340. *Imploring Divine Light.* 10.10.10.10

1. **O** THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with Light Divine.
2. 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest :
From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,—
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End.

Boethius, tr. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

341. *Humility.* C.M.

1. **T**HY home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are Thy rest :
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there Thy nest.
2. Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

F. W. Faber.

342.

Purity.

S.M.

1. **B**LEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.
2. The Lord who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their king :
3. He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart ;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4. Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble and E. Osler.

343.

Help Me !

L.M.

1. **L**IGHT of my life ! my God, whose power
Quickens me in each weary hour,
Strong would I be with strength from Thee ;
O Thou who failest not, help me !
2. Oh, poor am I, and frail and weak
Without the aid I daily seek,
I falter if not held by Thee ;
O Thou who falterest not, help me !
3. I yield beneath temptation's force,
Oh grant me strength to keep my course ;

Weary of toil, I bend the knee ;
O Thou who weariest not, help me !

4. The road is rough, the way is long,
Oh cheer it by Thy Spirit's song ;
I faint with heat where shade should be ;
O Thou who faintest not, help me !

Goodwyn Barmby.

344. *Meekness inheriting the Earth.* C.M.

1. **A** QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do Thou bestow,
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.
2. Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes ;
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.
3. Lo, then the running water sounds
With gladsome secret things !
The silent water more abounds,
And more the hidden springs.
4. Sweet murmurs then the trees will send
To hold the birds in song ;
The waving grass its tribute lend
Low music to prolong.
5. The sun will cast great crowns of light
On waves that anthems roar ;
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.
6. Yea, every lily's shining cup,
The hum of hidden bee,
The odours floating, mingled up
With insect revelry,—

7. All hues, all harmonies divine,
The holy earth about,
Their souls will send forth into mine,
My soul to widen out.
8. And thus the great earth I shall hold
A perfect gift of Thine ;
Richer by these, a thousand-fold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

George Macdonald.

Christian Discipleship and Service.

345. *The Heavenward Call.*

L.M.

1. **W**HAT shall I do, my Lord, my God,
To make my life worth more to Thee ?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
Deep voices stir and summon me.
2. Through strange confusions of the time
I hear Thy beckoning call resound :
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.
3. My coward heart, my flagging feet,
They hold me in bewildering gloom :
Come Thou my stumbling steps to meet,
And lift me unto larger room !
4. The dearest voice may lead astray :
Speak Thou ! Thy word my guide shall be,
Oh, not from life and men away,
But through them, with them, up to Thee
5. It is not much these hands can do :
Keep Thou my spirit close to Thine,
Till every thought Thy love throbs through,
And all my words breathe truth divine !

6. With souls that seek Thy pure abode,
 Let my unfaltering soul aspire !
 Make me a radiance on the road ;
 A bearer of Thy sacred fire !

Lucy Larcom.

346.

The Consecrated Road.

L.M.

1. **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve ?
 How shall I copy Him I love ?
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
 Which lead me to His seat above ?
2. Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
 The life of toil, the mean abode,
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
 Are these the consecrated road ?
3. 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
 Until the perfect work was done,
 And drunk the cup of bitter gall.
4. Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
 Forbid that I should e'er repine ;
 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Josiah Conder.

347.

Following Christ.

S.M.

1. **T**HOU say'st " Take up thy cross,
 O man, and follow me : "
 The night is black, the feet are slack,
 Yet we would follow Thee.

2. But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see !
Thy blessed face one moment's space--
Then might we follow Thee !
3. Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me ;
The voice comes strange o'er years of change ;
How can I follow Thee ?
4. Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee ;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;
How should we follow Thee ?
5. Ah, sense-bound heart and blind,
Is nought but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true,
Can we not follow Thee ?
6. O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see !
As once of yore, Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee !
7. If not as once Thou cam'st,
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.
8. Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be :
Set up Thy throne within Thine own :—
Go, Lord : we follow Thee.

F. T. Palgrave.

348.

Against Self-complacency.

C.M.

1. NOT when, with self dissatisfied,
O Lord, I lowly lie,
So much I need Thy grace to guide,
And Thy reproving eye,—
2. As when the sound of human praise
Grows pleasant to my ear,
And in its light my broken ways
Fair and complete appear.
3. By failure and defeat made wise,
We come to know at length
What strength within our weakness lies,
What weakness in our strength.
4. What inward peace is born of strife,
What power, of being spent ;
What wings unto our upward life
Is noble discontent.
5. O Lord, we need Thy shaming look
That burns all low desire ;
The discipline of Thy rebuke
Shall be refining fire !

F. L. Hosmer.

349.

The Will of God.

C.M.

1. I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God !
And all Thy ways adore :
And every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.

2. Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of Jesu's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three and thirty years.
3. I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear Thee, holy Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.
4. Oh, do Thou breathe into my soul
A special love of Thee—
A love to lose my will in Thine,
And by that loss be free.
5. I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
6. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
7. And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on Thee.
8. Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.
9. Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

350. *Prayer against Worldliness.*

C.M.

1. GREAT Father, well Thou know'st that oft
We find the world too strong ;
That powers at deadly war with faith
Around our pathway throng.
2. When things of sense their claims assert
With such a royal mien,
'Tis hard to keep all homage back
For majesties unseen.
3. Self-hardened towards diviner things,
Each day men own them less :
While through their being steals the plague
Of utter worldliness.
4. Oh keep us, Lord, from such a doom !
Oh grant us power and love,
What lies before us here to do,
But fix our hearts above.
5. Amid the transient make us true
To that which knows no end ;
Let holy thoughts and acts of faith
With earthly business blend :
6. So shall the beauty of our God
Beam o'er us every day ;
And this poor handiwork be rich
In fruits that ne'er decay.

*William Bright.*351. *Complete Sacrifice.*

L.M

1. O THOU, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2. There let it for Thy glory burn
 With unextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling to its source return
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.
3. O Lord, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up Thy gift in me :
4. Ready for all Thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death Thy endless mercies seal
 And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

352.

The Narrow Way.

S.M.

1. BELIEVE not those who say
 The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
 And faint before the truth.
2. It is the only road
 Unto the realms of joy,
But he who seeks that blest abode
 Must all his powers employ.
3. Arm, arm thee for the fight !
 Cast useless loads away ;
Watch through the darkest hours of night ;
 Toil through the hottest day.
4. To labour and to love,
 To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
 And keep thy conscience pure ;

5. Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight ;
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight,—
6. If but thy God approve,
And if within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest?

Anne Brontë.

353.

A Prayer.

C.M.

1. **O**H for a heart from self set free,
And doubt, and fret, and care,
Light as a bird, instinct with glee,
That fans the breezy air !
2. Oh for a mind whose virtue moulds
All sensuous fair display,
And, like a strong commander, holds
A world of thoughts in sway !
3. Oh for an eye that's clear to see,
A hand that waits on fate,
To pluck the ripe fruit from the tree,
And never comes too late !
4. Oh for a life with firm-set root,
And breadth of leafy green,
And flush of blooming wealth, and fruit
That glows with mellow sheen !
5. Oh for a death from sharp alarms
And bitter memories free :
A gentle death in God's own arms,
Whose dear Son died for me !

John Stuart Blackie.

354. *The Living Sacrifice.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. O GOD, what sacrifice can I
Bring to the glory of Thy Throne?
Thine is the earth and boundless sky ;
What have I which is not Thine own ?
Nought but my will, myself, my whole,
My body, spirit, and my soul !
2. These Thou hast deigned to ask of me,
And yet they are Thy gifts, and I
Am bound to render them to Thee—
Therefore in power and love be nigh,
That I with no reluctant brow
May bring them to Thy footstool now.
3. Put Thou my body to Thy school,
A living sacrifice to Thee ;
O'er all the gates of feeling rule,
In self-control my freedom be,
Till every sense, and all desires
Be purged by Thy refining fires.
4. Fill me with righteousness and truth,
With joy and peace, and gentle mood,
Courage, and hope's immortal youth,
Long-suffering and fortitude,
Meekness and temperance and awe,
And most, with loving of Thy law.
5. And oh, where I am most alone,
Deep in my inner nature, be ;
Clothe with perfection like Thine own
My spirit, let me put on Thee !
Then lift me, Lord, to heaven, and move
My life through worlds and worlds of love.

Stopford A. Brooke.

355. *Our Master.*

1. O LORD and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.
2. Thou judgest us ; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.
3. Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.
4. To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
5. Who hates, hates Thee ; who loves, becomes
Therein to Thee allied ;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.
6. To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.
7. Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.
8. Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving Name is given ;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

J. G. Whittier.

356. *The Great Companion.* 5.5.8.8.5.5.

1. JESUS, Brother, Friend,
Guide us to the end !

Where Thou art, the weakest sadness
Wins the strength of love and gladness ;
Life is victory
If 'tis lived in Thee.

2. If inglorious ease,
Or if wealth should please,
If the world and all its fleeting,
Should allure us, soft entreating,
Let Thy holy cry
Bid us rather die !

3. When our life is gray,
Cold and dull our day ;
When o'er dusty ways we're faring,
Hoping half, and half despairing,
Quicken us with good,
Joy and fortitude !

4. If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us Thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

5. When with shame and sin
We are tossed within,
May we hear Thy voice from Eden—
"Come to me, O heavy laden,
I will give you rest
On my Father's breast."

6. When sweet earth and skies
 Fade before our eyes,
 When through death we look to heaven,
 And our sins are all forgiven,
 From Thy bright abode
 Call us home to God !

Stopford A. Brooke.

357.

The Good Fight.

6.5.

1. CHRISTIAN ! dost thou *see* them
 On the holy ground,
 How the troops of Midian
 Compass thee around ?
 Christian ! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss :
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the Holy Cross !
2. Christian ! dost thou *feel* them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading on to sin ?
 Christian ! never tremble !
 Never be down-cast !
 Still thy trust in Jesus
 Ever hold thou fast !
3. Christian ! dost thou *hear* them,
 How they speak thee fair ?
 Always fast and vigil !
 Always watch with prayer !
 Christian ! answer boldly,
 "While I breathe I pray" :
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

Andrew of Crete tr. by Neale.

358.

In Christ.

6.6.8.8.6.

1. **I**N Christ we read the Law,
The Way, the Truth, the Life,
And see the glory which He saw,
And feel His kindling love to draw
Our hearts away from strife.
2. In Christ the Man Divine
Of all embracing love,
We see God's Fatherhood to shine,
And feel man's brotherhood benign,
As angels feel above.
3. In Christ the Living Head
Of spirits bound and free,
We hail the living from the dead,
And feel no more a pang of dread,
To pass the unknown sea.
4. In Christ the Son of God
We learn what we may be ;
Perfected by the chastening rod
We leave to time this fleshly load
And grasp eternity.

359.

Christ the Way.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. **N**OT ours to ask Thee, "What is truth?"
For here it shines the light of light ;
And all may see it, age or youth,
Who will but leave the outer night ;
'Tis ours to tread, not seek, the way
That brightens to the perfect day.
2. But this we ask thee, gracious Lord,
Let faith, so precious, feed and grow ;

And make our lives the more accord
 With fear and love, the more we know ;
 For thus we too shall point the way
 That brightens to the perfect day.

3. Nor have we learned it save to teach ;
 It is for others we are wise :
 The humblest man has charge to preach
 Thy kingdom in a nation's eyes,—
 A nation groping for the way
 That brightens to the perfect day.

360.

Adveni Jesu Domine.

C.M.D.

1. **O** HOLY Child of Bethlehem,
 By heavenly hosts adored ;
 O wondrous Child of Bethlehem,
 Earth's dear and gracious Lord !
 Come in Thine infant loveliness,
 Be born anew our child :
 Thy little hands our hearts caress,
 And make them pure and mild.
2. O blessèd feet in Galilee
 That trod the busy shore ;
 O welcome feet in Galilee,
 Whom thousands thronged before !
 Walk in our crowded ways to-day,
 And help us jaded men ;
 Our sickness heal, our fears allay,
 And give us heart again.
3. O gentle friend in Bethany,
 Who loved the sisters twain :
 O weeping Christ of Bethany,
 Who shared our parting pain !

Be with us in our human love,
 Our human loss and grief ;
 And turn, as then, our thoughts above
 In conquering belief.

4. O wrestler in Gethsemane
 With mystic fate and fear :
 O victor in Gethsemane
 O'er all that tempts us here !
 Now make us strong our foe to fight,
 And meek to bend our will,
 That we may choose the path of right,
 And heavenly law fulfil.

5. O thorn-crown'd head on Calvary,
 That bowed for us in woe :
 O piercèd side on Calvary,
 Whose blood for us did flow !
 Let Thine uplifted Cross have power
 To draw mankind to Thee ;
 Yea, cleanse our sight this very hour
 Thy Cross of love to see.

6. O Son of Man in Paradise,
 Who prayest for us now :
 O Son of God in Paradise,
 Before Thy face we bow !
 Our hearts to keep, our lives to spend,
 We offer at Thy feet ;
 Oh bind us, till our years shall end
 In loving service meet.

E. S. Oakley.

361. *Our Small Lives.* 8s. 7 lines.

1. O PATIENT Christ ! when long ago,
 O'er old Judea's rugged hills,
 Thy willing feet went to and fro,
 To find and comfort human ills,

Did once Thy tender, earnest eyes,
Look down the solemn centuries,
And see the smallness of our lives.

2. Souls struggling for the victory,
And martyrs finding death was gain ;
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,
And falling deep in sin and pain :
Great heights and depths were surely seen,
But oh ! the dreary waste between—
Small lives, not base, perhaps, but mean ;
3. Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice that keeps from sin—
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win !
Oh, shame to think Thine eyes should see
The souls contented just to be—
The lives too small to take in Thee !
4. Lord, let this thought awake our shame,
That blessed shame that stings to life,
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name—
Arm us with courage for the strife.
O Christ ! be patient with us still ;
Dear Christ ! remember Calvary's hill—
Our little lives with purpose fill !

Margaret Deland.

362. *Show me Thy way.* 8.8.8.8.7.4.

1. **D**ARK the night, the snow is falling ;
Through the storm are voices calling,
Guides mistaken and misleading,
Far from home and help receding :

Vain is all those voices say !—

Show me Thy way !

2. Blind am I, as those who guide me ;
Let me feel Thee close beside me !
Come as light into my being !
Unto me be eyes, All-Seeing !
Hear my heart's one wish, I pray !—
Show me Thy way !

3. Thou must lead me and none other,
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother,
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out, or tempests gather,
In Thy presence night is day :
Show me Thy way !

Lucy Larcom.

363. *Teach me Thy way.*

L.M.

1. **T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.
2. Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
3. Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong ;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

4. Bless me, O Saviour, in each task
 Begun, continued, done for Thee ;
 Fulfil Thy perfect work in me ;
 What less—what greater—dare I ask ?

W. T. Matson.

364.

Our Pattern.

C. M.

1. **L**ORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
2. Help us, through good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear,
 Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's grief to share.
3. Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
4. If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We in our turn would meekly cry :
 Father, Thy will be done !
5. Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then, like Thine own, be all our aim,
 To conquer them by love.

6. Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven !

J. H. Gurney.

365.

Follow Me.

8.7.8.7.

1. JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild restless sea ;
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, " Christian, follow Me."
2. As of old disciples heard it
 By the Galilean lake,
 Turned from home and toil and kindred,
 Leaving all for His dear sake.
3. Jesus calls us from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store,
 From each idol that would keep us,
 Saying, " Christian, love Me more."
4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 " Christian, love Me more than these."
5. Jesus calls us ! by His mercies,
 May we hear our Saviour's call ;
 Give our hearts to His obedience,
 Serve and love Him best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

366.

Watch and Pray.

7.7.7.3.

1. CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy loving Master say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
“ Watch and pray.”
2. Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Stand, till evil days be done ;
“ Watch and pray.”
3. Hear the victors who o’ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior’s way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
“ Watch and pray.”
4. Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
“ Watch and pray.”
5. Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, till sin be overthrown ;
“ Watch and pray.”

Charlotte Elliot.

367.

To War.

C.M.D

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His Cross below ;
He follows in His train.

2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
 Who follows in his train ?
3. A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the death to feel ;
 Who follows in their train ?
4. A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

R. Heber.

368. *Not Peace, but a Sword.*

C.M.

- I. FORTH went the heralds of the Cross,
 No dangers made them pause ;
 They counted all the world but loss
 For their great Master's cause.

2. Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their paths they trod ;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.
3. Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more,
Yet mourned they not their fate.
4. In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight ;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.
5. Like them all danger let us brave,
What we deem right pursue ;
And e'en the gentle chains of love,
Shake off, to seek the True !

W. Gaskell.

369.

Our Master.

10.4.10.4.

1. **T**HOU art our Master ! Thou of God the Son,
Of man the Friend ;
By Thee alone the victory is won ;
Our souls defend !
2. Thou art our Master ! may we love Thy word ;
Thy Spirit give ;
May we obey Thee as our risen Lord,
Obey and live.
3. Thou art our Master ! with Thy cross, Thy crown,
Thou Crucified !
Now from Thy starry throne look gently down,
With us abide !

4. Thou art our Master ! through the narrow way
 Thou once didst tread,
 Lead Thy disciples upward to the day,
 Thou living Head !
5. Thou art our Master ! at Thy feet we cast
 Our burdens now,
 The yoke of love we take : O bind us fast !
 To Thee we bow.

S. D. Robbins.

370.

The Son of Man.

C.M.

1. O SON of Man ! Thy name by choice,
 Our hope, our joy, our life,
 Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
 Was never heard in strife.
2. Holy and harmless, undefiled,
 On earth Thou wert alone ;
 Come from the depths of heaven, a child,
 To make the lost Thine own ;
3. To be a glory in our night,
 And bring us from above,
 The way heaven's children live, all bright
 With self-forgetting love.
4. In all things like Thy brethren made,
 O teach us how to be
 With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
 In all things like to Thee.

George Macdonald.

371.

Pressing Onward.

7s.

1. JESUS, unto whom we pray,
 Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way,

Lord, the path of glory show,
And uphold us as we go.

2. All the past we would forget,
We have not attained yet,
Even our best achievements be
Failures all compared to Thee.
3. Wherefore aid us to aspire
Ever upward, ever higher,
Through the light, or through the dark,
Pressing onward to the mark.
4. Running the appointed race,
May we grow in every grace,
Ripening in Thy knowledge still,
As we do the Father's will.
5. Be it, Lord, by pain and loss,
Be it by a bitter cross,
Living or dying, we would be
In holy beauties liker Thee.
6. Liker Thee till effort cease,
Life in God be perfect peace ;
Every thought and wish divine,
All our soul conformed to Thine.

Walter C. Smith.

372.

The Spirit of Patience.

108.

1. **B**EAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear ;
O take them, call them Thine ; yes, Thine though
mine ;
And give me calm repose in hours of care.

2. Let me not fret because of evil men ;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul,
Reviled, Lord, let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my warmth control.
3. When truth is overborne and error reigns,
When clamour lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,
Yet from the stedfast course declines to move.
4. When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long delayed ;
5. Beneath the load of crosses and of cares ;
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words ;
O bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one arm faith leans on is the Lord's.

Horatius Bonar.

373.

Led by Christ.

7s.

1. FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee ?
2. Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son :
He will give the light I need ;
He my trembling steps will lead.
3. Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him ;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

4. Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ;—
5. Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

W. H. Furness.

374.

Dream and Deed.

L.M.

1. **D**EAR Master, in whose life I see
All that I would but fail to be,
Let Thy clear light for ever shine
To shame and guide this life of mine.
2. Though what I dream, and what I do,
In my weak days are always two ;
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O Thou whose deeds and dreams were one !

375.

True Christianity.

L.M.

1. **I**N vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share.
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.
2. In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share.
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
~~The~~ **The** living faith that works by love.
3. In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the Cross of Christ we share.

The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.

4. In vain the name of Christ we bear,
Unless the love of Christ we share ;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the Cross, "Forgive."

Thomas L. Harris.

376. *Walking with Christ.*

L. M.

1. **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me Thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning words of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.
2. O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee ;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read Thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.
3. Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In place that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live !

Washington Gladden.

377. *The Service of Christ.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.
2. All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.
3. Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may :
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

378. *The Battle of Truth.* C.M.

1. O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
2. Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3. Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white !
4. *We* fight for truth, *we* fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin !
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
5. Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
6. Still smite ! still burn ! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.
7. Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes.

379.

Vigilance.

S.M.

1. YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait ;
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3. Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak, He's near ;
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.

Philip Doddridge.

380. *The Servant as the Master.*

L.M

1. SPORT of the changeful multitude,
 Nor calmly heard, nor understood,
 With bonds and scorn and evil will
 The world requites its prophets still.
2. Men followed where the Highest led
 For common gifts of daily bread,
 And gross of ear, of vision dim,
 Owned not the godlike power of Him.
3. Vain as a dreamer's word to them
 His wail above Jerusalem ;
 And meaningless the watch He kept,
 Through which His weak disciples slept.
4. Yet shrink not then, whoe'er thou art,
 For God's great purpose set apart,
 Before whose far-discerning eyes,
 The future as the present lies.

J. G. Whittier.

381. *Glad Service.*

C.M.

1. HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !

2. No voice of thunder I expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The loving Father's will.
3. How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,—
The time of rest draws nigh!
4. When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
Then where the Master ever is,
Shall His blest servants be.

G. I. P. Spitta, tr. H. L. Luther.

382.

The Grace of Christ.

C.M.

1. **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
2. For ever on Thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove,
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
4. Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee;
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5. One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir E. Denny.

383.

Bringing us to God.

C.M.

1. **T**HOU loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
Thy consolations flowed.
2. Thou faithful Witness to the truth,
Thy just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.
3. No hollow rite, no lifeless creed
Thy piercing glance could bear,
But longing hearts that sought Thee, found
The peace of heaven was there.
4. Still unto God Thou bring'st us near,
No priest nor veil between,
And dost uplift our downcast eyes
To realms of faith unseen.

Samuel Longfellow.

384.

To whom shall we go?

S.M.

1. **T**HE one whole truth I seek
In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life.
2. Truth, which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,

Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

3. O True One, give me truth !
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

4. O truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war ;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning Star !

H. Bonar.

385. *Way, Truth, Life.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **O** LIGHT ! whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray ;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.
2. O Way ! through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace.
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
3. O Truth ! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the poor and meek ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.
4. O Life ! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows ?

Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

E. H. Plumptre.

386. *Obedience and Knowledge.*

S.M.

1. **W**HO will their God obey,
 And to His precepts bow,
 In will and wish to serve Him, they
 His thoughts and ways shall know.
2. Saviour, Thy searching word
 I inly would receive ;
 And have with God the one accord
 That mysteries doth perceive.
3. Break, break, thou hindering bond ;
 Pride of self-will, away ;
 From darkening air of earthly ground
 Raise me to light of day.
4. Let it my purpose be
 The will divine to do,
 That from delusion I be free,
 And truth divine may know.

G. B. Bubier.

387. *Preparation for Service.*

L.M

1. **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;

O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

3. O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
4. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depth of many a heart.
5. O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Frances R. Havergal.

388.

Working with Christ.

C.M.

1. **T**HE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot !
He who God's call can understand,
Will work, and murmur not.
2. Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin ;
True souls from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.
3. O God ! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.

4. Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.
5. Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine ;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine !
6. Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife ;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by His life.

T. W. Freckelton.

389.

Guiding Light.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes,
The work of truth can see.
2. The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn,
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
3. Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
4. O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give ;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

5. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord,
 It is Thy race we run ;
 Give light, and then shall all I do
 Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar.

390.

Flowers without Fruit.

C. M.

1. PRUNE thou thy words, thy thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng :
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.
2. But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.
3. Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour, and fade.

J. H. Newman.

391.

Building on the Rock.

Irregular.

1. SAVIOUR and Master,
 These sayings of Thine,
 Help me to make them
 Doings of mine ;
 Words that like beams
 Of humanity shine,
 By them let me build up
 The holy, divine.
2. Not on the sand, Lord !
 O not on the sand ;

On the rock, on the rock,
 Let my heritage stand.
 Beyond the floods raging,
 Beyond the rude storm,
 Where the rain cannot injure,
 Nor lightning deform.

3. Not on the sand, Lord !
 O not on the sand :
 On the rock, on the rock,
 Let my heritage stand.
 Saviour and Master,
 These sayings of Thine,
 Help me to make them
 Doings of mine.

E. Paxton Hood.

392.

The Labourers are Few.

C.M.

1. O H, still in accents sweet and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word,
 " More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More labourers for the Lord."
2. We hear the call ; in dreams no more
 In selfish ease we lie,
 But girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath His sky,
3. Where prophets' work and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labours entering in,
 Would reap where they have strewn.
4. O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
 To do Thy will we come ;
 Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

S. Longfellow.

393. *The Reward of Toil.*

L.M.

1. **N**OW is the seed-time ; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown :
The harvest time is hid with Him.
2. Yet unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.
3. And he who blesses most is blest ;
For God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

*J. G. Whittier.*394. *Follow Me.*

4s.

1. **O** CHRIST ! lead on ;
I'll follow Thee,
Though, daylight gone,
I cannot see.
2. Let me but hear
Thy voice so sweet,
Then I'll not fear
Whate'er I meet.
3. On every path
That I must tread,
Thy presence hath
A light to shed.
4. Draw Thou my heart
Into Thy way,
Where'er Thou art
Is always day.

5. Subdue my strife
To Thy pure will ;
Thy best of life
In me fulfil.
6. O Love Divine,
True love's desire !
Within me shine,
My soul inspire,
7. That I may rise,
By Thee made strong,
O'er all that dies,
And sing love's song.

James Bell.

395.

We Follow Thee.

8.8.8.4.

1. **T**HROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
We follow Thee.
2. In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.
3. Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.
4. O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;
Then in that path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.


5. Thou hast passed on before our face :
 Thy footsteps on the way we trace :
 O keep us, aid us by Thy grace :
 We follow Thee.

H. Bonar.

396.

The Battle of God.

C.M

1.  IT is hard to work for God,
 To rise and take His part,
 Upon this battle-field of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart.
2. He hides Himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God ;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.
3. Ah ! God is other than we think :
 His ways are far above,
 Far beyond reason's height, and reached
 Only by childlike love.
4. Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like ;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike.
5. Thrice blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field, when He
 Is most invisible.
6. Blest too is he who can divine
 Where the real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

7. Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
 And learn to lose with God ;
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee His road.

F. W. Faber.

397. *Go Forward.* 7.6.7.6.D.

1. **G**O forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath His banner true :
 The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.
2. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe ;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray ;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.
3. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Evil's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed ;
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armour by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

4. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night :
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past ;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last !

Laurence Tuttielt.

398. *The Path of Duty.* 8.7.8.7.

- ONWARD, onward, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone ;
 God hath set a guardian legion
 Very near thee,—press thou on !
2. By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won :
 Tread it without shrinking, brother !
 Jesus trod it,—press thou on !
3. By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
 Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
 Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver :
 O, for their sake, press thou on !

S. Johnson.

399. *The Spirit of Truth.* C.M.

1. THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find ;—
2. How late Thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin :
 Hail, Truth divine, we know Thee now,
 Angel of God, come in.

3. Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire ;
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.
4. Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before Thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.
5. Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor,
6. Flood our dark life with golden day ;
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield Thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

E. Scudder.

400.

The Service of Truth.

C.M.

1. **W**HEN courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.
2. For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.
3. She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure ;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

4. The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.
5. And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.
6. For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.
7. Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song.

F. L. Hosmer.

Daily Duty and Discipline.

401. *The Divineness of Common Life.* C.M.

1. **WE** pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine !
2. Lo here ! lo there ! no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of Thy presence, Lord,
That, seamless, covers all.
3. We turn from seeking Thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

4. And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near !
5. And not the less shall hearts be pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

402

The Lowly Lot.

C.M.

1. **T**HOUGH lowly here our lot may be
High work have we to do,—
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.
2. Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.
3. Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.
4. To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.
5. Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

Wm. Gaskell.

403.

Rest Awhile.

C.M.

1. **O** LORD ! with toil our days are filled ;
They rarely leave us free :
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee.
2. Yet hear us, little though we ask :
O leave us not alone ;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.
3. Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food ;
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

Alfred Ainger.

404.

None of us Liveth to Himself. 6.6.8.6.6.8.

1. **W**E wonder and adore
God's workings to explore,
And trace one purpose through them all ;
Live to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Together bound are great and small.
2. The law of sun and star,
Of things near and afar,
Runs through the changeful life of man ;
Lives to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Moves on, for good or ill, God's plan.
3. By simplest daily need,
By smallest trifling deed,

We touch the lives of all around ;
 Words of love will gladden,
 Words of hate will sadden,
 And through long centuries resound.

4. O, Father, give us grace
 Right well to fill our place,
 Amid such mysteries of life ;
 Our life for Thee to use,
 Thy part in life to choose,
 And strengthen others for the strife.

James Legge.

405. *The Humblest Work Divine.* S.M.

1. TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see ;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee !
2. To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend,
 In all I do, be Thou the way,
 In all, be Thou the end.
3. All may of Thee partake ;
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.
4. If done beneath Thy laws,
 E'en servile labours shine ;
 Hallowed is toil if this the cause ;
 The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert and John Wesley.

406.

Purpose and Deed.

7s.

1. **W**HAT Thou wilt, O Father, give !
All is gain that I receive ;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.
2. Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace ;
Let me find in Thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.
3. If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
4. Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do ;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant !

J. G. Whittier.

407.

Walking with God.

L.M

1. **T**HROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God ;
And find Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.
2. Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief Thy mercy see ;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love.
3. And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength that Thou art nigh ;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

William Gaskell.

408.

Peace amid Tumult.

L.M.

1. CALM Soul of all things ! make it mine
 To feel, amid the city's jar,
 That there abides a peace of Thine
 Man did not make, and cannot mar !
2. The will to neither strive nor cry ;
 The power to feel with others, give !
 Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
 Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

409.

Work To-day.

8.7.8.7.

1. ALL around us, fair with flowers,
 Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
 All around us clarion voices
 Call to duty stern and high.
2. Thankfully we will rejoice in
 All the beauty God has given ;
 But beware it does not win us
 From the work ordained of Heaven.
3. Following every voice of mercy
 With a trusting, loving heart,
 Let us in life's earnest labour
 Still be sure to do our part.
4. Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
 Let us work with all our might,
 Lest the wretched faint and perish
 In the coming stormy night.
5. Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
 Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
 We too, mournfully departing,
 Shall have left our work undone.

410. *They also Serve who Wait.*

S.M.

1. NOT so in haste, my heart !
Have faith in God and wait ;
Although He seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.
2. He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best ;
Vex not thyself—it is in vain ;
Until He cometh, rest.
3. Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll ;
The feet that wait for God—'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.
4. Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed,
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

*Bayard Taylor.*411. *A Prayer for Help.*

C.M.

1. FATHER in heaven ! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each worldly thought,
And show Thy presence there.
2. Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.
3. Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown :
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

4. And do Thou kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In Thine almighty name.

W. H. Furness.

412.

Day by Day.

7s.

1. DAY by day the manna fell :
 O to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
2. "Day by day," the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs :
 Cast foreboding fears away,—
 Take the manna of to-day.
3. Lord, my times are in Thy hand :
 All my eager hopes have planned ;
 To Thy wisdom I resign,
 And would mould my will to Thine.
4. Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to Thee I live ;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not my own, my Father's will.
5. O, to live exempt from care
 By the energy of prayer,
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet aglow with gratitude !

Josiah Conder.

413.

Seeing God in all Things.

10s.

1. GIVE me, my God, to feel Thee in my joy,
 So shall my joy to love ennobled be ;
 Give me to feel Thee in the slight annoy,
 That turns to hope through Thy fine alchemy.

2. Give me, within the work that calls to-day,
To see Thy finger gently beckoning on ;
Let struggle grow to freedom, work to play,
And toil, begun from Thee, to Thee be done.
3. I lay each humblest hope within my prayer ;
To Thee no high seraphic aims I bring ;
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care,—
Yet all is truth within my offering.
4. And Thou whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds burn,
Add Thou the grace, while for Thy help I pray,
And this poor earth-cry into music turn.

J. F. Clarke.

414. *Our Citizenship in Heaven.*

L.M.

1. **O** GOD ! who know'st how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs ;
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.
2. Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow ;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.
3. To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given ;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

Wm. Gaskell.

415. *Redeeming the Time.*

L.M.

1. **H**E liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is life but flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2. Then fill each hour with what will last :
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
3. Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap ;—
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
4. Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

416. *The Religion of Daily Life.*

C.M.

1. **T**HREE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.
2. 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne :
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.
3. As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
4. When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.

5. As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With Thee, amidst the social band ;
 In solitude with Thee.

6. In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all our days be passed ;
 Nor shall we then impatient wish,
 Nor shall we fear the last.

P. Doddridge.

417.

Obedience.

8.8.8.2.7.

1. **L**ORD of might and Lord of glory,
 Humbly do I bow before Thee ;
 With my whole heart I adore Thee,
 Great Lord ;
 Listen to my cry, O Lord.
2. Passions proud and fierce have ruled me,
 Fancies light and vain have fooled me,
 But Thy training stern hath schooled me ;
 Now, Lord,
 Take me for Thy child, O Lord.
3. Groping dim and bending lowly,
 Mortal vision catcheth slowly
 Glimpses of the pure and holy ;
 Now, Lord,
 Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord.
4. In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth,
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord.

5. In His name who, meek and lowly,
 Died to make poor sinners holy,
 Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
 Great Lord,
 Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord.

John Stuart Blackie.

418.

With God.

S.M.

1. **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
 I would desire to be ;
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with Thee ;
2. With Thee, amid the crowd
 That throngs the busy mart,
 To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
 Speak softly to my heart ;
3. With Thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind ;
 The setting as the rising sun
 With Thee my heart would find ;
4. With Thee when darkness brings
 The signal of repose ;
 Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
 Mine eyelids I would close ;
5. With Thee, in Thee, by faith
 Abiding would I be ;
 By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

419.

Seeking God Everywhere.

C.M.

1. **O** SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
The search for God shall be ;
We take the glory for our own ;
Lord ! *we* are seeking Thee.
2. Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word ;
Not only with the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord :
3. We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak ;
To other business we belong,
Yet still our Lord we seek.
4. We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world His presence ask,
And seek His glory there.
5. O every where, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured :
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray,
Behold Thy seekers, Lord !

T. H. Gill.

420.

Dedication.

8.8.8.8.6.

1. **O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
On Thee, my God, on Thee !
3. Thy glorious eye pervades all space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
4. Renouncing every worldly thing ;
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

Oberlin, tr. Mrs. D. Wilson.

421.

The Sound Life.

7s.

1. **P**URE in heart and free of sin,
Upright in thy daily path,
Fair without and true within,
Free from anger, safe from wrath.
2. Mighty in thy silent power
Of great virtue over wrong,
Beautifying every hour
By thy bearing, brave and strong :
3. By thy mercy to the weak,
By thy justice to the low,
By thy grace unto the meek,
By thy kindness to thy foe.

4. Thou art free from passion's rage,
 Thou art free from envy's sting,
 Thou canst others' griefs assuage,
 Canst to others comfort bring.

5. Peace and rest are in thy soul,
 Bringing joy into thy life,
 Outward storms around thee roll,
 But they bring no inward strife.

6. And a sinner, tired and worn,
 Weary of this life, at length
 Findeth in thy words new hope,
 Findeth courage in thy strength.

Florence T. Griswold.

422.

The Brave Life.

L. M.

1. **H**OW happy is he born or taught,
 Who serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill ;
2. Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;
3. Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than goods to lend ;
 And walks with man, from day to day,
 As with a brother and a friend.
4. This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

423.

The Perfect Life.

C.M.

1. **O** HOW the thought of God attracts,
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows,
And dissipating mirth !
2. O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
3. A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above ;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love ?
4. How little of that road, my soul !
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.
5. Press forward to the perfect mind ;
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.
6. Then keep thy conscience sensitive ;
No inward token miss ;
And go where grace entices thee :—
Perfection lies in this.
7. Be docile to thine unseen Guide ;
Love Him as He loves thee :
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

F. W. Faber.

Illumination and Guidance.

424.

A Prayer to be Led.

108.

1. **L**EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace ;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase ;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.
2. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
3. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night ;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
4. Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

425.

Grant us Thy Light.

L.M.

1. **G**RANT us Thy light, that we may know,
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
2. Grant us Thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.
3. Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart ;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4. Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened heart above ;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
5. Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death ;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.
6. Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttielt.

426. *Lead, Kindly Light.* 10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom ;
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now—
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

427.

Light, more Light.

108.

1. **O** LIGHT, more light to shine upon my way,
 Light from the source of the eternal day !
 O light, more light, but not the light that fills
 The heart with pride, and faith and feeling kills.
2. O light, more light, for clouds are gathering rife !
 Light, and more light, but still the light of life !
 O light, more light upon my cross, and His
 Whose dying was the life of men, and is !
3. Lo ! the light cometh that shall never cease ;
 Soon shall the veil be lifted ; be at peace !
 Light, and more light shines from the eternal shore,
 Light of the life that dieth nevermore !

Walter C. Smith.

428.

The Divine Care.

9.8.9.8.8.8.

1. **I** F thou but suffer God to guide thee,
 And hope in Him through all thy ways,
 He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
 And bear thee through the evil days.
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love
 Builds on the rock that nought can move.
2. What can these anxious cares avail thee—
 These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
 What can it help if thou bewail thee
 O'er each dark moment as it flies ?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.
3. Only be still, and wait His leisure
 In cheerful hope, with heart content
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
 And all-discerning love hath sent.

Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4. Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee ;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

G. Neumarck, tr. T. C. Winkworth.

429.

Latter-day Knowledge.

C.M.

1. **O** THOU, who as our knowledge grows,
In this world's latter days,
The more Thou seemst to clear the sky,
The more dost hide Thy face.
2. As fears of change, and fears of doubt,
Unnerve the o'er-wrought mind,
Enfeebled 'mid its added strength,
'Mid all its seeing blind :
3. The wider wisdom Thou hast given
Yet is not wholly gain ;
The truer vision scathes our sight ;
We cannot see Thee plain.
4. Enlarge our hearts and purge our eyes
To bear Thy nearer light ;
The world's young ignorance is o'er ;
Make us to know Thee right.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

430.

Unknown Paths.

C.M.D.

1. **O** THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,

We follow Thee through unknown paths,
 Since all to Thee must tend :
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep
 Beyond all fathom-line ;
 Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
 Our strength, to trust in Thine.

2. We bless Thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath,
 For hopes that blossom here below
 And wither not with death ;
 But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
 The darkness of our sin.
3. Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
 Our comfort when distressed ;
 Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
 And Thou by night our rest.
 And when these earthly dwellings fail,
 And Time's last hour is come,
 Be Thou, O God, our dwelling place,
 And our Eternal Home.

F. L. Hosmer.

431. *Guidance and Protection.*

C.M.

1. **O** GOD of Bethel by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.
2. Our vows, our prayers we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4. O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
5. Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

P. Doddridge and M. Bruce.

432.

Thy Way.

6s.

1. **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
2. Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
3. I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.
4. The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine : so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Horatius Bonar.

433. *Shepherd of Israel.* C.M.

1. SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
And to my cry give heed ;
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.
2. Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but Thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.
3. The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land ;
And heavenly dew falls on the flock,
Protected by Thy hand.
4. Lead me, oh ! lead me to Thy fold ;
Earth has no rest beside :
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be Thou my only guide. *Sarah Ellis.*

434. *The Nearness of God.* C.M.

1. AT cool of day, with God I walk
In garden's grateful shade ;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.
2. I see His presence in the night ;
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.
3. I cannot walk in darkness long,
My Light is by my side ;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a Guide.

4. He is my stay and my defence,
How shall I fail or fall?
My keeper is Omnipotence ;
My Ruler ruleth all.
5. The powers below and powers above
Are subject to His care ;
I cannot wander from His love,
Whose love is everywhere. *Caroline Mason.*

435.

Preserve us Thine.

C.M.

1. **T**HROUGH all the winding ways of life,
In shadow and in shine,
Beyond all craving and all strife,
O Lord, preserve us Thine.
2. Thine on this earth, and Thine above,
For ever, all Thine own ;
Thee, O our long-enduring Love,
We need, and Thee alone.
3. By Thee we love, and by Thee live,
Our Origin, our Goal ;
Thyself, Thy full perfection give,
To keep and rule the soul.
4. Not only for ourselves we pray,
Our prayer were lifeless then ;
We are unhappy on Thy way
Without our brother-men.
5. Dear Father of the human heart,
The whole wide world atone ;
What Thou hast been to us, impart
To all ; make all Thine own.

Stopford A. Brooke

436.

He Leadeth Me.

C.M.

1. **T**HE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
2. My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
3. Yea ! though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

23rd Psalm, Scotch Version.

437.

Thou hast Taught me from my Youth.

C.M.

1. **O** GOD, who wert my childhood's love,
My ripening years' delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night.
2. With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before ;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

3. Father ! what hast Thou grown to now !
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love !
4. With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God ! to see Thy face ;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart,
O, make Thyself more space !

F. W. Faber.

438.

Fatherly Care.

C.M.

1. **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
2. In early days Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend ;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
3. I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
4. My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.
5. Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

6. Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
 In death I will adore ;
 And after death I'll sing Thy praise,
 When death shall be no more.

Michael Bruce.

439.

Divine Protection.

C.M.

1. I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come mine aid.
 My safety cometh from the Lord,
 Who heav'n and earth hath made.
2. Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
 He slumber that thee keeps.
 Behold, He that keeps Israel,
 He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
3. The Lord thee keeps : the Lord thy shade,
 On thy right hand doth stay.
 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
 Nor yet the sun by day.
4. The Lord shall keep thy soul : He shall
 Preserve thee from all ill.
 Henceforth thy going out and in
 God keep for ever will.

121st Psalm, Scotch Version.

440.

God my Shepherd.

C.M.

1. THE God of love my shepherd is,
 To watch me and to feed :
 I shall not want, for I am His,
 He careth for my need.

2. His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly
The quiet waters by.
3. And so restoreth He my soul :
And when I go astray
He brings me back with sweet control
Into the rightful way.
4. When darkness comes and death is near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod,
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.
5. Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit bless,
My cup of comfort overflows
With tender faithfulness.
6. Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days ;
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise.

G. Rawson.

441.

Our Shepherd.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

442.

Go Forward.

6.5.6.5.

1. **S**AFE across the waters,
 Here in peace we stand ;
 See the wrecks of Egypt
 Strewed along the sand.

2. Safe across the waters,
 Foes for ever gone,
 Now we march in safety,
 God our Guide alone.

3. 'Tis the silent desert,
 Sand, and rock, and waste ;
 But the chain is broken,
 And the peril past.

4. Onward, then, right onward !

 This our watchword still,
Till we reach the glory
 Of the wondrous hill.

5. For the journey girded,

 Haste we on our way,—
The pillar-cloud above us,
 Guide by night and day.

6. On through waste and blackness,

 O'er our desert road ;
On till Salem greets us,
 City of our God !

Horatius Bonar.

443.

In the Wilderness.

8.7.8.7.

1. **F**IERCE the sun doth beat upon me,
 From a burning, cloudless sky ;
Friendly shadow now I long for,
 Rock that higher is than I.

2. Strange and wild the scenes around me,
 And no aid from man is nigh ;
But a shelter Thou canst give me,
 Rock that higher is than I.

3. Treacherous guides have me forsaken,
 Many paths deceive my eye ;
Thou alone canst help and save me,
 Rock that higher is than I.

4. Night is falling dark and dreary,
 Help me, or I sink and die !
Guard me when the light shall fail me,
 Rock that higher is than I.

Jones Very.

J 444.

The Earthly Pilgrimage.

C.M.

1. O GOD ! while generations flee
Like leaves before Thy face,
Through endless ages Thou wilt be
Thy children's dwelling-place.
2. Great Shepherd of the countless flock,
Where'er they rest or roam ;
Their cheering sun, their sheltering rock,
Their everlasting home.
3. Our sainted fathers, where are they ?
They slept, they woke in Thee,
And here in memory's light to-day,
They walk serene and free.
4. O Thou who led'st our sires of old,
Their grateful children lead ;
Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,
In sunny pastures feed !
5. Still guide our footsteps in the way
That climbs the morning height ;
Thy law, O God, our cloud by day,
Thy love our fire by night.

445.

Widening Thought.

8.6.8.8.6.

1. THE changing centuries, O God,
Fulfil Thy perfect thought :
The ancient paths the fathers trod
Are widening into highways broad
Because Thy hand has wrought.

2. Our sires adored and worshipped Thee,
 Yet feared beneath Thy rod ;
 And if with clearer eyes we see
 Thy judgments with Thy grace agree,
 We bless Thee, O our God.
3. They saw Thee in the cloud and flame ;
 We see Thee in the sun.
 Thanks for the years, that aye proclaim
 Thy justice and Thy love the same,
 And joy and duty one.
4. Dear Father, kind when most severe,
 Most loving when most just ;
 To lead us through each changing year,
 In pastures wide, by waters clear,
 Thy guiding hand we trust.

Caroline A. Mason.

446. *A Birthday Prayer.* 4.10.10.4.

1. **A**RT Thou the Life ?
 To Thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
 And wait Thy ordering of my hour of death
 In peace or strife.
2. Art Thou the Light ?
 To Thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
 Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,
 I lift my sight.
3. Art Thou the Truth ?
 To Thee, then, loved and craved and sought of yore,
 I consecrate my manhood, o'er and o'er,
 As erst my youth.

4. Art Thou the Strong ?
 To Thee, then, though the air be thick with night,
 I trust the seeming unprotected Right,
 And leave the Wrong.
5. Art Thou the Wise ?
 To Thee, then, would I bring each useless care,
 And bid my soul unsay each idle prayer,
 And hush its cries.
6. Art Thou the Good ?
 To Thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,
 And at Thy fountain stand and hold my urn,
 As I have stood.
7. Forgive the call !
 I cannot shut Thee from my sense or soul,
 I cannot lose me in the boundless whole,
 For Thou art All.

Francis E. Abbot.

447.

God of My Life.

C.M.

1. GOD of my life and all my powers,
 My everlasting Friend !
 Shall life, so favoured in its dawn,
 Be fruitless in its end ?
2. To Thee, O Lord, my tender years
 A trembling duty paid,
 With glimpses of the mighty God
 Delighted and afraid.
3. From parent's eye, and paths of men,
 Thy touch I ran to meet ;
 It swelled the hymn, and sealed the prayer ;
 'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet !

4. Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood ;
5. Thy dew came down, my heart was Thine ;
I knew nor doubt nor strife ;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.
6. Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify Thy name ;
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

Charles Wesley.

448.

The Limitations of Life.

C.M.

1. I AM not sent a pilgrim here,
My heart with earth to fill ;
But I am here God's grace to learn,
And serve God's sovereign will.
2. He leads me on through smiles and téars,
Grief follows gladness still ;
But let me welcome both alike,
Since both work out His will.
3. I know not how this hindered life
May life's vast ends fulfil ;
He knows,—and that life is not lost
That answers best His will.
4. No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill ;

But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will.

5. Then hold my hand, most gracious Lord,
Guide all my goings still ;
And let this be my life's one aim,
To do or bear Thy will.

449. *The Rule of God.* L.M.

1. TAKE Thine own way with me, Good Lord,
Thou canst not otherwise than bless ;
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.
2. I will not fear Thee, O my God !
The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.
3. Beneath the splendour of Thy choice,
Thy perfect choice for me, I rest ;
Outside it now I dare not live,
Within it I must needs be blest.
4. Oh ! it is life indeed to live
Within this kingdom strangely sweet ;
And yet we fear to enter in,
And linger with unwilling feet.
5. We fear this wondrous rule of Thine,
Because we have not reached Thy heart ;
Not venturing our all on Thee,
We may not know how good Thou art.

Jean S. Pigott.

450. *The Guide in the Wilderness.*

L.M.

1. **W**HEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful Guide in smoke and flame.
2. By day along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
3. Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray ?
4. And O ! when gathers on our path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

*Sir Walter Scott.*451. *Prayer for Guidance.*

7s.

1. **H**EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie !
 Through the desert, where I stray,
 Let Thy counsels guide my way.
2. Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
 Where fierce trials would assail :
 Leave me not, in darkened hour,
 To withstand the tempter's power.
3. Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
 Shed a light upon my way :
 Guide me through perplexing snares :
 Care for me in all my cares.

4. All I ask for is,—enough :
Only when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.
5. Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame—
Father ! glorify Thy name.
6. Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

Josiah Conder.

452.

He Leadeth Me.

C.M.

1. I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill ;
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.
2. No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.
3. I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own :
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.
4. I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

5. And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.
6. I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.
7. He will not leave my soul forlorn ;
I still must find Him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.
8. Upon His providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must ;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

F. L. Hosmer.

453.

Guide and Friend.

8.7.8.7.

1. **W**HEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe Thee near.
2. When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold ;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.
3. Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

4. Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.
5. Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in my joy ;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom destroy.
6. God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Edmund M. Geldart.

454.

The Voice of God.

C.M.

1. **S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.
2. With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art there.
3. Thou callest me to seek Thy face :
'Tis all I wish to seek,—
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
4. Let this my happiest hours employ,
Till I Thy glory see,—
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

Charles Wesley.

Prayer, Meditation, Communion.

455.

Teach us to Pray.

4.8.8.4.

TEACH us to pray !

O Father we look up to Thee,
And this our one request shall be ;

Teach us to pray !

2. Teach us to pray !

A form of words will not suffice,
The heart must bring its sacrifice.

Teach us to pray !

3. Teach us to pray !

To whom shall we Thy children turn ?

Teach Thou the lesson we would learn :

Teach us to pray !

4. Teach us to pray !

That we may calm our souls in Thee

And all Thy tender mercies see.

Teach us to pray !

5. Teach us to pray !

So shall we find the inner peace,

And from our sins gain sweet release.

Teach us to pray !

6. Teach us to pray !

No longer may we doubt and fear,

But find Thy loving kindness here.

Teach us to pray !

456.

The Still Hour.

108.

1. FOUNTAIN of Life ! in Thee alone is Light.
Shine through our being, cleansing us from sin,

Till we grow lucid with Thy presence bright,
And know the peace of holiness within.

2. Yet not alone as Light pervading come ;—
O Thou Divine One, meet us as a Friend !
Only with Thee is every heart at home :
Stay with us, best and truest, to the end.
3. If in our thoughts, by Thee made calm and clear,
The brightening image of Thy face we see,
What hour of all our lives can be so dear
As this still hour, O God, we spend with Thee !

L. Larcom.

457.

On the Heights.

C.M.

1. **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my God,—
E'en to Thy seat I come ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
2. I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,—
I hear the thunders roll :—
3. But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
4. O this is life, O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

G. B. Bubier.

458.

Religious Retirement.

C.M.

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where evil wages still
Its most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
3. There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
4. There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and guardian of my life !
Sweet source of light divine !
And, all harmonious names in one,
Our Father—Thou art mine !
6. What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

William Cowper.

459.

Nearer to God.

S.M.

1. ○ MASTER of my soul,
To whom the lives of men,
That floated once upon Thy breath,
Shall yet return again :

2. Give me the eyes to see,
Give me the ears to hear,
Give me the spiritual sense
To feel that Thou art near.

3. So when this earthly mist
Fades in the azure sky,
My soul shall still be close to Thee,
And in Thee cannot die.

Edwin Hatch.

460. *Drawing Near to God.*

C.M.

1. FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord,
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to Thee.

2. In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us Thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto Thee.

3. Our lives, devoted to Thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be ;
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer Thee.

461. *The Thought of God.*

C.M.

1. THE thought of God, the thought of Thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art,—

2. The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.
3. It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.
4. One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes ;
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.
5. To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise ;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.
6. All murmurs lie inside Thy will
Which are to Thee addressed ;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest.

F. W. Faber.

462.

Thoughts of God.

C. M.

1. **I** THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day ;
Thy love, my treasure and delight,
Thy truth, my strength and stay.
2. The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblessed with thoughts of Thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme Thou be.

3. Like pleasant thoughts of those we love,
Which are of self a part,
Which neither day nor night remove
Out of the loving heart :
4. So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light—
Myself absorbed in Thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

463.

Aspiration.

8s. 6 lines.

1. **O** THOU, with whom, in sweet content,
The soul that loves Thee shall abide,
Grant that Thy Spirit may be sent,
That by its influence purified
And touched and blessed, we may be free,
Father and Friend, to dwell with Thee.
2. O fire our hearts with quenchless love
For men, and for Thy truth divine,—
That we may guide to things above,
Where in Thy heavens eternal shine
The strong attractions of that home
From which, when found, no soul can roam.
3. And if upon our lonely way,
We faint and cry to Thee for aid,
Then, O our Father, grant, we pray,
That, by us trembling and afraid,
May walk the Leader of our race,
Filling with light and joy the place.
4. Crown us with love, and so with peace,
Transfigure duty to delight ;
Our lips inspire, our faith increase,
Brighten with hope our darkest night.

Bring us from earthly bondage free,
To find our heaven in serving thee.

Henry Wilder Foote.

464.

Longing for God.

C.M.

1. **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine ?
3. How long, my Strength, my Hope, shall I
Like one forgotten mourn ?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn.
4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Psalm xlii., Tate and Brady.

465.

Quiet Religion. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.7.

1. **O**PEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice !
Let my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place :
Still and silent is the sound,
Soft the whisper of Thy grace.

2. From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still ;
Dare not in Thy presence move :
To my waiting soul reveal
All the secret of Thy love.

Charles Wesley.

466.

The Silent Hour.

6.5.6.5.

1. **A**S the storm retreating
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises
O'er our spirits cease.
2. Sounds of wrath and striving,
Man with man at war,
Hearts with heaven contending,—
Hear we now no more.
3. Now the hours of stillness
Wondrous visions show ;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.
4. Holy human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.
5. Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying,
“Wait a little while.”

6. Thus, in hours of stillness,
 Faith to heaven shall rise,
 Till death's last deep silence
 Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore C. Williams.

467.

Conference with God.

C.M.

1. **S**PEAK, Lord, unto Thy people speak,
 As Thou did'st speak of old !
 On us let Thine own presence break,
 To us Thy will be told !
2. Speak, Lord, unto our inmost heart
 With Thine own voice divine !
 To us Thy very mind impart,
 Our every task assign !
3. They spoke with Thee, Thy saints of yore,
 Thus, thus would we confer :
 They gathered thence their life and lore ;
 Our souls thus guide and stir !
4. Not less our longing hearts inspire,
 Our onward steps uphold !
 Not less would we Thy will inquire ;
 Not less Thy will unfold !
5. Not only our own soul's affairs
 We bring before our God :
 We come with larger hopes and prayers ;
 We send our souls abroad.
6. About Thy kingdom we confer,
 Thou King of kings, with Thee ;
 Oh send us forth aglow, astir,
 From this high colloquy !

7. Let holier living witness bear
 To life thereby bestowed ;
 And words and deeds of might declare
 Our conference with God.

T. H. Gill.

468.

Saving Grace.

7s.

1. VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine !
 Shall I then lie drowned in night ?
 Might Thy grace in me but shine,
 I should seem made all of light.
2. But my soul still surfeits so
 On the poisoned baits of sin,
 That I strange and plainer grow ;
 All is dark and foul within.
3. Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
 At Thine altar pure and white ;
 They that once Thy mercies feel,
 Dwell no more on earth's delight.
4. Worldly joys like shadows fade
 When the heavenly light appears ;
 But the covenants Thou hast made,
 Endless, know not days nor years.
5. In Thy word, Lord, is my trust,
 To Thy mercies fast I fly ;
 Though I am but clay and dust,
 Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

Thomas Campion (1613).

469.

We Come to Thee.

L.M.

1. LIKE tired children, Lord, we come,
 We turn our wandering footsteps home ;
 We scarce the narrow path can see ;
 Our strength is spent—we come to Thee.

2. In busy life, with cares oppressed,
Longing and faint we seek for rest,
And find it when, on bended knee,
For one brief hour we come to Thee.
3. Slowly with pain we onward move :
Forsake us not, O Lord of love !
The dawn is nigh, the shadows flee ;
Father of Lights, we come to Thee.

A. R. Ireland.

470. *Let us not Fall.* 8.8.8.4.

1. **L**ORD ! amid paths diverging wide,
Our untaught footsteps need a guide,
Keep us, oh keep us, near Thy side :
Let us not fall.
2. Lord ! we are blind and deaf and lame,
Our only strength is in Thy Name,
Great is our fear to bring it shame :
Let us not fall.
3. Lord ! evermore Thy face we seek :
Tempted we are, ill-trained and weak,
Keep us with lowly hearts and meek :
Let us not fall.
4. All Thy good work in us complete,
And place us daily at Thy feet :
Thy law, Thy charge, Thy peace are sweet :
Let us not fall.
5. Often does grateful memory cast
A backward look, and view the past,
Till hope grows bright that Faith will last,
And never fall.

Philip Doddridge.

471.

Turning to God.

75.

1. KING of mercy, King of love,
Whose I am, in whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun !
2. Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire ;
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and Thy praise :
3. That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin.
4. Only Thine, O Lord, the art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And, since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee.
5. Lord, then take it : leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot ;
Since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine !

Henry Vaughan (1614-1695).

472.

Remember Me.

C.M.

1. O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me !

2. When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, Thy peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me !
3. When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me !
4. If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me !
5. And O ! when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
To Thee commend my parting breath ;
Good Lord, remember me !

Thos. Haweis.

473.

Walking with God.

C.M.

1. OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

474. *Divine Visitation.* 6.10.

1. **W**ILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.
2. Will Thou not visit me ?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.
3. Come ! for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain :
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.
4. Yes ! Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

475.

A Litany.

7.7.7.6.

1. **W**HEN the world around us throws
 All its proud, deceiving shows,
 Yet the heart no danger knows,
 Help us, Lord most holy !

2. When like sheep we go astray,
 When we cast Thy gifts away,
 When we only seem to pray,
 Help us, Lord most holy !

3. By the joys that look above,
 By the pains our faith to prove,
 By the conquering power of love,
 Help us, Lord most holy !

4. To our sinful selves to die,
 Bad desires to crucify,
 And to set our hearts on high,
 Help us, Lord most holy !

5. Thus to do Thy will below,
 Daily in Thy grace to grow,
 More and more Thy love to know,
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Theodore C. Williams.

476.

Spiritual Declension.

L. M. D.

1. **H**OW dare we pray Thee dwell within
 These hearts defiled by wilful sin ?
 Yet, Holy Ghost, do not depart,
 Leave not to earth our earthly heart ;
 But if Thou seest us erring still,
 Oh bend to Thine our stubborn will,

And bring us to the fold again,
If need, by chastisement and pain.

2. Bring us, by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of providence,
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come :
By God's best gifts—His Son to die,
And Thee our hearts to sanctify ;
Bring us, before our sun go down,
To bear the cross, to win the crown.

John Keble.

477.

Need of Help.

C.M.

1. NOT only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore ;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy Holy Spirit pour !
2. But for each daily task of mine
I need Thy quickening power ;
I need Thy presence everywhere,
I need Thee every hour.
3. Each action finds in Thee its spring,
Each joy Thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is Thine ordering,
Each grief shines in Thy light.

T. H. Gill.

478.

My Heaven in Thee. 10.10.10.10.

1. FATHER divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul ;
Oh, break this bondage, Lord ! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in Thee.

2. My heaven in Thee !—O God ! no other heaven,
To the immortal soul, can e'er be given :
Oh, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done !
3. My heaven in Thee, O Father ! let me find,—
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned ;
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair ;
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

J. Tuckerman.

479.

Divine Companionship.

6.6.8.6.

1. **O**NE gift, my God, I seek,—
To know Thee always near ;
To feel Thy hand, to see Thy face,
Thy blessed voice to hear.
2. Where'er I go, my God,
Oh, let me find Thee there ;
Where'er I stay, stay Thou with me,
A presence everywhere.
3. And if Thou bringest peace,
Or if Thou bringest pain,
Come but Thyself with all that comes,
And all shall be for gain.
4. To walk with Thee, my God,
O blessed, blessed grace ;
My earthly features then shall shine
With looking in Thy face.
5. Long listening to Thy words,
My voice shall catch Thy tone ;
And near to Thine, my heart shall grow
All loving like Thine own.

480. *The Soul.*

7s.

1. **W**HAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest ?
2. What is it ? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good ?
3. 'Tis the Soul,—mysterious name !
Him it seeks from whom it came :
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.
4. Onward, upward, to Thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown !
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

*W. H. Furness.*481. *Thy Kindling Love.* II. IO. II. IO.

1. **F**ATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love :
For we are weak and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.
2. Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and
sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3. In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !
4. Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong : we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

482. *The Open Soul.*

C.M.

1. **L**IE open, soul ! around thee press
A thousand things divine ;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to be thine.
2. Lie open, soul ! be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies ;
Life's hours are charged, to those who watch,
With heavenly messages.
3. Lie open, soul ! the Beautiful
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.
4. Lie open, soul ! the great and wise
About thy portal throng ;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.
5. Lie open, soul ! lo, Jesus waits
To enter thine abode ;
Messiah lingers at thy gates,—
Let in the Son of God.

6. Receive Him, soul ! He with Him brings
 The blest ones from above ;
 The heavenly hosts stretch forth their wings
 To seek and know thy love.

7. Lie open, soul ! in watchfulness
 Each brighter glory win ;
 The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
 And God shall enter in.

Herbert New.

483.

Aspiration.

7s.

1. **T**HIRSTING for a living spring,
 Seeking for a higher home,
 Resting where our souls must cling,
 Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
2. Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
 When we feel that Thou art near ;
 Father ! then our fears are still,
 Then the soul's bright end is clear.
3. Life's hard conflict we would win,
 Read the meaning of life's frown ;
 Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
 For the Spirit's starry crown.
4. Make us beautiful within
 By Thy Spirit's holy light :
 Guard us when our faith burns dim,
 Father of all love and might !

F. P. Appleton.

484.

Sincere Prayer.

S.M.

1. **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
 True words to Thee each day ;
 True let my voice be when I praise,
 And trustful when I pray.

2. Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true ;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.
3. True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
4. True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief ;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief !

H. Bonar.

485. *Retirement and Meditation.*

L.M.

1. MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity begone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.

Isaac Watts.

486. *Meditation.*

L.M.

1. HE who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.
2. Let him look forth into the night—
What solemn depths, what silent might !
Those ancient stars how calm they roll,—
He but an atom 'mid the whole !

3. And as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh ;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.
4. How small in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power !
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all !
5. A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill ;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

Caroline Gilman

487.

An Aspiration.

7s.

1. **I** WOULD that I were better ; that to childhood's
fervent soul
The strength were joined of solemn years, o'er
which life's noon doth roll :
2. The strength to think, to feel, to do, only the holy
Right,
To yield no step in the awful race, no blow in the
fearful fight.
3. I would that I were better, that I loved with holier
zeal
That source of love whose goodness wide our hearts
so poorly feel ;
4. That I could feel, as well as know, He is that One
we seek,
When our blind creeping souls explore earth's desert
cold and bleak.

5. O God and Father, holiest Lord ! touch yet Thy creature's heart,
And to my weak and wearied powers the life of life impart.
6. Make me to love Thee ! in that love, strength, light,
and life shall flow,
And as Thy will is done in heaven, I shall do it on earth below.

Frances Power Cobbe.

488. *Nearer to God.* 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

1. **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethels I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

489. *The God of all Grace.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **E**TERNAL Father, Lord of all our good,
 Revive these hearts of ours that need Thee
 still,
 And take away whatever may have stood
 Too long between us and Thy righteous will.
2. Along these paths of time lead ever on,
 Nor let us wander from Thine upward way ;
 By day or night we cannot walk alone ;
 Guide Thou our feet, so shall we never stray.
3. We bless Thee for the things whereby we rise
 From wrong and weakness to our being's height ;
 We bless Thee for the faith that never dies,
 And hopes which keep us always strong and bright.
4. We praise Thee for all lights on earth that shine,
 Reflecting light Divine undimmed and pure ;
 We praise Thee for that perfect love of Thine,
 Which is of all things here most real and sure.

James Bell.

490. *Whom have we but Thee?* 8.8.8.6.

1. **S**TRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
In want, in weakness, and in woe,
To whom, O Father, should we go,
To whom but unto Thee?

2. To whom, when hating what is ill,
We find our strength unequal still
To do, although we love Thy will,
To whom but unto Thee?

3. To whom, with all our faults and fears,
With all our toils and all our tears,
Pouring them into loving ears,
To whom but unto Thee?

4. To whom, when all around appears
Against us, and too anxious fears
Look trembling up the coming years,
To whom but unto Thee?

5. To whom, when gloomy death appals,
And the cold shadow darkly falls
Along our happy household walls,
To whom but unto Thee?

G. W. Robinson.

491. *Help us.* C.M.

1. **O** HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

2. O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !

3. O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still, the more Thy servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
4. O help us, Saviour, from on high,
 We know no help but Thee !
 O help us so to live and die,
 As Thine in heaven to be !

H. H. Milman.

492.

Have Mercy.

6.5.6.5.5.5.

1. **H**AVE mercy, O Father !
 To Thee do we cry ;
 Faint, weary, and wayworn,
 To Thy wings we fly ;
 Speak peace to our souls !
 Without Thee we die.
2. We wander in darkness,
 O, grant us Thy light !
 We stray from the pathway,
 Lost, lost in the night ;
 O, be Thou our guide,
 And lead us aright !

W. H. Furness.

493.

I give myself to Prayer.

S.M.

1. **I** GIVE myself to prayer ;
 Lord, give Thyself to me,
 And let the time of my request,
 Thy time of answer be.

2. My thoughts are like the reeds,
And tremble as they grow,
In the sad current of a life
That darkly runs and slow.
3. I am as if asleep,
Yet conscious that I dream ;
Like one who vainly strives to wake
And free himself, I seem.
4. The loud distressful cry
With which I call on Thee
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
Canst give me liberty.
5. I give myself to prayer :
Lord, give Thyself to me ;
And in the time of my distress,
O haste and succour me !
6. Then be my heart, my world,
Rehallowed unto Thee ;
And Thy pervading glory, Lord,
O let me feel and see !

T. T. Lynch.

494.

Silent Musing.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD, when in silent hours I muse
Upon myself and Thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.
2. Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days ;
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise !

3. O think upon me for my good,
 Though little good I do ;
 My hope and my forgiving Friend
 Thou hast been hitherto.
4. And I would live in such a course,
 That men to me may say,
 “ O whence hast thou thy joy and force ?
 What is thy secret stay ? ”
5. My joy, when truest joy I have,
 It comes to me from heaven ;
 My strength, when I from weakness rise,
 Is by Thy Spirit given.
6. And while He shines as He has shone,
 Whom Thou hast made my stay,
 Life can but gently float me on,
 Not hurry me away. T. T. Lynch.

Trust, Submission, and Obedience.

495. *An Unmurmuring Heart.* C.M.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free :
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

Ann Steele, 1760.

496.

The Satisfied Heart.

L.M.

1. I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.
2. I take Thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love ?
3. That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of Thine eternal calm ;
And tunes its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.
4. O be it patient in Thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of Thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power !

S. Johnson.

497.

The Spirit of Faith.

C.M.

1. SPIRIT of Faith ! be thou my guide ;
O clasp my hand in thine !
And never let me quit thy side :—
Thy comforts are divine.
2. Pride scorns thee for thy lowly mien :
But who like thee can rise
So high above this sordid scene,
So near the holy skies ?
3. Gentle thine eye, and soft thy voice,
But glorious is thy might,
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.

4. And still to all who seek thy way
The wondrous power is given,
That while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to heaven.
5. Through pain and death I can rejoice,
If but thy strength be mine ;
Earth hath no music like thy voice,
Life owns no joy like thine.
6. Spirit of Faith ! I'll go with thee,
Thou, if I hold thee fast,
Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,
And bear me home at last.

Anne Bronte.

498.

The Peace of Faith.

L.M.

1. **O** FATHER ! humbly we repose
Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless Thee for the peace which flows
From faith in Thy paternal love.
2. Though every earthly trust may break,
Unfailing might belongs to Thee ;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.
3. Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot hide us from Thy sight ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every cloud canst turn to light.
4. All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above ;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in Thy paternal love.

Wm. Gaskell.

499.

Mercy in All.

L.M.

1. **M**Y God ! I thank Thee : may no thought
 E'er deem Thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2. Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er his little day.

3. Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know ;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4. Thy various messengers employ !
 Thy purposes of love fulfil !
 And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 May kneeling faith adore Thy will !

A. Norton.

500.

Patient, O Heart.

II. IO. II. IO.

1. **F**ATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing
 flows ;

Dark though the night, joy cometh with the
 morrow ;

Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

2. When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art
 o'er us,

And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3. Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.
4. Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows !
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened
 furrows,
 Where now He ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

501.

All as God wills.

C.M.

1. **A**LL as God wills ! who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.
2. Enough, that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 Thy chastening turned me back.
3. That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Bright with eternal good ;
4. That death seems but a covered way,
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight ;
5. No longer forward or behind
 I look in hope or fear,
 But, grateful, take the good I find—
 God's blessing now and here.

J. G. Whittier.

502.

They that Mourn.

C.M.

1. **O** WORD divine, like healing balms,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
Thy heavenly consolation falls—
“Blessed are they that mourn !”
2. To every hope by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.
3. Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals :
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals ;
4. The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before ;
5. Hath never known how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer !

W. H. Burleigh.

503.

The Deeper Peace.

H. I. O. H. I. O.

1. **W**HEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.
2. Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

3. So to the heart that knows Thee, Love Eternal !
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
4. Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee !
5. O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, changing nevermore ;
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, both now and evermore.

Harriet B. Stowe.

504. *If He giveth quiet, what can make trouble?* 103.

1. QUIET from God ! How blessed 'tis to keep
 This treasure the All-merciful hath given ;
 To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
 Its incense round us like a breath from heaven ;
2. To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
 To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
 To bear about for ever in the heart
 The gladness which His Spirit doth reveal.
3. Who shall make trouble then ? Not evil minds,
 Which like a shadow o'er creation lour.
 The soul which peace hath thus attunèd, finds
 How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power
4. What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
 Of loved ones lost ; for that will be a part
 Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
 Into a world of beauty in the heart.

5. What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,
Nor e'en the threatening, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

505.

Perfect Peace.

L.M.

1. **I**N quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.
2. The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.
3. Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.
4. His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of His face.

Augusta Larned.

506.

The Strength of my Life. C.M. 6 lines

1. **G**O not far from me, O my Strength!
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2. On Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.
3. When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
4. Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away :
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

507. *The Goodness of Life.*

L.M.

1. FATHER ! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.
2. For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys :
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine, that all things sways.
3. And good it is to bear the Cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win :
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4. Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
 But trust the love that saves to guide :
 The grace that yields so rich a store
 Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

508. *Love is Law ; Law is Love.* L.M.

1. O GOD, in whom we live and move,
 Thy love is law, Thy law is love ;
 Thy present Spirit waits to fill
 The soul which comes to do Thy will.
2. Unto Thy children's spirits teach
 Thy love beyond the power of speech ;
 And make them know with joyful awe,
 The encircling presence of Thy law.
3. That law doth give to truth and right,
 Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
 And makes each fondly-worshipped lie
 And boasting wrong, to cower and die.
4. Its patient working doth fulfil
 Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,
 Nor suffers one true word or thought
 Or deed of love to come to nought.
5. Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
 That we may work in patience still ;
 Who works for justice works with Thee,
 Who works in love Thy child shall be.

F. L. Hosmer.

509. *The Victory of Good.* C.M.

1. O THOU, the great Unknown, Unseen,
 But for the thought of Thee

- How sad and strange our lives had been,
How full of mystery !
2. But for the light which comes from Thee
To shine upon the way,
How dark our path in life would be,
How cheerless day by day !
3. O happy thought, that we are Thine !
Our life is wrapt in Thee ;
The human linked with the divine
For all eternity.
4. The wrong, the false, must pass away
With all things not of Thee,
The darkness vanish in the ray
Of truth and purity.
5. Good only can immortal be,
Evil at last shall fall,
The right must win the victory,
And God be all in all.

H. P. Hawkins.

510. *The Cry of the Contrite Heart.* 11.11.11.5.

1. FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends ; O Father,
hear it ;
Upsoaring on the wing of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.
2. I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee ;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly ?
3. For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;

Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

4. We see Thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear Thy voice ; it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away, and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.
5. O how long-suffering, Lord ; but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering : Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.
6. Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling ?
Thy voice paternal, whispering, watching ever ?
O let *me* never.

Sir J. Bowring.

511.

Help my Unbelief.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD ! I believe ; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey :
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.
2. Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight :
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
3. Lord ! I believe ; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak :
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4. Yes ! I believe ; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief :
 Lord ! to Thy truth my spirit bow ;
 Help Thou my-unbelief !

J. R. Wreford.

512.

Seeing the Invisible.

S.M.

1. **T**HOU who dost all things give,
 Be not Thyself forgot !
 No longer may Thy children live
 As if their God were not !

2. But every day and hour,
 Since Thou dost bless us thus,
 In still increasing light and power
 Reveal Thyself to us :

3. Until our faith shall be
 Stronger than words can tell,
 And we shall live, beholding Thee,
 O Thou Invisible !

W. H. Furness.

513.

Unselfish Love.

C.M.

1. **M**Y God, I love Thee : not because
 I hope for heaven thereby,
 Nor because they who love Thee not
 Are lost eternally.

2. Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Nor seeking a reward ;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord.

3. Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
My Saviour, and my King.

Francis Xavier.

514. *God more than His Gifts.*

C.M.

1. MY God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blessèd gifts,
I praise ;—but Thee I love.
2. My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
Besides I ask not aught ;
If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
All that I find is nought.
3. If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.
4. Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee, as my final end :—
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

G. B. Bubier.

515. *A Prayer for Love.*

7.7.7.6.

1. GOD of love, to Thee we owe
All our good on earth below,
All the hope of heaven we know :
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

2. On our loveless nature shine,
Come to us in power Divine,
Give us love and make us Thine :
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.
 3. More than friend, however near ;
More than all we hold most dear ;
More than all in heaven or here :
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.
 4. Not from dread of wrath or woe ;
Not for all Thou wilt bestow ;—
For Thyself whose love we know :
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.
 5. Though there were no heaven to gain,
Though there were no place of pain ;
Still our love would not be vain :
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.
 6. If we feel Thy bounteous care,
If our lot be poor and bare,
If Thou smite and if Thou spare,
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.
- M. Woodward.*

516.

Loving God.

S.M.

1. **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
2. O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to thy goodness fly ;
Whate'er we are, Thou canst protect ;
Whate'er we need, supply.

3. Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
4. Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. Austin, 1668.

517. *Calm.* C.M.

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
3. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;
4. Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;
5. Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name ;

6. Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain—
Moving unruffled through earth's war
Th' eternal calm to gain !

Horatius Bonar.

518.

The Heavenly Treasures.

C.M.

1. OUR portion is not here, O Lord,
Our riches are in Thee ;
And where our wealth is safely stored,
There, too, our hearts would be.
2. Where moth and rust corrupteth not,
Nor thief breaks through to steal,
Where change and trouble are forgot,
Our treasures we conceal.
3. For naught can take Thy peace away,
Nor aught Thy grace impair,
And naught can make Thy love decay ;
And all our wealth is there.
4. No tarnish comes upon our gold,
Our silver is most fine ;
Our raiment never waxeth old,
Our jewels, Lord, are Thine.
5. Then let us hold on cheerfully
The path which Thou hast trod ;
Our wealth in Thee, our hearts with Thee,
All hid with Christ in God.

Walter C. Smith.

519.

All things for Good.

L.M.

1. WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous day,
And hope is by fruition crowned,

"O Lord," with thankful hearts we say,

"How doth Thy love to us abound!"

2. But is that love less truly shown,
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,
And hopes have faded one by one,
Leaving sad memories in their stead.
3. God knows the discipline we need,
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake;
And though our stricken hearts may bleed,
His mercy will not let them break.
4. O teach us to discern the good
Thou sendest in the guise of ill;
Since all Thou dost, if understood,
Interpreteth Thy loving will.
5. For pain is not the end of pain,
Not seldom trial comes to bless,
And work for us abundant gain,—
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.
6. Then let us not, with anxious thought,
Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes;
But, by His word and Spirit taught,
Accept as best what God bestows.

W. H. Burleigh.

520. *A Prayer in Sorrow.* C.M.

1. **W**HEN Thou rebukest me for good,
My Father, tell me so;
That I, in all Thy better ways,
With willing heart may go.
2. And when Thy ways are in the deep,
Thy footsteps all unknown,
Then give me, Lord, to feel, to know,
I am not left alone.

3. And when Thy heavens shine on me,
O teach me what they say,—
How winsomely they ask my heart
To joy in God alway.
4. And when my tasks are sad and hard,
O teach me what they mean,—
How earnestly they ask my soul,
Alone on God to lean.
5. Yea ! every hour, and in all things,
May I my Father see ;
And live a life of child-like trust,—
My heart at rest in Thee. *J. P. Hopps.*

521.

Trust.

11.10.11.6.

1. **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.
2. Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain ;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.
3. Choose for us, God ! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed ;
Choose for us, God ! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.
4. Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the Cross.

W. H. Burlleigh.

522. *The Limitations of Knowledge.* 7s.

1. **M**ANY things in life there are
 Past our understanding far,
 And the humblest flower that grows
 Hides a secret no man knows.
2. All unread by outer sense
 Lies the soul's experience ;
 Mysteries around us rise—
 We, the deeper mysteries !
3. While we may so little scan
 Of Thy vast creation's plan,
 Teach us, O our God, to be
 Humble in our walk with Thee !
4. May we trust, through ill and good,
 Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
 And our highest wisdom find
 In the reverent heart and mind !
5. Clearer vision shall be ours,
 Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
 And the meaning yet appear
 Of what passes knowledge here.

F. L. Hosmer.

523. *Submission.* C.M.

1. **A**UTHOR of good ! to Thee I turn ;
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.
2. O let Thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

3. And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
4. Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply ;
The good unasked in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick, 1763.

524.

The Lesson of Trust. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. **O** LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
2. How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms !
3. Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
4. We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;

But birds and flowers around us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice.

525.

Give us Rest.

8.8.8.4.

1. FROM fretful care and worldly strife,
From every low unworthy quest,
Amid the needful toil of life,
Lord, give us rest !
2. When coward love and envious fear
Have left us burdened and distressed,
O, then in pity, Lord, draw near
To give us rest !
3. When hard beset by hungry need,
And in the battle sorely pressed,
From base ambition, aimless greed,
Lord, give us rest !
4. When life seems cruel, death unkind,
And chill despair our only guest ;
Yet lead us, poor, and sick, and blind,
Into Thy rest !
5. When darkness covers earthly things,
And heaven is sunless in the west,
Then gather us beneath Thy wings,
To give us rest !

Annie Matheson.

526. *The Pure and Peaceful Mind.* 8.6.8.8.6.

1. **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.
2. O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love !
3. With that deep hush, subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.
4. Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.
5. Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

*J. G. Whittier.*527. *Thy Will be done.* 8.8.8.4.

1. **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done !

2. Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !
3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !
4. If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what is Thine :
Thy will be done !
5. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest ;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
Thy will be done !
6. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !
7. Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !

C. Elliot.

528. *Thy Will be done.* 8.8.8.8.4.

1. **WE** see not, know not ; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day ;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done !

2. The flesh may fail, the heart may faint ;
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !
3. We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done !
4. Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done !

J. G. Whittier.

529.

Fearless Trust.

S. M. D.

1. COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands ;
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
2. Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way :
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3. Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might :
Thy every act pure blessing is ;
Thy path, unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand ?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?
4. Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care !

P. Gerhardt.

530.

Our Refuge in Sorrow.

C.M.

1. O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
2. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too !
3. O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?

4. Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

531.

Trust.

C.M.

1. MY Father, it is good for me
 To trust and not to trace,
 And wait with deep humility
 For Thy revealing grace.
2. Lord when Thy way is in the sea,
 And strange to mortal sense,
 I love Thee in the mystery,
 I trust Thy providence.
3. I cannot see the secret things
 In this my dark abode ;
 I may not reach with earthly wings
 The heights and depths of God.
4. So faith and patience ! wait a while !
 Not doubting, not in fear ;
 For soon in heaven my Father's smile
 Shall render all things clear.
5. Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
 Its dim uncertain night ;
 Bring in the grand apocalypse,
 Reveal the perfect light.

G. Rawson.

532.

Thou doest all Things well.

S.M.

1. THOU doest all things well,
 God only wise and true !

My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

2. With sacred toils o'erpressed,
I sink in welcome sleep ;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.
3. Soon finds each fevered day
And each chill night its bourn ;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.
4. But, be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod—
Thou art my Health, my Sun, my Song,
My Glory, and my God !
5. Thy smiling face lights mine ;
If veiled, it makes me sad—
Even tears in darkness, star-like, shine,
And morning finds me glad !
6. For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love !
7. Hours spent with pain and Thee,
Lost hours have never seemed :
No ; those are lost, which but *might* be
From earth, for heaven, redeemed !
8. Its limit—its relief—
Its hallowed issues—tell
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well !

W. M. Bunting.

533. *Not ours: Peace.* C.M.

1. **W**E bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
2. We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see ;
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
5. O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

534. *Sorrowful yet Rejoicing.* C.M.

1. **W**E praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest :
But O ! how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best.
2. We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways :
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days ?

3. We praise Thee when our path is plain
And smooth beneath our feet ;
But fain would learn to welcome pain,
And call the bitter sweet.
4. Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read Thy way,
That Thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.
5. Then every thorny crown of care,
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow ;
6. And sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee.

J. P. Hopps.

535. *Submission to the Divine Will.* L.M.

1. O THOU who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.
2. Our wishes and desires control :
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
3. Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

J. Cotterill.

536. *The Service of Common Life.* L.M.

1. FATHER, I pray for power to take
And use the things I have aright ;
For strength and wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.
2. I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside ;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.
3. And though I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet ;
4. Yet grant that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
In the unbottomed sea of doubt :
5. But rising over sin and strife,
May Thine own peace be shed on me,
Till Thou be found in all my life,
And all my life be given to Thee.

*Phoebe Cary.*537. *Chastening Love.* C.M.

1. BENEATH Thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone :
Oh, mould me till to self I die,
And live to Thee alone !
2. With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou labourest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.
3. Smite, Lord ! Thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess ;

Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

4. Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but Thee,
And have no will but Thine.

Frederic H. Hedge.

538. *The Obedience of the Life.* 7.4.7.4.

1. KING of comforts, King of life,
Thou hast cheered me ;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me.
2. Not a nook in all my breast
But Thou fill'st it ;
Not a thought that breaks my rest
But Thou kill'st it.
3. Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee ;
And as Thou giv'st line and length
I will raise Thee.
4. Day and night, not once a day,
I will bless Thee ;
And my soul in new array
I will dress Thee.
5. Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind Thee ;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind Thee.

Henry Vaughan (1614-1695).

539. *Abide with us.* C.M.

1. SINCE without Thee we do no good,
And with Thee do no ill,

Abide with us in weal and woe,
In action and in will.

2. In weal,—that while our lips confess
The Lord who gives, we may
Remember, with an humble thought,
The Lord who takes away.
3. In woe,—that while to drowning tears
Our hearts their joys resign,
We may remember who can turn
Such water into wine.
4. By hours of day,—that when our feet
O'er hill and valley run,
We still may think the light of truth
More welcome than the sun.
5. By hours of night,—that when the air
Its dew and shadow yields,
We still may hear the voice of God
In silence of the fields.
6. And when sleep comes on us like death,
All soundless, deaf and deep :
Lord ! teach us so to watch and pray
That death may come like sleep.
7. Abide with us, abide with us,
While flesh and soul agree ;
And when our flesh is only dust,
Abide our souls with Thee.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

540. *Strength in Weakness.*

L.M.

1. O WONDROUS Fatherhood of God !
That in our weakness findeth strength,
And in our waywardness, a rod
To fit us for Thy heaven at length ;

2. Our souls are precious in Thy sight,
Inspired and kindled by Thy breath :
Lead us through darkness to the light,
And to the greater life through death.
3. Build up our lives ; let nought obscure
Their holy purpose, high intent ;
From all ignoble motives pure,
Thy service their supreme content.
4. More of Thy thoughts, Lord, make us know ;
More of Thy travail make us share ;
More like Thyself in spirit grow,
And Thy full superscription bear.
5. Nerve us for duty : let Thy will
Our wills control, our zeal inspire ;
Our daily work Thy joy fulfil,
Until Thou bid us "Come up higher."

J. B. Greenwood.

541. *Growth in Grace.* 10.10.7.7.4.4.

1. **L**ORD, grant us grace to mount, by steps of grace,
From grace to grace, nearer, our God, to Thee ;
Not tarrying for to-morrow,
Lest we lie down in sorrow,
And never see,
Unveiled, Thy face.
2. Life is a vapour, vanishing in haste ;
Life is a day, whose sun grows pale to set ;
Life is a stint and sorrow :
One day ; and not—the morrow
Precious—while yet
It runs to waste.
3. Lord strengthen us ; lest fainting by the way
We come not to Thee, we who come from far ;

Lord, bring us to that morrow
Which makes an end of sorrow,
Where all saints are
On holy day.

4. Where all the saints rest who have heard Thy call,
Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest :
Call us too home from sorrow
To rest in Thee to-morrow ;
In Thee our Best
In Thee our All.

Christina G. Rossetti.

542.

Peace Divine.

S.M.

1. **A**BOVE this changeful clime,
And all its strifes and jars,
Untroubled, patient, pure, sublime,
Shine on the steadfast stars.
2. Beyond our life's unrest,
And sorrow's moaning night,
A realm there is, serene and blest,
Where dwells eternal light.
3. Might I that region gain,
So joyous, calm, and fair,
There, surely, would my heart attain
Heaven's healing, perfect air !
4. Vain dream ! to seek sweet ease
In things afar, unknown ;
Within, O Lord, shines Thy true peace,
Where Thou dost come alone.
5. Transcending time and place,
Thy blessing maketh blest ;
Give now, O God, Thine inward grace,
And then I shall find rest.

James Bell.

543. *Prayer for Peace.* 10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
 Is always peace ;
 O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill ;
 Let passion cease ;
 Come down in power within my heart to reign,
 For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.
2. The days are gone, when far and wide my will
 Drove me astray ;
 And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
 That narrow way
 Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode ;
 Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.
3. Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot,
 I gladly bear ;
 Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
 Nor yet Thy care,
 Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
 Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.
4. So may I, far away, when evening falls
 On life and love,
 Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
 With Thee above ;—
 Wounded, yet healed ; sin-laden, yet forgiven ;
 And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

544. *Rest and Unrest.* 108.

1. O THOU, the primal Fount of life and peace,
 Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
 In me command that pain and conflict cease,
 And turn to music every jarring sound.

2. How longs each depth within the weary soul
To taste the life of this benignant hour,
To be at one with Thine untroubled whole,
And in itself to know Thy hushing power.
3. Make Thou in me, O God, through shame and pain,
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm ;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm.
4. So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all Thy works of joy,
May I be nerved to labours high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.
5. In One who walked on earth, a man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
From Him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.
6. So this great universe, so He, and Thou
The central Source and wondrous Bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air, Thy presence brings.

John Sterling.

545. *My Times are in Thy hand.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,

To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathise.

3. I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.
4. Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 A work of lowly love to do,
 For Him on whom I wait.
5. In service which Thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me ;
 For my inmost heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free ;
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.

A. L. Waring.

546.

The Blessèd Life.

L.M.

1. O BLESSÈD life ! the heart at rest,
 When all without tumultuous seems,
 That trusts a higher will, and deems
 That higher will, made ours, the best.
2. O blessèd life ! the mind that sees—
 Whatever change the years may bring—
 A mercy still in everything,
 And shining through all mysteries.

3. O blessèd life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.
4. O blessèd life ! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity
And loyal to the Lord's control.
5. O life ! how blessèd ! how divine !
High life, the earnest of a higher !
Father, fulfil my deep desire
And let this blessèd life be mine.

W. Tidd Matson.

547.

At Rest in God.

C.M.

1. **M**Y heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
2. I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
3. Mine be the reverent, listening love,
That waits all day on Thee ;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.
4. The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

- 5 My heart is resting, O my God !
 My heart is in Thy care ;
 I hear the voice of joy and praise
 Resounding everywhere.

A. L. Waring.

548. *Perfect through Suffering.* 8.8.8.

1. **W**E suffer in this world below,
 Hard training here we undergo,
 Full many a pang and many a throe.
2. We suffer, and we know not why ;
 In vain with tear-dimmed eyes we try
 The reason of our pain to spy.
3. We suffer, and we only know
 That wider knowledge cometh so,
 And love and faith more ample grow.
4. We suffer, and we taste in pain
 The richer life where death is gain,
 The death of self, by strong love slain.
5. We suffer, and we grow more strong,
 More patient, though the end be long,
 More sure to raise the harvest-song.

Ella S. Armitage.

549. *Prayer for Strength.* 10.10.10.10.6.

1. **W**E ask not that our path be always bright,
 But for Thy aid to walk therein aright ;
 That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
 Will give us strength sufficient to our day :
 For this, for this we pray.

2. Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes ;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.
3. Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.
4. Thou knowest all our needs, and will supply :
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on Thee we call ;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

W. H. Burleigh.

550. *Blessed are they that Mourn.* L.M.

1. O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
3. There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4. For God has marked each sorrowing hour
And numbered every secret tear ;
And Heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

551. *Calmness.* L.M.

1. **G**IVE me, O Lord, a heart of grace,
A voice of joy, a shining face,
That I may show, where'er I turn,
Thy love within my soul doth burn !
2. Though life be sweet and joy be dear,
Be in my mind a quiet fear ;
A patient love of pain and care,
An enmity to dark despair ;
3. A tenderness for all that stray,
With strength to help them on the way ;
A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth,
Brightening my steps along the earth ;
4. A calm expectancy of death,
Who bloweth out our human breath ;
Who one day cometh in Thy name
And putteth out our mortal flame !
5. I ask, and shrink, yet, shrink and ask :
I know Thou wilt not set a task
Too hard for hands that Thou hast made,
Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.
6. So let me dwell all peacefully,
Content to live, content to die,
Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,
Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

Rosa Mulholland.

552. *Bear on !*

C.M.

1. **B**EAR on, my soul ! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
2. Bear on, my soul ! on God rely ;
Deliverance will come ;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home.

553. *The Recompense of Reward.*

C.M.

1. **H**OW shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.
2. Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the eternal years.
3. Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears :
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the eternal years.
4. He practises all virtues well,
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the eternal years.

F. W. Faber.

554.

Faith.

C.M.

1. **T**HOU, who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there,

- Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,
O turn not from our prayer !
2. We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith ;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,
 3. That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see ;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.
 4. Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight ;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.
 5. Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven ;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. Baldwin Brown.

555.

Hope.

8.7.4.4.7.

1. **H**OPE on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning ;
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.
2. Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds
Black shadows intertwining,
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

3. Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow ;
Through wind and rain,
And tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.
4. Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love
From heaven above
Shall shed His radiance o'er thee.

Godfrey Thring.

Love and Sympathy.

556.

A Prayer for Love.

C.M.

1. **O** LORD ! Thy heart with love o'erflowed,
Love spoke in every breath ;
Unwearied love Thy life declared,
Love triumphed in Thy death.
2. And Thou hast taught Thy followers here
Their faithfulness to prove,
And show their gratitude to Thee,
By living still in love.
3. May we the law of love fulfil
In every act and thought ;
Each angry passion be subdued,
Each selfish aim forgot.
4. Teach us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's sorrow share ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
5. In holy love may we increase,
By Thy good Spirit's grace ;
Till we Thy perfect image bear,
And see Thee face to face.

557.

Light-Bearers.

L.M.

1. **D**EAR Lord ! Thy light Thou dost not hide :
 Thy glory will not stay at home :
 With us Thy glory may abide ;
 Thy precious things to us may come.
2. But they are given not to hoard ;
 Thy light may not be all our own ;
 Thou meanest not Thy glory, Lord,
 To cheer one dwelling-place alone.
3. Thou lightest souls to beam around ;
 Thou settest them to shine on high ;
 Thy children in Thy work abound,
 And still their Father glorify.
4. Father ! still shine on us from heaven,
 And make us for Thy glory shine ;
 We would not keep one gift ungiven,
 We would not hide one beam of Thine.

T. H. Gill.

558.

Litany of Love.

7.7.7.6.

1. **G**OD of mercy, loving all,
 Pitying Thy creatures' fall,
 On Thy name of Love we call :
 Hear us, we beseech Thee.
2. Give the love divinely strong,
 Moved not though it suffers long,
 Kind to those who do the wrong :
 Hear us, we beseech Thee.
3. Give the love that envies none
 For the joy of work well done,
 Or the good which they have won :
 Hear us, we beseech Thee.

4. Give the love in kindness shown,
Living not for self alone,
Making others' good her own :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
5. Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow,
Never helping strife to grow :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
6. Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the voice of slander still :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
7. Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
8. Give the love that faith makes blest,
Hoping always for the best,
Even when with doubts distressed :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
9. Give the love that foe or friend
Slight or wrong cannot offend,
True, enduring to the end :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.
10. Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

M. Woodward.

559. *Love of Man is Love of God.* 7S. D.

1. LORD, what offering shall we bring
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Quiet thoughts at peace with all ;
Wrongs forgiven into rest ;
Sympathy intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast ;
2. Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O Thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to Thee and all mankind.

John Taylor.

560. *The Worship of Love.* C.M.

1. HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.
2. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

561. *Faith, Hope, and Charity.* L. M.

1. FAITH, Hope, and Charity—these three;
Yet is the greatest Charity.
Father of light ! these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart :—
2. Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for " God is love."

*J. Montgomery.*562. *The Law of Love.* C. M.

1. POUR forth the oil,—pour boldly forth :
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.
2. Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
3. But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
4. For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give we cease to have ;—
Such is the law of love.

*R. C. Trench.*563. *Charity.* C. M.

1. O GOD ! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear !

2. Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.
3. Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn ;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.
4. When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind ;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.
5. But they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear visions as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.
6. All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee ;
Dear God ! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me !

R. W. Faber.

564.

Giving.

7.5.7.5.

1. **T**HINE are all the gifts, O God !
Thine the broken bread ;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

2. Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.
3. Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice ;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.
4. Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring ;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier.

565.

Stewardship.

S.M.

1. **WE** give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee ;
2. May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive ;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
3. O ! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold !
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
4. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5. The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing.

6. And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How.

566. *God is Love, and Love is God.* 8.6.8.4.

1. ETERNAL Love, increase within
 The love that saves the soul ;
 Subdue each rising pulse of sin,
 And make us whole.

2. These human hearts in weakness turn
 To Thee, O Love most strong !
 For help when passions fiercely burn,
 And work our wrong.

3. Let then Thine inward aid appear,
 Thy strength within our breast ;
 And we from ills, and pain, and fear,
 Shall triumph wrest.

4. May visions of Thine unseen good
 Lead where we blindly grope ;
 Reveal the world's beatitude,
 And boundless hope.

5. And may we always keep the sight
 Of this earth's heavenlier side ;
 See Love Divine maintain the right,
 Howe'er defied.

6. That God is love, and love is God,
 Only love's heart can know ;
 The roughest path man ever trod,
 This truth may show.

James Bell.

567. *Faith, Hope, and Love.* L.M.

1. **W**HAT though our hopes, once fair and bright,
 Have ended in a darksome night,
 Faith points us to another morn,
 All bright and radiant, though unborn.
2. What though in age we ne'er enjoy
 The dreams of youth without alloy,
 Still hope will brighten all our way
 And cheer us to life's latest day.
3. Greater than faith, or hope beside,
 Is love, which ever must abide.
 This turns life's wastes to fountains sweet,
 And lays its treasures at our feet.
4. Thus do these angels, given in life,
 Help us to bear its woes and strife ;
 And thereby is a foretaste given
 Of the delights and bliss of heaven.

The Kingdom of God on Earth.

568. *The Gain of Man.* L.M.

1. **O** SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
 Through present wrong, the Eternal Right ;
 And step by step since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man ;

2. That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.
3. We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvels here ;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.
4. Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
5. Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.

569.

Hope for Man.

L.M.

1. **T**HE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.
2. For man has striven ages long
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.
3. He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

4. But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now ;
Shall not the weary find a rest ?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou.
5. 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun ;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love ;
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

T. W. Higginson.

570.

The Holy Land.

C.M.

1. **WE** go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old ;
The Holy Land around us lies
Of which we have been told.
2. I see it when the morning sun
Doth rise o'er land and sea ;
The moon's mild beams, the silent stars
Reveal it unto me.
3. In all that's good, in all that's fair,
I see it's glory shine ;
As in the Holy Land of old,
The ancient Palestine.
4. And brighter yet, in days to come,
Shall shine its wondrous light,
Till all the earth is holy land,
With heavenly radiance bright.
5. We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old ;
The Holy Land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

Jones Very.

571.

Eden a Prophecy.

7s.

1. **A**LL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.
2. Eden, with its angels bold,
Love, and flowers, and purity,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.
3. In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.
4. When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.

Eliza T. Clapp.

572.

The City of God.

C.M.

1. **I**N Thee my powers, my treasures, live ;
To Thee my life must tend ;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend !
2. And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky,
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie ?
3. Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

4. Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

573.

Kingdom of our God.

S.M.

1. COME, kingdom of our God !
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
2. Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
3. Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth Thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
4. Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

J. Johns.

574.

Heaven is Here.

8.7.8.7.

1. HEAVEN is here : where hymns of gladness
Cheer the toiler's rugged way
In this world, where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.
2. Heaven is here : where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen ;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been ;—

3. Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
Are uplifted, cheered, and blest :
Where, in others' labours sharing,
We can find our surest rest ;—
4. Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod ;
This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

J. Quincy Adams.

575. *The Brighter Day.*

L.M.

1. BLEST be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown ;
We welcome now the brighter day,
And every faithless fear disown.
2. A tyrant God, the soul's despair,
No more beclouds our earthly lives ;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upwards strives.
3. In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope ;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.
4. Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul ;
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal.

F. H. Hedge.

576. *Life of Ages.*

7s.

1. LIFE of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty !

2. Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined :
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.
3. Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Shaping noblest thought and deed,
Still inspiring truth and good.
4. Consecrating heart and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.
5. Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty !

S. Johnson.

577. *The Descent of God on Man.*

S.M.

1. **S**END down Thy truth, O God !
Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod :
Thy truth, O Lord, send down !
2. Send down Thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be :
Thy Spirit, O send down !
3. Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife :
Thy living love send down !

4. Send down Thy peace, O Lord !
 Earth's bitter voices drown
 In one deep ocean of accord :
 Thy peace, O God, send down !

E. R. Sill.

578. *Thy Kingdom Come.* 7s. ✓

1. FATHER, let Thy kingdom come,
 Let it come with living power ;
 Speak at length the final word,
 Usher in the triumph hour.
2. As it came in days of old,
 In the deepest hearts of men,
 When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
 Let it come, O God, again.
3. Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
 Let them from their place be hurled ;
 Enter on Thy better reign,
 Wear the crown of this poor world.
4. O what long, sad years have gone
 Since Thy Church was taught this prayer ;
 O what eyes have watched and wept
 For the dawning everywhere.
5. Break, triumphant day of God,
 Break at last, our hearts to cheer ;
 Eager souls and holy songs
 Wait to hail Thy dawning here.
6. Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
 May they all for God be won ;
 And, in every human heart,
 Father, let Thy kingdom come.

J. P. Hopps.

579.

The City of God.

C.M.

1. CITY of God ! how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.
2. One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working hand, one harvest song,
 One King Omnipotent.
3. How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth !
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of freedom, love, and truth.
4. How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
 With never-fainting ray !
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day.
5. In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands ;
 Unharm'd upon the Eternal Rock
 The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

↓ 580.

Where is the City of God ? 6s. 6 lines.

1. O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor wall'd with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem
 God's own Jerusalem !

2. Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.
3. Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.
4. Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.
5. Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gather'd are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

581. *The City of our Dreams.* 8.7.8.7.

1. SING we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old ;
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.
2. Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls ;

Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns through all its halls.

3. We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones.
4. For that City we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief;
In it find the end of living,
And the anchor of belief.
5. And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.
6. It will last and shine transfigured,
In the final reign of Right;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler.

Death and Immortality.

582.

Evermore.

7.7.7.5.

1. **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!
2. When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

3. When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray ;—
Light for evermore !
4. When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !
5. When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore !
6. When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life ! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore !

J. Ellerton.

583. *The Rest of Immortality.* S.M.

1. **O** WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the *whole* of life, to live,—
Nor *all* of death, to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
4. Here would we end our quest :
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery.

584.

Life a Prophecy.

L.M.

1. **T**HOUGH home be dear, and life be sweet,
 And thankful hearts God's bounty greet,
 Yet rings at times the message clear,
 "Our souls' true city is not here."
2. 'Mid changing scenes of joy and pain,
 There comes again and yet again
 A vision of the changeless rest,
 Where God's own face shall make us blest.
3. And through the web of earthly life,
 Its grief and gladness, work and strife,
 There runs a thread divine, to tie
 Our Time-life to the life on high.
4. O help us, Lord, with thankful heart
 To grasp each day's eternal part,
 And build our home on that calm height
 Where saints do walk with Thee in light.

Ella S. Armitage.

✓ 585.

The God of the Living. L.M. 6 lines.

1. **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes
 Unveiled Thy whole creation lies !
 All souls are Thine : we must not say
 That those are dead who pass away ;
 From this our world of sense set free,
 Our dead are living unto Thee.
2. Released from earthly toil and strife,
 With Thee is hidden still their life ;
 Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,

All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
 For well we know, where'er they be,
 Our dead are living unto Thee.

3. Not spilt like water on the ground,
 Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
 Not wandering in unknown despair
 Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
 Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
 Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4. Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
 To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
 And thank Thee for the love that gave
 Thy Son to fill a human grave,
 That none might fear the world to see
 Where all are living unto Thee.

5. O Breather into man of breath,
 O Holder of the keys of death,
 O Giver of the life within,
 Save us from death, the death of sin ;
 That body, soul, and spirit be
 For ever living unto Thee !

J. Ellerton.

586. *The Rest after Death.* 10.6.10.4.

1. **T**HOU God of love ! beneath Thy sheltering wings
 We leave our holy dead,
 To rest in hope ! From this world's sufferings
 Their souls have fled !

2. O ! when our souls are burdened with the weight
 Of life and all its woes,
 Let us remember them, and calmly wait
 For our life's close !

Jane Euphemia Saxby.

587.

Life Hid in God.

7s.

1. **L**ET my life be hid in Thee,
 Life of life, and Light of light !
 Love's illimitable Sea !
 Depth of peace, of power the Height !
2. Let my life be hid in Thee,
 When my foes are gathering round ;
 Covered with Thy panópy,
 Safe within Thy holy ground.
3. Let my life be hid in Thee ;
 From vexation and annoy ;
 Calm in Thy tranquillity,
 All my mourning turned to joy.
4. Let my life be hid in Thee ;
 When my strength and health shall fail,
 Let Thine immortality
 In my dying hour prevail.
5. Let my life be hid in Thee ;
 In the world, and yet above ;
 Hid in Thine eternity,
 In the ocean of Thy love.

J. B. Clipstone.

588.

The Cry of Frailty.

6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. **L**OWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to Thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are Thine.

2. O Father ! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !
3. By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !
4. Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

Felicia D. Hemans.

589.

Onward.

8.7.8.7.

1. **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
2. Clear before us through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
3. One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

4. One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
5. One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
6. One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.
7. Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould.

590.

The Angels of the Home.

C.M.

1. **O** NOT when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs !
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.
2. At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room :
And happy spirits' noiseless feet
Come brightening through the gloom.
3. We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came ;
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name !

4. This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
A moment may destroy :
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.
5. Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come ;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When God doth call us home !

J. Wilson.

591. *Quiet from the Fear of Evil.*

C.M.

1. **I** LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.
2. I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
3. And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
4. And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
5. I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. Whittier.

592.

Thoughts of Heaven.

S.M.

1. COME to me, thoughts of heaven,
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.
2. Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven !
3. Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts, and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory shower
Your soft, effacing rain ;
4. Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine,—
O blessed thoughts of heaven !

Felicia Hemans.

593.

The Communion of the Faithful.

7s.

1. THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?
2. Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill ;
One in heart, and one in love,
We below, and they above.

3. Yet in song, and sigh, and prayer,
Each with other hath a share ;
With each other join they here,
In affection, doubt, and fear.
4. So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work, and join their praise ;
Blessèd pledge that we shall be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.

I. M. Neale.

594. *Light at Evening Time.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **A**T evening time—when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose ;
To crown my faith before the night,—
At evening time let there be light !
2. At evening time—when labour's past ;—
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way ;
Now let the parting hour be bright,
At evening time let there be light !
3. God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee ;
I trust His promises sublime !
His glory now is risen on me !
His full salvation is in sight,—
At evening time, there now is light.

G. Rawson.

595. *Faith without Sight.* L.M.

1. **N**O angel comes to us to tell
Glad news of our belovèd dead ;

Nor at the old familiar board
They sit among us breaking bread.

2. Three days we wait before the tomb,
Nay, life-long years ; and yet no more,
For all our passionate tears, we find
The stone rolled backward from the door.
3. Yet are they risen as He is risen ;
For no eternal loss we grieve.
Blessèd are they who ask no sign,
And, never having seen, believe.

Lewis Morris.

596.

Pilgrimage.

7.7.7.7.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways !
2. We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
4. Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
5. Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !

John Cennick, 1742.

597.

One Family.

C.M.D.

1. COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and Heaven, are one.
2. One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
3. Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die ;
His militant embodied host
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
4. Our old companions in distress
We hope again to see,
And quietly wait for our release
And full felicity :
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the pure triumphant bands
On the eternal shore.

C. Wesley.

598. *The Cloud of Witnesses.* 8.8.6.8.8.6

1. **O**FT, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.
2. Faithless and blind, we cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond the senses' ken ;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and men ;
3. And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.
4. With patience, then, we run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
In quiet hope and power ;
Cast off the sins that check our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.
5. For heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road :
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

Stopford A. Brooke.

599.

The Longing for Death.

C.M.

1. **H**OW gently flow the silent years,
The seasons one by one !
The feeling grows each month that goes
That life must soon be done.
2. O weary ways of earth and men !
O self more weary still !
How vainly do you vex the heart
That none but God can fill !
3. It is not weariness of life
That makes us wish to die ;
But we are drawn by cords which come
From out eternity.
4. Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,
No heart of man can tell
The store of joys God has prepared
For those who love Him well.
5. O may those joys one day be ours,
Upon that happy shore ;
And yet those joys are not enough,
We crave for something more.
6. Yea ! peace is something more than joy,
Even the joys above ;
For peace of all created things,
Is likest Him we love.
7. But not for joy, nor yet for peace,
Dare we desire to die ;
God's will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquillity.
8. To die, that we might sin no more,
Were scarce a hero's prayer ;

And glory grows as grace matures,
And patience loves to bear.

9. And yet we long and long to die,
We covet to be free ;
Not for Thy great rewards, O God !
Nor for Thy peace—but Thee !

F. W. Faber.

600.

The Final Rest.

L.M.

- 1 **O** FAITHFUL heart ! sweet peace hast thou
In God's eternal bosom now !
Dust sinks to dust in calm repose ;
Into its rest the spirit goes.

2. The love that was thy life while here
Is now thy heavenly atmosphere ;
God's heaven enspheres us round, and thou
In Him, art nearer to us now.

3. So then we cry, Farewell and Hail !
Brave heart, thy work shall never fail,
And we who here a friend deplore,
Have gained in heaven one angel more.

Charles T. Brooks.

601.

From God to God.

9.8.9.8.8.8.

- T**O Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain ;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content—for Thou art ever nigh.

G. Neumarch.

602. *The Day of Death.* 7.7.7.

1. **T**HOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
"Thou must rise and come away :
2. All thy other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."
3. Day, deep hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?
4. Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear ?
5. Come thou must, and we must die :
God our helper ! stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

R. C. Trench.

603. *A Requiem.* 7.6.7.6.D.

- i. **I**NTO the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved !
And we were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shadows,
And dost possess the Deep.
2. Now we can see thee clearly ;
The dusky cloud of clay
That hid thy starry spirit
Is rent and blown away :

To earth we gave thy body,
 Thy spirit to the sky,
 We saw its bright wings growing,
 And knew that thou must fly.

3. Now we can love thee truly,
 For nothing comes between
 The senses and the spirit,
 The seen and the unseen ;
 Lifts the eternal shadow,
 The silence bursts apart,
 And the soul's boundless future
 Is present in the heart.

James Russell Lowell.

604.

The Silent Land.

L.M.

1. **G**OD giveth quietness at last !
 The common way once more is passed
 From pleading tears and lingerings fond,
 To fuller life and love beyond.
2. What to shut eyes hath God revealed ?
 What hear the ears that death hath sealed ?
 What undreamed beauty, passing show,
 Requires the loss of all we know ?
3. O silent land, to which we move,
 Enough, if there alone be love !
 And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
 What it is waiting to bestow !

J. G. Whittier.

605.

The Evening of Life.

11.10.11.6.

1. **W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,
 And, in the winds from unsunned places blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown ;

2. Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

3. Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4. I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy spirit
In that dread hour my sinking heart uphold ;
Then my frail life in Thine, though nought I merit,
For evermore unfold.

J. G. Whittier and W. Whitwell.

606. *The Shadows of Death.* 7.6.7.6.

1. SLOWLY, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on ;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink the setting sun.

2. So, round my path, life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw ;
And, as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

3. Yet still, amid the darkness,
I feel the light is near ;
And, in the awful silence,
God's voice I seem to hear.

4. His voice I hear above me ;
It says—Wait, Trust, and Pray ;
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day.
5. Father ! the light and darkness
Are both alike-to Thee :
Then, to Thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.
6. That great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud,
But I nothing doubt, nor tremble ;
God's bow is on the cloud.
7. To Him I yield my spirit ;
On Him I lay my load ;
Fear ends with death ; beyond it
I nothing see but God.
8. Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait His call,
Seeing and fearing nothing,
Hoping and trusting all.

Samuel Greg.

607. *The Loneliness of Death.*

C.M.

1. THOU must go forth alone, my soul ;
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
2. Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale ;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

3. Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above ;
But shrink not ; He hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.
4. His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

M. A. Jevons.

608.

Our Dead.

C.M.

1. **W**E cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with us no more ;
Along the path of life we tread,
They have but gone before.
2. The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond our vision dim ;
All souls are His, and here or there,
Are living unto Him.
3. And still their silent ministries
Within our hearts have place,
As when on earth they walked with us
And met us face to face.
4. Ours are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

609.

Fought a Good Fight.

7s.

1. **C**ALMLY, calmly lay him down :
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

2. Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long toilsome years.
3. All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
These the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.
4. Meek and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.
5. Hoping, trusting, lay him down.
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

William Gaskell.

610.

The Death of a Comrade.

C.M.

1. CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry;
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.
2. We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
3. We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard:
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

George Rawson.

611.

Trust in Death.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
2. If death shall bruise this springing seed,
Before it come to fruit ;
The will with Thee goes for the deed ;
Thy life was in the root.
3. If in the path of grief I tread,
Christ's footsteps too are there ;
Those footsteps take away my dread,
For I His light shall share.
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
5. My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

612.

The Vision of Faith.

S.M.

1. **M**Y Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

2. Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
3. Yet clouds will intervene
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
4. Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.
5. Beneath its glowing arch
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see angelic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
6. I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
7. Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

James Montgomery.

613.

The New Jerusalem.

C.M.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?


2. Oh happy harbour of the saints !
Oh sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
3. There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
4. Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
5. Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.
6. Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !
7. Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
8. Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow ;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.
9. There trees for evermore bear fruit
And evermore do spring ;

There evermore the saints do sit,
And evermore they sing.

10. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

"F. B. P.," 1616.

614. *The Heavenly City.* C.M.

1.  SHINING city of our God,
And shall we see thee here—
Thy pearly gates and golden streets ?
It doth not yet appear.
2. O healing tree of twelvefold fruit !
O river pure and clear !
And shall we touch, and shall we taste ?
It doth not yet appear.
3. O crowned and white-robed choir on high,
Our elder brethren dear !
And shall we blend our songs with yours ?
It doth not yet appear.
4. O rainbow throne ! O court of Heaven !
And are ye truly so ?
Or signs of things we cannot yet
In faintest semblance know ?
5. For Thine appearing, Lord, I wait :
Be this enough for me,
If I may see Thee as Thou art,
And then be like to Thee !

John Ellerton.

615. *The Paths of Death.* 8.6.8 8.6.

1. **H**OW pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 Like the bright, slanting west,
 Thou ledest down into the glow
 Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
 Ever from toil to rest.

2. How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 Thither where sorrows cease,
 To a new life, to an old past,
 Softly and silently we haste
 Into a land of peace.

3. How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 E'en children, after play,
 Lie down without the least alarm,
 And sleep in thy maternal arm
 Their little life away.

4. How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 Straight to our Father's home :
 All loss were gain that gained us this—
 The sight of God, that single bliss
 Of the grand world to come !

F. W. Faber.

616. *Memories of the Dead.* C.M.D.

1. **I**T singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.

They throng the silence of the breast ;
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

2. 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down :
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But O, 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore ;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more.

3. More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there ;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore ;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

617. *All Live unto God.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
 Safe in Thine own eternity,
 Our dead are living unto Thee.
 Hallelujah !

2. All souls are Thine, and, here or there,
 They rest within Thy sheltering care ;
 One Providence alike they share.
 Hallelujah !

3. Thy word is true, Thy ways are just ;
Above the requiem, "Dust to dust,"
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

Hallelujah !

4. O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed !
Living or dying they are blest.

Hallelujah !

F. L. Hosmer.

618. *Love Stronger than Death.* C.M.

1. **T**HEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow successive train ;
To memory's heart—a gathered band—
Our lost ones come again.
2. Their spirits up to God we gave,
Our eyes by tears made dim,
Confiding in His power to save,
For all do live to Him.
3. Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond time's lone and dreaded brink
Their deathless dwellings lie.
4. Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disavow ;
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now ?

5. Our Father, give them alway rest
And portion with the blest ;
O pity where they went astray,
And pardon e'en their best.
6. As they may need still deign to bring
The helping of Thy grace,
The shadow of Thy guardian wing
Or shining of Thy face.
7. For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace,
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

N. L. Frothingham.

619. *Partakers of the Divine Nature.* L.M.

1. GOD of our fathers ! in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day ;
2. Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of Thee,
Which makes Thy children in all time
To share Thine own eternity.

J. Pierpont.

620. *Trust and Hope.* C.M.

1. MY God, I rather look to Thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

2. I seek not of Thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow ;
3. What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind ;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.
4. O sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with Thee alone.
5. In Thee, my powers, my treasures live ;
To Thee my life must tend ;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend.

Eliza Scudder.

621.

Thine for Ever.

7s.

1. **T**HINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.
2. Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Keep us in the righteous way,
Bring us to the realms of day.
3. Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4. Thine for ever ! Father keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care ;
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5. Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

622.

All Saints.

10.10.10.4.

1. **F**OR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.

Alleluia !

2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

Alleluia !

3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

4. O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

6. The golden evening brightens in the west :
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

W. W. How.

623. *All Saints.* 11. 11. 10. 10.

1. SING with our might and uplift our glad voices ;
 Sing while the heart with thanksgiving
 rejoices ;
 Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
 Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.
2. Thanks to the Lord for His prophets and sages,
 Thanks for the saints He hath raised in all ages ;
 Hark to their voices ;—they utter One Name ;
 One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.
3. Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
 Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
 Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
 Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.
4. From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,
 Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken ;
 One holy army, one glorious cry,—
 On earth be peacefulness, praises on high.

J. V. Blake.

624. *The Reformers.* L.M.

1. FOR all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
 With lifted song and bended knee ;
 But now our thanks are chiefly poured
 For those who taught us to be free.

2. For when the soul lay bound below
 A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
 And none Thy word of truth could know,
 O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds,
3. Thy strength, O Lord, in that dark night,
 By mouths of babes Thou didst ordain ;
 And Thy free truth went forth with might,
 Not empty to return again.
4. With lifted song and bended knee,
 For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord ;
 But chief for those who made us free,
 The champions of Thy holy word.

J. Freeman Clarke.

625.

The Martyrs.

6.4.6.4.

1. **S**ING of the martyr host,
 All who have died,
 Counting for God well lost
 Earth's bliss and pride.
2. Their names are names of kings
 Of heavenly line ;
 The pride of earthly things
 They dared resign.
3. They bore the Spirit's sword
 And faith's strong shield ;
 They fought for God the Lord
 On many a field.

4. Though hard their earthly lot,
'Mid hate and scorn,
In life regarded not,
In death forlorn ;
5. Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days ;
Only man's blame below ;
Above, God's praise.
6. So did the life of pain
In glory cease ;
Lord God, may we attain
Their home of peace !

S. J. Stone.

626. *Hymn for All Saints' Day. 8.7.8.7.7.7.*

1. PRAISE Him, world without beginning,
First that left our Father's hand,
Primal souls unsoiled by sinning
Ere the younger Earth was manned ;
Ye the full-come kingdom share,
Praise Him, all ye saints that were.
2. Praise Him, world that now is going
Wrapt in dusty raiment still ;
Purer than we dream of, glowing
Like the snows on early hill :
True the vision, though afar—
Praise Him, all ye saints that are.
3. Praise Him, world with judgment ending,
Praise Him, ye that shall be born ;
Clouds of souls henceforth ascending
Ever till the general morn ;
Wider, wiser Church I see—
Praise Him, all ye saints to be.

4. Way, and truth, and life discerning
 Are they few whom Christ has saved?
 Christ an answer now returning
 Points to those His love has layed;
 Oh that, as Time's river rolls,
 All the saints were all the souls!

W. Philpot.

627. *The Church Triumphant.* 6.6.8.6.8.6.8.7.

1. **S**TAND up before your God,
 A multitude so bright,
 Saints, martyrs, and confessors all
 In radiant robes of white;
 The Church below would join you now,
 And her sad soul would raise
 From earthly tears and gloomy fears
 In a glorious act of praise.
2. Ye,—in the rest of God;
 We, by His holy will,
 As parts of the great armament
 On distant service still.
 A weary band, in foreign land,
 Long exile we may see,
 But faith can rise to yon fair skies,
 For a while with you to be.
3. Ye,—in the light of God,
 Safe hushed from all alarm,
 Out of the wild and surging waves,
 Have passed into the calm;
 No sinful stain, no grief, no pain,
 Can ever mar your hymn;
 But fears of death they cloy our breath,
 And the mists around are dim!

4. So I stand before your God
 In beautiful array,
 Sound your uplifted trumpets loud
 In your triumphant way;
 Your fight is done, your victory won,
 Yours is the "Morning Star";
 The sea of glass gleams as ye pass,
 And we hear your songs afar!

G. Rawson.

628. *Our Heavenly Friends.*

L.M.

1. COME, let us sing a tender song
 Of those our glances seek in vain!
 Dear heavenly friends! the way is long
 On which we meet them not again.
2. But still in memory's silent deeps
 Their spirits pure with us abide;
 And faithful love its secret keeps
 Of things beyond the parting tide.
3. The prophets grave and deep and wise,
 Whose words like silver clarions rung;
 The happy saints whose memory lies
 Safe-folded in the psalms they sung;
4. And those whom beauty's perfect round
 Enticed away with glowing heart;
 They who in lowly service found
 With silent joy the better part;
5. And those clear souls whose shining face
 Made brightness wheresoe'er they came;
 Hearts full of tenderest love and grace,
 For truth and right a glorious flame,—
6. Come, let us sing a tender song
 Of these and all our good and true

Within the veil ! God make us strong
Such work as theirs to greatly do.

J. W. Chadwick.

629.

All Saints.

S.M.

1. **F**OR all Thy saints, O Lord !
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
2. For all Thy saints, O Lord !
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
3. They all, in life and death
With Thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
4. For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

R. Mant.

630.

Destiny.

C.M.

1. **F**ATHER and God, mine endless doom
Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is,
Till at Thy bar I stand.
2. Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy good will !
I, in my helpless ignorance,
Must trustfully lie still.
3. What can I do but trust Thee, Lord ?
For Thou art God alone !

My soul is safer in Thy hands,
 Father ! than in my own.

4. That Thou art God is my one joy,
 Whate'er Thy will may be,
 Thy glory will be magnified
 In Thy last doom of me !

F. W. Faber.

631. *The Song of Jubilee.*

1. **H**ARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 "Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah !" let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2. "Hallelujah !" Hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies ;
 See ! the battle flags are furled,
 Pain and evil cease to move ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His love.

3. He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away !
 Hallelujah, 'neath His rod
 Death and sin and hell shall fall,
 Hallelujah ! Man in God,
 God in Man, be all in all.

James Montgomery and Stopford A. Brooke.

632. *Our Home with God.*

L. M.

1. **A**LL countries are my Father's lands :
 Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all ;
 We may in all lift up pure hands,
 And with acceptance on Thee call.
2. Those banish'd are that go from Thee,
 Strange to Thy service, love, and grace ;
 And, lost in sin, do never see
 Thy kingdom, or their Father's face.
3. May but my soul dwell near my God,
 And walk with Him in faith and love,
 No matter where be my abode,
 Still in His glory must I move.
4. O loose these chains of sin and flesh ;
 Enlarge my heart in Thy commands :
 Could I but love Thee as I wish,
 How light would be all other bands.

*Richard Baxter.*633. *The Larger Hope.*

L. M.

1. **O** YET we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
2. That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.
3. Behold, we know not anything ;
 We can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

A. Tennyson.

634. *Final Restoration.* 10. 10. 10.

1. FATHER of all—we urge as our strong plea—
Thou lovest all ; Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.
2. All souls are Thine : the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.
3. Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame,
and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.
4. Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal,
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?

J. G. Whittier.

635. *The Victory of Hope.* P.M.

1. K NOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.
2. What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth ;
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.
3. Why fear the night ? Why shrink from death,
That phantom wan ?
There is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath,
Save God and man.
4. And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care ;
Round the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And God is there !

J. G. Whittier.

The Church and its Work.

636.

The Church of Christ.

C.M.

1. **T**HE Faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey ;
The holy dead of every time—
The Church of Christ are they.
2. The saints who die and leave us now,
The good of long ago ;
Women and men, and children young,
Still living here below,
3. Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One common voice of prayer.
4. Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head
In truth and purity !
5. Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words,
How tender in our love !
6. So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in His members blest,
To lead us in His Church on earth
Safe to His Church at rest !

637.

The Holy Catholic Church.

C.M.

1. **O**NE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
2. From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,

One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

3. Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart, her baptised ones ;
Love, her communion cup.

4. The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errand swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.

5. O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

Samuel Longfellow.

638. *The God of our Fathers.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ✓

1. **W**E come unto our fathers' God ;
Their rock is our salvation ;
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation ;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.
2. Their joy unto their God we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth ;
The Spirit who in them did sing,
To us His music lendeth :
His song in them, in us, is one ;
We raise it high, we send it on,
The song that never endeth.
3. Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour !

Unbroken be the golden chain !
 Keep on the song for ever !
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver ! *T. H. Gill.*

639.

Church Anniversary.

C.M.

1. **W**E love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God :
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.
2. Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face ;
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place ;
3. And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal God to cheer
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.
4. From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found
 Which filled their homes again.
5. For faith and peace and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above,
 Springs from the life below.
6. They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 Yet here their children pray,
 And in this fleeting life-time trust
 To find the narrow way.

7. And now on us, while here we stand,
 Thy blessing still let fall ;
 And still reveal Thy pure command,
 O Heart that lovest all. *R. W. Emerson.*

640. *Commemoration.* 8.6.8.4.

1. **W**ITHIN our fathers' house of prayer,
 Our fathers' God, we raise A
 To Thee, Almighty and All-wise,
 Our psalm of praise.
2. We bless Thy holy name that they
 Of old were led by Thee,
 To love Thy Word, and seek the truth
 That maketh free ;
3. To choose the life of sovereign aim,
 And high desire that turns
 From worldly meed of wealth and fame,
 And wisdom learns.
4. The goodly heritage they left
 Is ours by Thy decree ;
 And ours to make it goodlier still,
 And worthier Thee.
5. Let Thy great Spirit with Thy light
 Illume our onward way,
 And shine until we reach the realm
 Of perfect day. *R. Herbert Story.*

641. *Church Anniversary.* 8.6.8.8.6.

1. **A**NOTHER year of labour gone,
 And now, O Lord, we meet
 To bless Thee for the light that shone
 And led us with its radiance on,
 And brought us to Thy feet.

2. To Thee we raise no mournful song,
No note of sad despair,
But joyful praise from heart and tongue ;
For all our hopes to Thee belong,
All mercies rich and rare.
3. As in a land of summer flowers,
Our steps have wander'd free ;
And glad and bright have been the hours
When we have felt our noblest powers
Awake to follow Thee.
4. Thy waters clear have sung in rills
Beside our dusty way,
And borne the music of the hills
Along the vale of human ills,
A song of golden day.
5. O Father, help Thy people here,
As oft in seasons gone,
To hear the voice that conquers fear
And fills the soul with heavenly cheer,
While months and years roll on.
6. For Thine is all the work we do,
All light and grace are Thine ;
From day to day our faith renew
And keep us to the truth more true,
More full of Love Divine.

James Bell.

642.

Church Anniversary.

S.M.

1. COME to Thy house, O King !
To Thee Thy people kneel :
Accept the homage that they bring,
And all Thy grace reveal.

2. For many years this ground
Service and song hath known,
From hearts that sought Thee in the sound
Of worship all their own.
3. The ancient and the new
The ordered and the free,
The elders' trust, the prophets' view,
Blend in our rites to Thee.
4. And still let age to age,
Through triumph and through loss,
Walk by that pure and hallowed page,
Dear Saviour, to Thy Cross.
5. Bind by the Gospel's tie
The future to the past,
And, as the father's earliest cry,
Hear Thou the children's last.

643.

Past and Present.

L. M.

1. **T**HOU glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day !
2. We thank Thee for the joy sublime
Of years so radiant with Thy power,
That all the best of endless time
Seems granted to the fleeting hour.
3. We praise Thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above ;
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

4. We bless Thee for the friends we miss,
Who made our peace and stilled our pain ;
We trust Thee tenderly for this,
To bring us to their arms again.
5. We magnify Thy holy name ;
And, while in Thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills through praise and blame
To do the bidding of Thy voice.

J. W. Chadwick

644. *From Generation to Generation.*

1. **O** LIGHT, from age to age the same,
For ever living Word,—
Here have we felt Thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.
2. Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.
3. What visions rise above the years !
What tender memories throng !
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song.
4. Vanish the mists of time and sense ;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providenee
Holds all for evermore.
5. Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose love and hope and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

6. Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide :
 While systems rise and fall,
 Faith, hope, and charity abide,
 The Heart and Soul of all.

F. L. Hosmer.

645. *Church Anniversary.* L.M.

1. O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain
 Come not upon the earth in vain,
 Now let Thy quickening word come down
 The worship of this hour to crown.
2. O hear this church renew its vow,
 Its solemn consecration now,
 To work, with heart and soul and might,
 For truth and freedom, love and right ;
3. To listen with a willing faith
 To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,
 And year by year to be more true
 To Him who maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

646. *Brotherhood.* L.M.

1. HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds ;
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.
2. To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous care, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

3. Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt, and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4. Though death the earthly bond shall rend,
Their severed spirits then ascend,
And in the blissful realms above,
Again unite in endless love. *Anna L. Barbould.*

647. *The Purpose of a Church.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **T**O Light, that shines in stars and souls ;
To Law, that rounds the worlds with calm ;
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyrs' prayer and angels' psalm,—
These walls are wed with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not built with hands.
2. Here be the wanderers homeward led ;
Here living streams in fulness flow ;
And every hungering soul be fed
That yearns the Eternal Will to know ;
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To Mammon's lust and slavery's lie.
3. Speak, Living God, Thy full command,
Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour ;
And sow, mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years. *Samuel Johnson.*

648. *Catholic Love.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. **W**EARY of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes, and names,

To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Whose love my simple heart inflames,
 Divinely taught at last I fly,
 With Thee and Thine, to live and die.

2. Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
 Parties and sects I leave behind ;
 Enlarged my heart, and free my thought,
 Whene'er the latent truth I find ;
 The latent truth with joy to own,
 And bow to Jesus' name alone.

3. My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,
 Who do my Heavenly Father's will ;
 Who aim at perfect holiness,
 And all Thy counsels to fulfil ;
 Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,
 And love their God with all their heart.

4. From these, howe'er in flesh disjoined,
 Where'er dispersed on earth abroad,
 Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
 And constant as the life of God—
 Fountain of life from whence it sprung,
 As pure, as even, and as strong. *C. Wesley.*

649.

The Faithful.

C.M.

1. COME, let us join with faithful souls
 Our song of faith to sing,
 One brotherhood in heart are we,
 And one our Lord and King.
2. Faithful are all who love the truth
 And dare the truth to tell,
 Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
 And strive to serve Him well.

3. And faithful are the gentle hearts
To whom the power is given,
Of every hearth to make a home,
Of every home a heaven.
4. Oh mighty host ! no tongue can tell
The numbers of its throng ;
No words can sound the music vast
Of its grand battle-song.
5. From step to step it wins its way
Against the hosts of sin ;
Part of the battlefield is won,
And part is yet to win.
6. Then join with faithful heart and strong,
And bravely onward go ;
The triumphs that await us yet
Are greater than we know.

W. S. Tarrant.

650.

Our Heritage.

7s.

1. **H** EIR of all the ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought !
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought !
2. Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way ;
All their labours, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.
3. Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears ;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years ;

4. Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons hath given ;
5. Aspirations pure and high ;
Strength to do and to endure ;
Heir of all the ages, I—
Lo, I am no longer poor !

Julia C. R. Dorr.

651.

Our Debt to the Past.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. **T**O us have distant ages
Bequeathed their noblest thought ;
For us have holy sages
God's hidden wisdom sought ;
The truth of ancient teachers
Is precious to us still,
The words of ancient preachers
With sacred passion thrill.
2. Not dear their lives accounting,
The martyrs' blood hath flowed ;
Their spirits heavenward mounting,
The path to light have showed ;
Sublime their holy daring,
Its fruits to us belong—
Their faith and freedom sharing,
Their triumph and their song.
3. Bright are their deeds in story !
We hail, with homage due,
The imperishable glory
Of the brave, the good, the true ;

In love their names enshrining,
 We take the blessing given ;
 Our lives, with theirs entwining,
 We give to truth and heaven.

S. Wolcott.

652.

A Prayer for Unity.

7S. D.

1. **L**ORD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the church below,
 Steadfast may we cleave to Thee;
 Love the mystic union be.
 Join our faithful spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to Thine ;
 Lead us through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.
2. Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide :
 Placed according to Thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
 Never from our office move ;
 Needful to each other prove ;
 Use the grace on each bestowed,
 Tempered by the art of God.
3. Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy :
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee :
 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
 Rendered all distinctions void :
 Names, and sects, and parties fall,
 Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

C. Wesley.

✓ 653. *A Prayer for Unity.* 108. 6 lines. ✓

1. **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way ;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day ;
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

2. We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
 The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son ;
 Descend, O Holy Spirit ! like a dove,
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
 As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend ;
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3. We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
 One in the power that makes Thy children free,
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4. O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine.
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;
 We ask no victories that are not Thine.
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

654. *A Prayer for Peace.* 108.

1. **R**ESTORE, O Father, to our times restore
 The peace which filled Thine infant church
 of yore,

- Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.
2. O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart ;
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
 3. From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread the universal day ;
And faith by love lead all mankind to Thee,
Parent of peace, and Fount of harmony !

Marie Popple.

655.

The Work of the Church.

S.M.

1. **T**HOU, whose glad summer yields
Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
Bless Thou the harvesting.
2. Thy Church must lead aright
Life's work, left all undone,
Till founded fast in love and light,
Earth home to heaven be won.
3. Grant, then, Thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour ;
Through speech and deed the living word
Find utterance with power,
4. To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth ;
5. That in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in the storm.

S. Johnson.

656. *A Prayer for all Teachers.* 9.8.9.8.8.8.

1. **O** LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing
Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might Thy glory half have known ;
But Thou in Christ hast made us Thine,
And on us all Thy beauties shine.
2. Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold ;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old ;
Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.
3. Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth ;
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth ;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.
4. Grant us, O Lord ! in patience gleanings,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store ;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of all Thy Word's divinest lore ;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.
5. Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free ;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee ;
Keep Thou our souls, or there, or here,
In mightiest love, that casts out fear.

E. H. Plumptre.

657. *Home Missions.*

L.M.

1. **L**OOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might ;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.
2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
3. Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
4. Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
5. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

*W. C. Bryant.*658. *God of our Salvation.* H.I.I.I.I.5.

1. **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.
2. See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling ;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3. Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
 Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
4. Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

Latin, tr. P. Pusey.

659.

Foreign Missions

6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. THOU, whose almighty word,
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;
 And where the Gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

2. Thou who didst come to bring,
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O now, to all mankind,
 Let there be light.

3. Spirit of truth and love,—
 Life-giving, holy Dove,—
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.

J. Marriott.

660. *Gather us in.* 10.10.10.10.4.

1. **G**ATHER us in, Thou Love that fillest all ;
 Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold ;
 Rend each man's temple-veil, and bid it fall,
 That we may know that Thou hast been of old :
 Gather us in.
2. Gather us in : we worship only Thee ;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
 In diverse forms a common soul we see ;
 In many ways we seek one promised land :
 Gather us in.
3. Thine is the mystic life great India craves ;
 Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam ;
 Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves ;
 Thine is the empire of vast China's dream :
 Gather us in.
4. Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride ;
 Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves ;
 Thine is Judea's law with love beside,
 The truth that censures and the grace that saves :
 Gather us in.
5. Some seek a Father in the heavens above ;
 Some ask a human image to adore ;
 Some crave a Spirit vast as life and love :
 Within Thy mansions we have all and more :
 Gather us in.

G. Matheson.

661. *The Spread of the Gospel.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **P**OUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man,
 Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll :

Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2. On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee !
3. Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread,
With all the civil virtues in thy train :
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
And Christ, the true Emancipator reign !
4. Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :
Proclaim them all thine own—'tis Christ's com-
mand !

Thomas Alfred Ashworth.

662. *Let the People praise Thee.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.
2. Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3. Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
 God to man His blessings give ;
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte.

663. *The Induction of a Minister.* C.M.

1. O FATHER of the living Christ,
 Fount of the living Word !
 Pour on the shepherd and the flock
 The Spirit of the Lord.
2. Amid this mingled mystery
 Of good and ill at strife,
 Help them, O God, in Him to find
 The Way, the Truth, the Life.
3. That way together may they tread,
 That truth with joy receive,
 That life of heaven, on earth begun,
 Through cloud and sunshine live.
4. One may they be in faith and hope,
 As one in works of love,
 Till all be one in Christ and Thee
 In the great Church above.

Wm. Newell.

664. *The Ordination of a Minister.* 10.6.10.6.

1. CHRIST to the young man said, "Yet
 one thing more ;
 If thou would'st perfect be,

Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me."

2. Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said ;
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.
3. And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
" Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve ? "
4. Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.
5. O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the belovèd John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on.

H. W. Longfellow.

665. *The True Priest.*

1. **L**ORD, who dost the voices bless
Crying in the wilderness,
And the lovely gifts increase
Of the messengers of peace,
Thou whose temple is with men,
Show us Thy true priest again.

2. In the holy place may he
Thy immediate presence see ;
Or through barren deserts led,
Show Thy people heavenly bread,
While his lips, at Thy control,
Warn, instruct, inspire, console.
3. Give him for his priestly dress
Faith and zeal and righteousness.
Then, lest all Thy gifts be lost,
Breathe Thy gift of Pentecost,—
Love, whose many-languaged fire
Finds each listening soul's desire.

Theodore C. Williams.

666. *A Prayer for Ministers.*

L. M.

1. **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine ordainèd servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
2. Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be !
3. Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;
4. To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep :

5. Then, when their work is finished here,
 In humble hope their charge resign.
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God, may they and we be Thine !

James Montgomery.

667.

Meeting of Ministers.

C.M.

1. OUR Father Thou ! in joyful trust
 Thy servants gather here,
 And worship Thee, O Pure and Just,
 With love that casts out fear.
2. One by the tie of brotherhood,
 We bow in grateful prayer ;
 One people, work, and daily life,
 Held in Thy constant care.
3. With all our varying shades of thought,
 One Lord, one faith, we own,
 Build as we may, with differing gifts,
 On Christ, the Corner-stone.
4. To Thee are known our spirits' needs ;
 And, whether large or small,
 We lift to Thee our several cups,
 And Thou dost fill them all.
5. Lord, grant that we take with us home
 New knowledge of life's scope,
 Still readier will for kindest deeds,
 Still larger trust and hope !

668.

The Dedication of a Church.

L.M.

1. ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,
 Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee ;

And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

2. Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.
3. In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small ;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.
4. O Father ! deign these walls to bless ;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness :
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

J. G. Whittier.

669. *The Dedication of a Church.* L.M.

1. **O** GOD, accept the gift we bring,
This house of prayer at last complete ;
Now as a grateful offering
We gladly lay it at Thy feet.
2. All was Thine own ere it was ours,
And since 'tis ours 'tis Thine the more,
For we are Thine, and all our powers,
O Thou, our Life, whom we adore.
3. Long be these walls a loving home,
Where rich and poor shall brothers be ;
Where strife and envy may not come ;
Where all may dwell in charity.
4. Long be this spot a sacred place,
Where burdened hearts shall meet to pray,
Look upward to a Father's face,
And find their burdens melt away.

5. This church we dedicate to Light,
 To Light of Truth, and Light of Love,
 To Hope, to Faith, to Prayer, to Right,
 To man on earth, to God above.

J. T. Sunderland.

670.

Parting.

6.6.8.4.

1. **W**ITH the sweet word of peace
 We bid our brethren go ;
 Peace, as a river to increase,
 And ceaseless flow.
2. With the calm word of prayer
 We earnestly commend
 Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
 Eternal Friend !
3. With the dear word of love
 We give our brief farewell ;
 Our love below and Thine above,
 With them shall dwell.
4. With the strong word of faith
 We stay ourselves on Thee :
 That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
 Their help shalt be.
5. Then the bright word of hope
 Shall on our parting gleam,
 And tell of joys beyond the scope
 Of earth-born dream.
6. Farewell ! in hope and love,
 In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
 Till He, whose home is ours above,
 Unite us there !

G. Watson.

671. *Benediction.* 7.6.7.6.

1. **T**HE Lord God bless and keep thee,
And make His face to shine
Upon thee, till His glory
Reflected is in thine.
2. The Lord be gracious to thee ;
Thy daily needs supply ;
Sustain thee when way-weary,
Nor let thy cruse run dry.
3. His countenance upon thee
The Lord lift up, and give
Thee peace through all thy journey,
And all thy past forgive.
4. And be His love thy solace,
Thy never-failing store ;
The perfect rest of perfect peace
Be thine for evermore.

*J. B. Greenwood.*672. *Benediction.* 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. **G**OD be with thee ! Gently o'er thee
May His wings of mercy spread ;
Be His way made plain before thee,
And His glory round thee shed !
Safely onward
May thy pilgrim feet be led !
2. God be with thee ! With thy spirit
His abiding presence be,
Till thy heart that peace inherit
God alone can give to thee !
His indwelling
Help, and heal, and set thee free.

Theodore C. Williams.

Holy Communion.

673. *Humble Confession.* 10. 10. 10. 10.

1. NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs,
With trembling hand that from Thy table fall;
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
2. I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board ;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
3. My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee :
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord ! let me sup with Thee ; sup Thou with me.

*E. H. Bickersteth.*674. *Communion.* 10. 10.

1. THOU art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed ;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.
2. Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.
3. Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.
4. In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.
5. Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and guide.
6. Oh, lead us daily, with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Thomas R. Birks.

675.

Remembering Christ.

7s.

1. **F**ATHER, while we break this bread,
And Thy Christ remember thus,
Make us one with Him, our Head,
Thou in Him, and He in us.
2. While to lips with praise that glow,
This Communion cup we press,
Holy Father, let us grow
More like Him we here confess.
3. Reconcile us by Thy Son,
In whose name on Thee we call;
Make us perfect, all in one—
We in Him, and Thou in all.

676.

Communion.

C.M.

1. **A** HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.
2. O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee nor Thine.
3. But by the Cross of Jesus taught,
And by Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

A. A. Livermore.

677.

Remembering Christ.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **W**HEN arise the thoughts of sin;
When the world our hearts would win;

When to selfish pleasure given,
 Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—
 Lord, we would remember Thee :
 Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

2. When, with footsteps faint and slow,
 Duty's upward path we go ;
 When, by toils and hardship pressed,
 Round we turn to look for rest,—
 Lord, we would remember Thee :
 Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

3. When the way grows dark and drear ;
 When, beset by doubt and fear,
 We can see no beam of light
 Struggling through the thickening night,—
 Lord, we would remember Thee :
 Thou our Comforter wilt be.

W. Gaskell.

678.

Remember Me.

C.M.

1. “REMEMBER Me,” the Saviour said,
 On that forsaken night,
 When from His side the nearest fled,
 And death was close in sight.
2. Through all the following ages' track,
 The world remembers yet ;
 With love and longing gazes back,
 And never can forget.
3. But none of us has seen His face,
 Or heard the words He said ;
 And none can now His looks retrace
 In breaking of the bread.

4. O blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe Him still !
They know Him, when His praise they mean,
And when they do His will.
5. We hear His word along our way ;
We see His light above ;—
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

N. L. Frothingham.

679.

Communion.

C.M.

1. **B**E known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart ;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
2. There sup with us in love divine ;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

J. Montgomery.

680.

The Sacred Vow.

C.M.

1. **B**EFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow ;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.
2. The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.
3. Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true ;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

4. Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.
5. O Father, pardon all the past ;
Give back Thy wasted grace ;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

681.

The Living Bread.

6s.

1. **T**O sacrifice—to share,—
Giving as Jesus gave,—
For others' wants to care,
Not our own lives to save,—
2. This is the living bread,
Which cometh down from heaven,
Wherewith our souls are fed,—
The pure, immortal leaven.
3. The hidden manna this,
Whereof who eateth, he
Grows up in perfectness
Of Christ-like symmetry.
4. Who seeks this bread shall be
Nor stinted nor denied :
Our hungry souls in Thee,
O Christ, are satisfied !

682.

The New Commandment.

C.M.

1. **B**ENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

2. O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not e'en the lifted Cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.
3. Let but His spirit be our own,
Then swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

683.

One Life.

C.M.

1. **P**LANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, in humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord !
2. Joined in one body may we be ;
One inward life partake ;
One be our hearts, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
3. In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

Samuel F. Smith.

684.

The Bread and Water of Life.

C.M.

1. **O** GOD, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessèd rest art Thou !
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

2. All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.
3. O welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above.
4. Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. Longfellow.

685.

Remembrance.

C.M.

1. ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
2. Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy Testamental Cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
3. Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember Thee.
4. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

J. Montgomery.

686. *Before Communion.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen :
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
2. Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
3. This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me :
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar.

687. *After Communion.* 10.10.10.10.

1. **T**OO soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone :
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
2. Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar.

688. *Food Celestial.* 8.7.8.7.

1. **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine forever.

2. Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !
6. And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

689.

Heavenly Food.

C.M.

1. **U**NTO Thy holy table, Lord,
Our heads and hearts bowed low,
Where Thou dost heavenly food afford,
We come Thy grace to know.
2. We do not ask how it can be,
That Thou Thyself should'st give
Unto our inmost souls ; but we
Receive Thee here and live.

3. Oh, dwell within us when we turn
Back on our earthly way,
And may we by Thy presence learn
To serve Thee more each day.

690.

The Cure of Sorrow.

11.10.

1. COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish !
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
3. Here see the Bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore and T. Hastings.

691.

Spiritual Fellowship.

8s.

1. WE join with all, in every place,
Who celebrate the undying grace
That bowed in death to save our race :
With all, upon the land and sea,
That lowly bend the adoring knee,
And, Saviour, now remember Thee :
2. With all in chamber lone that make
Their prayer, in pause of pain, and break
The bread, and of the cup partake :

With all, in reverent throngs, that now
 Within Thy Temple loving bow,
 And breathe the sacramental vow :

3. With all our kin beyond the foam
 Who find, though in far lands they roam,
 Still in Thy love their life, their home :
 We join with all, where'er they be,
 Who bend commemorative knee,
 And now in love remember Thee.

G. T. Coster.

692. *The Communion.*

C.M.

1. YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
 Who round His table draw ;
 Remember what His spirit was,
 What His peculiar law.
2. The love which all His bosom filled
 Did all His actions guide ;
 Inspired by love He lived and taught,
 Inspired by love He died.
3. Let each the sacred law fulfil,
 Like His be every mind ;
 Be every temper formed by love,
 And every action kind.
4. Let none who call themselves His friends
 Disgrace the honoured name,
 But by a near resemblance prove
 The title which they claim.

693. *The Song of the Redeemed.*

C.M.

1. SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
 A multitude unknown.

2. Life's poor distinctions vanish here :
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,—
One Shepherd and one fold.
3. Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.
4. "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."
5. "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"
6. Now hallelujah, power and praise,
To God in Christ be given,
By all who tread these earthly ways,
And all the blest in heaven.

James Montgomery.

694. *The Master's Prayer.* C.M.

1. **M**ET here in peace to think of Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours ;
No selfish love shall come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
2. "No, not for these alone I pray !"
Our dying Master said ;
Though on His breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head ;

3. Though to His eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round Him hung,
His words of love to hear.
4. No, not for these alone : He prayed,
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.
5. Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His meal of love to share ;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of His prayer !

Emily Taylor and S. A. Brooke.

695.

Shelter.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
2. Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain :
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Reginald Heber.

696.

Communion.

9.8.9.8.

1. BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead :

2. Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber.

697.

The Mind of Christ.

7s.

1. FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
2. Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
3. Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod ;
Die with Jesus on the Cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

J. Montgomery.

698.

Discipleship.

C.M.

1. O GOD, accept the sacred hour
Which we to Thee have given ;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.
2. Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of Thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what He has done.

3. His true disciples may we live,
 From all corruption free,
 And humbly learn like Him to give
 Our powers, our wills to Thee.

S. Gilman.

699.

Abide in me.

108.

1. **A**BIDE in me, O Lord, and I in Thee !
 From this good hour, O leave me never more !
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.
2. Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
 Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of
 sin ;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.
3. Abide in me ; there have been moments blest,
 When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power,
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
4. These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;
 Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
 Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
 Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee !

Harriet B. Stowe.

700.

Walk in the Light.

C.M.

1. **W**ALK in the light, so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
3. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.
4. Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

B. Barton.

Holy Baptism.

701.

Baptism of a Child.

S.M.

1. **T**O Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.
2. Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.
3. O then let Thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like showers, from above,
To freshen and make clean.

James Freeman Clarke.

702.

Baptism of Children.

S.M.

1. **T**O Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to His breast,
We bring these children home.
2. To Thee, O God ! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.
3. And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy holy Spirit grant, O Lord !
To keep them pure as snow.

James Freeman Clarke.

703.

In the Threefold Name.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1. **O** FATHER, in Thy Father's heart
We know our children have their part ;
We sign them in Thy threefold Name,
And by the sprinkled water claim
Thy covenant in Christ revealed
To us and to our children sealed.
2. Name of the Father ! pledge that we
Our inmost being draw from Thee ;
Name of the Son ! whereby we know
The Father's love to men below ;
Name of the Spirit ! blessèd sign
That now we share the life divine.
3. Fulfil Thy covenant of love ;
Baptize our children from above !
Thy best, Thy highest gift impart,
The blessing of a childlike heart,
And mould them through life's strain and stress,
To the full growth of perfectness.

Ella S. Armitage.

704.

Adult Baptism.

C.M.

1. **W**HEN from the Jordan's gleaming wave
Came forth the sinless One,
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,
"Lo, my beloved Son!"
2. The Baptist, gazing on His face
With the soul's radiance bright,
Beheld upon His sacred head
A snow-white dove alight.
3. Now, with baptismal waters touched,
Thy children, Father, see ;
While heart and soul, and mind and strength,
They consecrate to Thee.
4. Send down on them Thy holy dove,
Thy spirit undefiled ;
Be each in purity and faith
Thy well-beloved child.
5. Oh, help them in the wilderness
To conquer doubt and sin,
To see above them still Thy peace,
And hear Thy voice within.

Samuel Longfellow.

705.

Religious Education.

C.M.

1. **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
2. He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace ;

And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
4. Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

Isaac Watts.

706. *Intercession for Children.*

7-4.

1. **S**TANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them ;
Oh ! we know not what of harm
May betide them ;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them ;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.
2. When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them ;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them ;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them ;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3. Unto Thee we give them up,
 Lord, receive them ;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them—
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them :
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

W. C. Bryant.

707.

The Ascent of Faith.

C.M.

1. **W**E bless Thee, Lord, for each dear link
 That binds our souls to Thee ;
 How sweet on all Thy grace to think,
 Bestowed so variously.
2. Of godly forefathers to know,
 And elder saints discern ;
 With hymns inspired of yore to glow,
 From olden books to learn !
3. We thank Thee that a mother's love
 Unfolded Love divine ;
 How tenderly Thy handmaid strove
 To make us early Thine !
4. Thine early grace our thanks doth raise
 That bade us heavenward yearn,
 That made us glad to sing Thy praise,
 And glad Thy ways to learn.
5. We bless the tender pains that sought
 Our young, soft souls to win,
 Until Thy Spirit strongly wrought
 And sweetly reigned within.

T. H. Gill

708. *Confirmation or Dedication Service.*

7·7·7·7·7·

1. **W**HEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,
Feeling Thee, their Father, near ;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
To their help Thy Spirit send.
2. When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might ;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.
3. When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride—
Lest they grow self-satisfied—
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.
4. When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts ;
When their first warm faith departs ;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
Keep them faithful to the end.
5. Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or, if wounded, some should fall
Ere the victory be won ;
For the name of Christ Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
And in death Thy comfort lend.

Frances M. Owen.

709.

Marriage.

11.10.

1. **O** PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.
2. O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy Blomfield.

710.

Marriage.

8.6.8.4.

1. **E**TERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
 The worlds in ordered course,
 And works in human hearts its way
 With sacred force ;
2. To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
 This solemn, joyful hour,
 And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift,
 For marriage dower.
3. Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
 That bind two souls in one ;
 Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
 Thy heaven begun.

4. O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love ;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.
5. Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on Thine altar glowed
Shall light the home. *Ella S. Armitage.*

Morning Hymns.

711. *Awake, my Soul.* L.M.

1. **A**WAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.
2. Wake and lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
3. All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
4. Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken, 1637.

712.

The Gift of Light.

L.M.

1. **L**ORD God of morning and of night !
 We thank Thee for Thy gift of light :
 As in the dawn the shadows fly,
 We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
2. Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
 Fresh force to do our daily part ;
 Thy slumber-balms our strength restore
 Throughout the day to serve Thee more.
3. Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
 Oft what we would we cannot do ;
 The sun may stand in zenith skies,
 But on the soul thick midnight lies.
4. O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
 Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own :
 Though this new day with joy we see,
 Great dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !
5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
 Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
 Till psalm and song His name adore
 Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

713.

The Daily Opportunity.

L.M.

1. **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !

Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2. New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
3. New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
4. If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
5. Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
6. The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
7. Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

714.

Morning Praise. 10.10.10.10.6.

1. **F**OR the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,—

For the new miracle of dawning light,
 Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
 We thank Thee, O our God !

2. For the fresh life that through our being flows
 With its full tide to strengthen and to bless—
 For calm sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
 To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
 We praise Thee, O our God !
3. Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
 Tells of Thy power and glory. So would we,
 Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
 Or at still eve, upon the bended knee,
 Adore Thee, O our God !
4. Thou know'st our needs, Thy fulness will supply ;
 Our blindness,—let Thy hand still lead us on,
 Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
 Our prayer, one only, " Let Thy will be done !"
 We breathe to Thee, O God !

W. H. Burleigh.

715.

Early Morning Hymn.

S.M.

1. SWEETLY the holy hymn
 Breaks on the morning air ;
 Before the world with smoke is dim
 We meet to offer prayer.
2. While flowers are wet with dews,
 Dew of our souls, descend ;
 Ere yet the sun the day renews,
 O Lord, Thy Spirit send !
3. Upon the battlefield,
 Before the fight begins,
 We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
 To guard us from our sins.

4. On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
5. O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail ;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. Spurgeon.

716. ✓ *A Morning Song.* C.M.

1. ○ LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.
2. I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind !
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.
3. Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.
4. Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead ;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.
5. Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

G. Macdonald.

717. *The Day's Beginning.* S.M.

1. BEGIN the day with God !
He is thy rising sun ;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
His the fresh day begun.
2. Sing a new song at morn ;
Join the glad woods and hills ;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains ;
Join the bright flowers and rills !
3. Awake, cold lips, and sing ;
Arise, dull heart, and pray ;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
Brush slothfulness away !
4. Cast every weight aside ;
Do battle with each sin ;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within !
5. Look up beyond these clouds,
Thither thy pathway lies ;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies !

*H. Bonar.*718. *Daily Bread.* L.M

1. O God, Thou giver of all good !
Thy children live by daily food ;
And daily must the prayer be said,
" Give us this day our daily bread ! "
2. The life of earth and seed is Thine ;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine ;
Thou art in all ; not e'en the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.

3. What large provision Thou hast made !
As large as is Thy children's need :
How wide Thy bounteous love is spread !
Wide as the want of daily bread.
4. Since every day by Thee we live,
May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive ;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

Samuel Longfellow.

719. *Noonday.* L. M.

1. **H**IGH in the heaven th' industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
2. Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
3. Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth.

720. *Morning, Noon, Evening.* L. M.

1. **T**HE morning walks upon the earth,
And man awakes to toil and mirth ;
All living things and lands are gay—
Dear God, walk with me through the day.
2. Sweet is the breathing of the world,
As in Thy love it lies enfurled ;
And blue and clear the immortal sky ;
'Tis thine, and Thine its purity.

3. Now noon sits throned, her golden urn
Pours forth the sunshine ! Laugh and burn
Cornland and meadow, lake and sea !
Lord of my life, pour love on me.
4. Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,
The labour of the world is still ;
Homeward I go, and muse of Thee—
Father of Home, abide with me.
5. Now droops the dark, but worlds of light,
Hidden by day, fulfil the night !
Infinite Stillness, silent sea
Of Truth and Power, flow over me.
6. O Thou, whose love the night has made
Outwearied earth and man to aid ;
Who givest labour, and then rest,—
Give me the peace that fills Thy breast.

Stopford A. Brooke.

721.

Morning Prayer.

C.M.

1. O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.
2. May this desire my spirit rule ;
And as the moments fly
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.
3. Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete.
4. That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

Frances A. Percy.

722.

Another Day.

L.M.

1. O GOD ! I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light ;
O God, I thank Thee that I live !
2. That life I consecrate to Thee ;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank Thee for another morn.
3. Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.
4. Another day to do, to dare ;
To tax anew my growing strength ;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

723.

Light.

C.M.

1. O LORD, our God, O Light of light,
Who art Thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of night ;
Be with us while we pray.
2. Who madest all, and dost control,
Lord, with Thy touch divine,
Cast out the slumbers of the soul,
The rest that is not Thine.
3. Each sin to Thee of years gone by,
Each hidden stain lies bare ;
We shrink not from Thine awful eye,
But pray that Thou wouldst spare.

4. Redeemer ! send Thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in Thee.

Roman Breviary, tr. J. H. Newman.

724. *The Light of the Lord.* II. IO. II. IO.

1. **N**OW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee ;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee,—
2. To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.
3. Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still ;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
4. So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

725. *Daily Need.* L.M.

1. **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high ;
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
2. May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3. O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure ;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.
4. So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His name for vict'ry gained.

St. Ambrose, tr. J. M. Neale.

726. *God's Blessing on the Day.* C.M.

1. **N**OW that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the Uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
2. No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
3. And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

St. Ambrose.

727. *The Light of God's Face.* 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. **F**ATHER of world and soul,
Changeless while ages roll,
Boundless in grace !
Who, with Thy strength and rest,
Quickenest and quietest,
Now in each yearning breast
Unveil Thy face !

2. Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all Nature still
Life, light, and bloom !
Now, with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with Thy heavenly day
Our souls illumine !
3. Spirit, in whom we live !
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts Thy rest !
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer Thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest.
4. And when the Eternal Morn,
From death's deep night shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father ! Thy Word, Thy Breath,
Thy Christ, who conquereth
Sorrow and sin and death,
Our trust shall be.

Charles T. Brooks.

728.

Still with Thee.

II. IO. II. IO.

1. **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh—
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee
2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3. Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and
heaven.
4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet therepose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
O ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

729.

Another Blue Day.

6.5.6.5.

1. SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?
2. Out of eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity
At night will return.
3. Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.
4. Here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Thomas Carlyle.

Evening Hymns.

730.

Evening.

7s.

1. SLOWLY, by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness, O how still
Is the working of Thy will !
2. Mighty Maker! Here am I,
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
3. From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars. A wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.
4. Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.
5. Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.
6. Thou, who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too,
May the perfect peace of God,
Here, as there, be shed abroad.
7. Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the Universe around.

W. H. Furness.

731. *Divine Protection.* 10.10.10.4.

1. **T**HE night is come, wherein at last we rest ;
 God orders this and all things for the best !
 Beneath His blessing, fearless may we lie,
 Since He is nigh.
2. Drive evil thoughts and passions far away ;
 O Father, watch o'er us till dawning day,
 Body and soul alike from harm defend,
 Thine angels send !
3. Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
 Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee ;
 In all serve Thee ; in every deed and thought
 Thy praise be sought.
4. Give to the sick, as Thy beloved, sleep ;
 And help the captive, comfort them who weep ;
 Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe ;
 Keep far our foe.
5. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom come ;
 Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home ;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever ! Amen.

Hymn of the Bohemian Brethren.

732. *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

1. **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light !
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
2. The moments that to waste have run,
 The ills that I this day have done,
 Forgive, that with myself and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !
4. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.
5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and saints, His name adore
With praise and joy for evermore !

Thomas Ken.

733.

An Evening Blessing.

8.7.8.7.

1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, who never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the heavenly morn awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston.

734.

The Evening Hour.

L.M.

1. SWEET evening hour, sweet evening hour !
That calms the air, and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.
2. O season of soft sound and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too sacred to repeat !
3. Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
Open the quiet of Thy light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.
4. Be with us in this evening time
When feelings flow and wishes climb ;
Thy Care disperse our earthly care ;
Hear, and receive our parting prayer.

H. F. Lyte.

735.

The Evening Sacrifice.

6.4.6.6.

1. THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
2. As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3. So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.
4. So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
5. Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
6. Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Trans. from Latin, E. Caswall.

736.

Evening Prayer.

7.6.7.6.8.8.

1. **T**HE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Saviour, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.
2. The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to Thee ;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Saviour, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night !

3. The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be :
 O Saviour, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night !
4. Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 O gracious Saviour hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

St. Anatolius. Trans. J. M. Neale.

737.

Evening Praise. 7.7.7.7.4.7.7.7.4.

1. **D**AY is dying in the west ;
 Heaven is touching earth with rest :
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee !
 Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
 O Lord most high !
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe, Thy home,
 Gather us, who seek Thy face,
 To the fold of Thy embrace,
 For Thou art nigh.
 Holy, holy, etc.
3. While the deepening shadows fall,
 Heart of Love, enfolding all,

Through the glory and the grace
 Of the stars that veil Thy face
 Our hearts ascend.
 Holy, holy, etc.

4. When, for ever from our sight
 Pass the stars—the day—the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end.
 Holy, holy, etc. *Mary A. Lathbury.*

738. *Return of the Dove.* 6.6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. FINDING no place of rest,
 Safe from the swelling tide,
 The dove resought her nest
 At eventide ;
 Cleaving the tempest dark
 With eager flutt'ring wing,
 Steadfast to gain the Ark
 Ere sun setting.
2. From fruitless earthly quest,
 And hopes by fears betrayed,
 Seeking, like her, the rest
 From which I've strayed—
 Over the wintry wold,
 Over the wreck-strewn sea,
 Through dangers manifold,
 Up-borne by Thee,
3. Father, I homeward fly,
 Longing Thy face to see,
 And lose, without a sigh,
 Myself in Thee !

Weary of wanderings,
Yearning to be at rest,
And fold my drooping wings
Upon Thy breast.

4. See how the floods prevail,
Mocking my labouring flight !
Break through these clouds that veil
Thee from my sight !
Rebuke these spectral fears,
The brooding darkness smite ;
Speak, Lord ! Thy servant hears,
Let there be light !

5. Burdened with many cares,
Helpless to Thee I cling ;
Wilt Thou not heed my prayers
For strengthening ?
Put forth Thy hand to guide ;
Nerve Thou my failing might ;
Help, Lord, the sea divide—
Hold back the night !

6. Carest Thou not to save ?
Uphold my feeble will ;
And to the threatening wave,
Say, " Peace, be still !"
And when, at eventide,
Love's olive leaf I win,
Lord, open Thy heart wide,
And take me in !

J. B. Greenwood.

739. *Day and Night.* 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

1. GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May Thine angel-guard defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us
 This livelong night.

2. When we in the morn awaken,
 Guide us Thy way,
 Keep our love and truth unshaken
 In work and play ;
 In our daily task be near us,
 In temptation keep and hear us,
 And with holy counsel cheer us
 The livelong day.

3. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie :
 Thou wilt not in death forsake us,
 But to fuller life wilt wake us,
 And to nobler service take us
 With Thee on high.

R. Heber, S. A. Brooke, R. Whately.

740. *The Silent Night.* 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. SOFTLY the silent night
 Falleth from God,
 On weary wanderers
 Over life's road :

And as the stars on high,
 Light up the dark'ning sky,
 Lord, unto Thee we cry,—
 Father above !

2. Slowly on failing wing
 Daylight has passed ;
 Sleep, like an angel kind,
 Folds us at last,
 Peace be our lot this night,
 Safe be our slumber light,
 Watched by Thy angels bright,
 Father above !

3. And when the gleam of morn
 Touches our eyes,
 And the returning day
 Bids us arise,—
 Happy beneath Thy will,
 Steadfast in joy or ill,
 Lord, may we serve Thee still,
 Father above !

A. N. Blatchford.

741.

Evening Prayer.

4.4.4.4.4.4.

1. **P**RAY, children ! pray,
 While night comes on !
 Pray God to bless,
 In tenderness,
 Each weary one !
 Pray, children ! pray !

2. Rest ! calmly rest
In silence all !
For bird and flow'r,
At twilight hour,
To slumber fall.
Rest ! calmly rest !
3. Dream ! softly dream
Of happy days—
Of blessings sent—
Of life well spent,
To God's high praise !
Dream ! softly dream !
4. Sleep ! safely sleep
Without one fear !
For night and day,
In love always,
The Lord is near !
Sleep ! safely sleep !

A. N. Blatchford.

742.

In Sleep.

L.M.

"He giveth His beloved in sleep."

1. NOT in our waking hours alone
His constancy and care are known,
But locked in slumber fast and deep
He giveth to us while we sleep.
2. What giveth He? From toil release,
Quiet from God, night's starlit peace ;
Till with the coming of the morn
We greet the day, like it new-born.
3. And in the sleep that we call death
He sleepeth not, nor slumbereth,
But still sustains the silent soul
Until the shadows backward roll.

4. What giveth He? No more again
To know the touch of mortal pain ;
All weakness past, each fetter riven,
For earth the larger life of heaven.
5. Still let us say the ancient words
" In life, in death we are the Lord's,"
And trust all to His love to keep,
Who giveth to His own in sleep.

F. L. Hosmer.

743. *Evening Intercessions. 7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.*

1. **G**OD'S bright temple in the skies,
Night is op'ning slowly ;
Let our song like incense rise
From a priesthood holy.
Sacred flame,
In Christ's name,
In our censers laying,
We come humbly praying.
2. For our loved ones all we pray ;
Thou God, looking hither,
See'st the near and far away
In one glance together !
Seen by Thee—
They and we,
Both that One Eye under,
Are not far asunder.
3. When the sailor on the deep
Rests on his rude pillow,
Rocked a little hour to sleep
On the heaving billow ;
Save ! Lord, save
From storm wave :
Guide with gentle motion
O'er the pathless ocean.

4. Where the sick lie wearily,
Tossing in their sorrow,
Murm'ring oft the plaintive cry—
Would that it were morrow !
Oh ! repress
Sore distress :
Give them calm sweet sleeping
In their night of weeping.
5. Where the tempted may have strayed
Into scenes of danger,
Let not virtue be betrayed—
Rise, Lord, to defend her !
With strong arm
Shield from harm,
Or from the trial, rather,
Keep them, Holy Father !
6. Where the penitent has gone,
To his chamber weeping,
Leave, ah ! leave him not alone,
Bitter vigil keeping :
Breathe, O Lord,
Some soft word,
All that true peace speaking,
His vexed heart is seeking.
7. Star lamps now are filled with fire,
Heaven's broad dome revealing ;
Lord, we are a lowly choir,
At Thy threshold kneeling,
Yet our song
Ev'n among
Angels' songs ascending,
Holds Thine ear attending.

W. B. Robertson.

744. *Sun of our Souls.* L.M.

1. **S**UN of our souls, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servants' eyes.
2. When with dear friends we converse hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
O let our hearts within us burn,
And ever more of God discern.
3. Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without Thee we cannot live ;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
5. Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

745. *Abide with Me.* 10s.

1. **A**BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !
5. Hold Thou the Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte.

746. *Light at Evening-time.* 7-7-7-5.

1. **H**OLY Father, cheer our way
 With Thy love's perpetual ray :
Grant us every closing day
 Light at evening-time.

2. When youth's brightness disappears,
 Heal our sorrows, calm our fears ;
Grant us in our later years
 Light at evening-time.

3. Great Life-giver be Thou nigh
 When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
 Light at evening-time.

4. Then rejoicing more and more,
We shall see, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore

Light at morning-time.

R. H. Robinson and Stopford A. Brooke.

747. *Evening Prayer.* 8.3.3.6.

1. **E**RE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
2. O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender ?
3. Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.
4. Visit me with Thy salvation ;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.
5. Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.
6. So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

J. Cennick.

748. *The Peace of Evening.* 12.11.12.11

1. **H**OW calmly the evening once more is descending,
 As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer ;
 O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending,
 May we and our households continue to share !
2. The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open :
 O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;
 The silence and smile of His love are the token,
 Who now for all comers invitingly waits.
3. We come to be soothed with His merciful healing ;
 The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day ;
 We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
 With thanks for the past ; for the future we pray.
4. Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ;
 Sustain us in work till the time of our rest ;
 When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
 Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

T. T. Lynch.

749. *Evening Prayer.* C.M.

1. **O** GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
 Into the sunless way,
 Who, with Thy sweet repose, dost crown
 The labour of the day.
2. Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
 With Thy forgiveness dear ;
 That so the thing that might have been,
 To-morrow may appear.
3. And when my thought is all astray,
 Yet think Thou on in me ;
 That with the new unsullied day
 My soul wake fresh and free.

4. And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me ;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards Thee.

George Macdonald.

750.

Light at Evening-Time.

L.M.

1. **O** THOU true life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day !
2. Thy light upon our evening pour ;
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Roman Breviary.

751.

Evening.

7s.

1. **N**OW that day its wings has furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon Thy breast.
2. All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright ;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of Thine everlasting light.
3. If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise ;
And Thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.
4. But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me Thy peace impart ;
Give to Thy beloved sleep.

5. So when morning, with his wing,
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing—
“God has turned my night to day.

Stopford A. Brooke.

752.

Week-Evening Service.

7s.

1. NOT one day alone shall be
Given, O God of love, to Thee ;
Work and rest alike are Thine ;
Brighten all with love divine.
2. Through the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek :
'Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.
3. O what snares our path beset !
O what cares our spirits fret !
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.
4. Thou hast set our daily task ;
Grace and strength from Thee we ask ;
Thou our joys and griefs dost send ;
To Thy will our spirits bend.
5. Still in duty's lowly round,
Be our patient footsteps found ;
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

W. W. How.

753.

Week-Evening Service.

C.M.

1. BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space,
From daily tasks set free,

And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2. Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
3. Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
4. Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
5. Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know ;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
6. Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done ;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

J. Ellerton.

754.

Week-Evening Service.

L.M.

1. **T**HE sun is gone, the long clouds break
And sink adown his golden wake ;
Behold us met, now work is done,
To seek Thy grace at evensong.

2. Break to us, dealer of man's bread,
Food fresh from heaven as manna spread,
Lest of the poisonous fruits of death
Eat the sad soul that hungereth.
3. We would not meagre gifts down-call,
When Thou dost yearn to yield us all ;
But for this life, this little hour,
Ask all Thy love and care, and power.
4. Show us Thy pureness here, on earth ;
Into Thy kingdom give us birth.
We would not wish or dare to wait
In better worlds a better state.
5. But save us now, and cleanse us now ;
Receive each soul, and hear its vow :
" My Father's God, on Thee I call,
Thou shalt be my God, and my All."

Jean Ingelow.

755.

Evening Prayer.

C.M.

1. **A**S darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.
2. Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
3. We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4. For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of Love !
5. We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all,
Wilt hear us when we pray.

756. *The Shadow of Thy Wing.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. O SHADOW in a sultry land !
We gather to Thy breast,
Whose love enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest ;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.
2. From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow ;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.
3. That which the garish day has lost,
The twilight vigil brings :
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.
4. Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies ;

Serene, above its fading glow,
 Night, starry-crowned, arise ;
 So beautiful may heaven be
 When life's last sunbeam dies.

C. M. Packard.

757. *No Night there.* 8.8.8.4

1. **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store ;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.
2. Our life is but a fading dawn,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past ;—
 Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
 Safe home at last ;—
3. Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;
4. Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall ;
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all. Amen.

Godfrey Thring.

758. *The Heavenly Guest.* 108.

1. **O** LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
 The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
 Be with me also in the silent night,
 Be with me when the daylight fades away.

2. As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest ;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.
3. How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
But, if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.
4. Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.
5. Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin !

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.

Sunday Morning Hymns.

759.

Day of Rest.

108.

1. **H**AIL, holy rest ! calm herald of that day,
When all the toils of time shall pass away ;
First gift of God, as life on earth began,
We welcome thee, O Sabbath made for man !
2. Lord of the Sabbath, lift our hearts to Thee,
That in Thy light we now may all things see ;
By Thee created, loved, redeemed, and blest,
In Thee alone is everlasting rest.

3. Now on the way to our eternal home,
To Thee, true Sabbath of our souls, we come ;
In all our path, though countless mercies shine,
The glory and the brightness, Lord, are Thine.
4. If in the cool of day we find Thee near,
Thy voice awakes no dark foreboding fear ;
We hear Thy step in every rustling breeze,
Thy shadow glances from the waving trees.
5. Our land enjoys her Sabbaths, Lord, and still
Thy peace on earth breathes soft from vale to hill,
Yet lives the hope, wherever man hath trod,
A rest remaineth for the sons of God !

William J. Irons.

760.

Day of Rest.

8.6.8.4.

1. **H**AIL ! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free ;
Hail ! quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.
2. A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.
3. All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.
4. For those, who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

5. Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
 That Thou this day hast given,
 Sweet foretaste of that endless day
 Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring.

761.

The Sabbath.

7.6.7.6. D

1. **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
 Breaks o'er the earth again,
 As some sweet summer morning
 After a night of pain ;
 It comes as cooling showers
 To some exhausted land ;
 As shade of clustered palm-trees
 'Mid weary wastes of sand.
2. Lord ! we would bring for offering,
 Though marred with earthly soil,
 A week of earnest labour,
 Of steady, faithful toil ;
 Fair fruits of self-denial,
 Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
 In our humility.
3. And we would bring our burden
 Of sinful thought and deed,
 In Thy pure presence kneeling,
 From bondage to be freed ;
 Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
 For all Thy work undone—
 So many talents wasted !
 So few bright laurels won !
4. And with that sorrow mingling
 A stedfast faith, and sure,

And love so deep and fervent,
 That tries to make it pure :—
 In His dear presence finding
 The pardon that we need ;
 And then the peace so lasting—
 Celestial peace indeed !

Ada Cross.

762. *The Consecrated Day.*

108.

1. **A** GAIN returns the day of holy rest
 Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
 blest,
 When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.
2. Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn His will, and all we learn obey,
 In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer.
3. So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
 That only tribute man has power to give ;
 So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.
4. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
 guide ;
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
 Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

W. Mason.

763. *Day of Calm.*

S.M.

1. **D** EAR, hallowed, peaceful day !
 With thee comes purest bliss ;

- What treasure on life's rugged way
Find we so fair as this?
2. Like little isles of heaven,
Scattered through life's rough seas :
All round them beat the waves, storm-driven ;
All calm and still on these.
 3. Sweet day of rest and calm,
With heavenly sunshine bright ;
Whose very air is healing balm
To those who use thee right !
 4. The world is hushed ; the din
Of work-day life is o'er :
The weary sights and sounds of sin
Distract the sense no more.
 5. We hear the blessed word,
We bend the knees and pray :
Oh, may our very souls be stirred
To listen and obey !
 6. Blest days that help us on
Along the heavenly road ;—
Steps ever upward,—one by one,—
Into the rest of God !

764.

Day of Meditation.

C.M.

1. ○ DAY to sweet religious thought
So wisely set apart,
Back to the silent strength of life
Help, Lord, my wavering heart.
2. Nor let the obtrusive lies of sense
My meditations draw
From the composed, majestic realm
Of everlasting law.

3. Break down whatever hindering shapes
 I see, or seem to see ;
 And make my soul acquainted with
 Celestial company.

4. Beyond the wintry waste of death
 Shine fields of heavenly light ;
 Let not this incident of time
 Absorb me from their sight.

Alice Cary.

765.

Hail, Holy Light.

9.8.

1. **H**AIL, holy Light ! the world rejoices
 As morning breaks and shadows fly ;
 All nature blends her myriad voices
 To greet the dayspring from on high.
2. Break forth in glory far excelling,
 O Light eternal, Love divine !
 Let Thy bright beams, all shades dispelling,
 Around us and within us shine.
3. The heavenly hosts fall down before Thee,
 And " Holy " cry, nor ever rest ;
 The saints on earth with them adore Thee,
 Creator, Saviour, Spirit blest !
4. O God, if we could duly praise Thee,
 Could we but speak the love we see,
 As sweet a song as angels raise Thee
 Our Sabbath morning hymn should be.
5. Accept, O Father, we entreat Thee,
 The worship which Thy children bring ;
 Oh grant us grace in heaven to greet Thee,
 And with all saints Thy love to sing.

Edwin P. Parker.

766.

The First of Days.

S.M.

1. **T**HIS is the day of Light !
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Dayspring rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
2. This is the day of Rest !
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.
3. This is the day of Peace !
 Thy Peace our spirits fill !
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
4. This is the day of Prayer !
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.
5. This is the first of days !
 Send forth Thy quick'ning breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of Death ! *J. Ellerton.*

767.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. **C**OME, Holy One, in love ;
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray :
 Divinely good Thou art ;
 Thy sacred gifts impart
 To gladden each sad heart,
 O come to-day !
2. Come, truest Friend, and best,
 Our most delightful guest,
 With soothing power ;

Rest which the weary know,
 Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
 Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
 Cheer us this hour !

3. Come, Light serene and still,
 Our inmost bosoms fill ;
 Dwell in each breast ;
 We know no dawn but Thine ;
 Send forth Thy beams divine
 On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest.

4. Exalt our low desires ;
 Quench reckless passion's fires ;
 Heal every wound :
 Our stubborn spirits bend ;
 This icy coldness end ;
 Our wayward steps amend,
 While heavenward bound.

Robert II. of France, tr. Ray Palmer.

768. *Sunday Morning.*

C.M.

1. **O** FATHER ! though the anxious fear
 May cloud to-morrow's way,
 Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
 All shall be Thine to-day.
2. We will not bring divided hearts
 To worship at Thy shrine ;
 But each unholy thought departs,
 And leaves the temple Thine.
3. Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
 Of earth and folly born ;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.

4. At least until to-morrow wait ;
 Keep back your harsh control ;
 To-day ye shall not desecrate
 The sabbath of the soul.

A. L. Barbault.

Emily Taylor.

769.

Joy in God.

8.8.8.8.6.

1. **O**N this, the holiest and best
 Of earth's dim days—the day of rest ;
 O, let my happy portion be
 To find supreme delight in Thee,
 In Thee, my God, in Thee.
2. These precious hours I would improve
 In fervent prayer, in sacred love ;
 From earth's distracting pleasures flee,
 To find my every joy in Thee,
 In Thee, my God, in Thee.
3. When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,
 With deep distress my guilt I own,
 O, let my contrite spirit see
 What boundless mercy dwells in Thee
 In Thee, my God, in Thee.
4. Thus on each day of holy rest,
 May I with heavenly joys be blest ;
 And in a bright eternity
 Have my undying bliss in Thee,
 In Thee, my God, in Thee.

770.

Preparation for Worship.

C.M.

1. **O** THOU who hast Thy servants taught
 That not by words alone,

But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown !

2. While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

3. When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4. And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford.

771. *The Blessing of Worship.* L. M. D.

1. OUR Father, God ! not face to face,
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret majesty ;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend,
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy Spirit there.

2. Lord ! be the spot where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven ;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our many sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,

Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3. Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life !

E. H. Chapin.

772. *Sunday Hallowing the Week.*

C.M.

1. NOT on this day, O Lord, alone,
Would we Thy presence seek ;
But fain its hallowing power would own,
Through all the coming week.
2. If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To Thee, from whom they flow.
3. Or should they bring us grief severe,
Still may we lean on Thee ;
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.
4. In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek ;
And O ! do Thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.

W. Gaskell.

773. *The Place and Hour of Worship.* 7s

1. SOVEREIGN and transforming grace,
We invoke Thy quick'ning power ;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.
2. Holy and creative Light !
We invoke Thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
3. To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.
4. Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom ;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
5. Work in all ; in all renew
Day by day the life divine ;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

F. H. Hedge.

774. *The House of Worship.* L.M.

1. UNTO Thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee ;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity :—
2. The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small ;
Large as Thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

3. And dwell Thou with us in this place,
Thou and Thy Christ, to guide and bless ;
Here make the well-springs of Thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.
4. May Thy whole truth be spoken here ;
Thy gospel light for ever shine ;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

Robert Collyer.

775.

Sabbath Hymn.

C.M.

1. **W**E meet again this Sabbath day,
Our praise and prayer to blend,
And, as we calmly sing and pray,
Our minds to Heaven ascend.
2. With thoughts of God and hopes of Heaven,
And with faith's mystic sight,
We gaze, as though the veil were riven,
Into yon world of light.
3. And when we leave this hallowed fane
And to our homes return,
There may we prove that not in vain
Our hearts within us burn.
4. Resulting from our piety,
As here we pray and sing,
Home and its loved society
With holier blessings spring.
5. To work and fireside go we back,
The better for our prayer,
And strive that home shall never lack
Love's sweet ambrosial air.

F. Haydn Williams.

776.

Rest.

10.6.10.6.

1. **T**HOU givest Thy rest, O Lord: the din is
stilled
Of man's unquiet care ;
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled,
Breathes through the silent air.
- 2 O leave us not, through long and darkened hours,
In night of woe and sin,
But pour Thy day with all its radiant powers,
Upon the world within.
3. Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul
Of wrath and pride and care ;
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
And bid it settle there.
4. Banish this craving self, that still has sought
Lord of the soul to be ;
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought ;
Teach us to turn to Thee.
5. Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small,
To live as in Thine eye,
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all,
Thou who to all art nigh.

777.

The Sacred Day.

S.M.

1. **H**AIL to the sacred day !
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
2. Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend ;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3. But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.
4. Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand Eternity.
5. Lord ! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight ;
And grant us in those courts to pray,
In pure unclouded light. *S. G. Bulfinch.*

778.

Gratitude.

C.M.

1. WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
2. Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on Thee. *Helen M. Williams.*

779. *The Beauty of the Lord.* C.M.

1. **N**OW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
 As we have seen before ;
 And by Thy beauty quicken us
 To love Thee and adore.
2. 'Tis easy, when with simple mind
 Thy loveliness we see,
 To consecrate ourselves afresh
 To duty and to Thee.
3. Our every feverish mood is cooled,
 And gone is every load,
 When we can lose the love of self,
 And find the love of God.
4. 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won
 To home and Thee again,
 And as we are Thy children true,
 We are more truly men.
5. Lord, it is coming to ourselves
 When thus we come to Thee ;
 The bondage of Thy loveliness
 Is perfect liberty.
6. So now we come to ask again,
 What Thou hast often given,
 The vision of that loveliness
 Which is the life of heaven. *B. Waugh.*

Sunday Evening Hymns.

780. *Evening Prayer.* 7s.

1. **H**ARK ! the evening call to prayer !
 Lay we down each earthly care ;

- Still we every anxious fear,
Owning thus that God is here.
2. Father ! from our hearts remove
Every veil that hides Thy love ;
Here the spirit's eye unseal ;
Here Thy glory now reveal.
 3. Lord, in whom our spirits live !
Thou dost heavenly guidance give ;
As a shepherd, leading still
Hearts submissive to Thy will.
 4. Quiet every passion wild ;
Speak, as to Thy prophet-child ;
Grant us child-like hearts, that we
May be willing, Lord, as he.
 5. Send us holy calm within ;
Cleanse us from the stains of sin ;
Be each heart a sacred shrine,
Still and pure, and wholly Thine.
 6. Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—
May the holy flame aspire ;
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
Be our vesper sacrifice.

T. Hincks.

781.

Evening Prayer.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **H**EAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer !
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee :
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.
2. Gladly we Thy presence seek :
Father ! to our spirits speak :

Call us from the world away ;
 Still our passion's restless play ;
 On our inner darkness shine ;
 Bend our wayward wills to Thine.

3. In this quiet eventide
 May our souls with Thee abide,
 Own Thy presence, feel Thy power,
 Through this consecrated hour ;
 And from peaceful vesper-prayer
 Purer, stronger spirits bear.

T. Hincks.

782.

Evening Hymn.

S.M.D.

1. **I**T is the hour of prayer ;
 Draw near and bend the knee,
 And fill the calm and holy air
 With voice of melody !
 O'erwearied with the heat
 And burden of the day,
 Now let us rest our wandering feet,
 And gather here to pray.
2. The dark and deadly blight
 That walks at noontide hour,
 The midnight arrow's secret flight
 O'er us have had no power :
 But smiles from loving eyes
 Have been around our way,
 And lips on which a blessing lies
 Have bidden us to pray.
3. O blessed is the hour
 That lifts our hearts on high !
 Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
 Prayer to the soul is nigh :

Though dark may be our lot,
 Our eyes be dim with care,
 These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
 This holy hour of prayer.

783.

Evening Hymn.

L.M.

1. **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
 We gather in these hallowed walls;
 And evening hymn and evening prayer
 Rise mingling on the holy air.
2. May struggling hearts that seek release,
 Here find the rest of God's own peace;
 And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
 Lay down the burden and the care!
3. O God, our light! to Thee we bow;
 Within all shadows standest Thou:
 Give deeper calm than night can bring;
 Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
4. Life's tumult we must meet again;
 We cannot at the shrine remain;
 But in the spirit's secret cell
 May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

784.

God our Strength.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. **N**OW have we met that we may ask
 Recruited vigour for the task
 Of living as we would:
 For we would live by that same word
 Which all the honoured men have heard,
 Who by their faith have stood.

2. An inner light, an inner calm,
Have they who trust God's mighty arm,
And hearing do His will :
For things are not as they appear,
In death is life, in trouble cheer,
So faith is conqueror still.
3. Thus would we live : and therefore pray
For strength renewed, that we may say,
Our life it upward tends ;
If we who sing must sometimes sigh,
Yet life, beginning with a cry,
In hallelujah ends.

T. T. Lynch.

785.

God in His Temple.

8.7.8.7.

1. **G**OD is in His holy temple :
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before His presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon His name,
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every upward aim.
2. God is in His holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind ;
In the reverent heart and simple ;
In the soul from sense refined :
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee.

786.

The Light of Life.

L.M.

1. **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear :
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
2. Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart ;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
3. What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
4. Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him, through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

F. T. Palgrave.

787.

Evening Hymn.

L.M.

1. **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O, in what divers pains they met !
O, with what joy they went away !
2. Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppress'd with various ills, draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel :
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
4. And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;
5. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
6. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;
7. Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

788.

Evening Hymn.

10.4. 10.4.

1. FATHER supreme ! Thou high and holy One,
To Thee we bow ;
Now, when the service of the day is done,
Devoutly now.
2. From age to age unchanging, still the same
All good Thou art ;
Hallowed for ever be Thy holy name
In every heart !

3. When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
 Thy smile was there ;
 Now, as the darkness gathers over head,
 We feel Thy care.
4. Night spreads her shade upon another day
 For ever past ;
 So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly pray,
 A veil may cast.
5. Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
 With eye of love,
 And Thou wilt wake us when the sunbeams leap
 The hills above.
6. O may each heart its gratitude express
 As life expands,
 And find the triumph of its happiness
 In Thy commands !

789.

Grant us Thy Peace.

108.

1. SAVIOUR ! again to Thy dear name we raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

790.

Evening.

8.7.8.7. D.

1. **N**OW, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound ;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.
2. Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

791.

Evening Hymn.

S.M

1. **O**UR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !
2. Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3. Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !
4. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
5. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.
6. A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

792. *Close of Evening Prayer.*

9.8.

1. **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day nor night.
3. As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,

The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4. The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh hearts are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy children own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

793.

Close of Holy Day.

C.M.

1. **N**OW that our holy day is done,
Our day so blest and bright,
Lord, through the grace of Thy dear Son,
Vouchsafe us rest to-night.
2. Put thoughts of worldly strife aside,
Let love and faith increase ;
Grant us, on this calm eventide,
Thine own best gift of peace.
3. Faint echoes of our sacred songs
Shall haunt each weary brain,
Even in sleep the heart prolongs
Our holy Sabbath strain.
4. And in our busy waking hours,
O Father, still we pray,
Let music from immortal bowers
Lighten the toils of day.

5. Send down through all the strifes of time
Some undertone of love,
A message from Thy sinless clime
Of perfect bliss above.
6. Such songs shall help us to endure
The world's discordant strife,
And keep our spirits calm and pure
Amid the cares of life.
7. Until this earthly conflict cease,
Lord, let us faithful be ;
Thou him wilt keep in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Sarah Doudney.

794. *Evening Brings us Home.* 10.10.10.6.

1. UPON the hills the wind is bleak and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold ;
But evening brings us home.
2. The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints ! O rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.
3. We have been wounded by the spoiler's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming, when the light departs ;
At evening bring us home.
4. The darkness gathers ; through the gloom no star
Shines on our path, and we have wandered far ;
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are ;
At evening bring us home.

5. The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thicken ;
 O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken ;
 At evening bring us home.

J. Skelton.

795.

Evening Hymn.

7s. D.

1. **T**HE day is done, the sacred day of thought and
 toil is past,
 Soft falls the twilight cool and grey on the tired
 earth at last ;
 By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends op-
 pressed,
 In Thee alone, the soul outworn, refreshment finds
 and rest.
2. Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'er-
 arching skies,
 And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing
 eyes ;
 And folded by Thy sheltering Hand, in refuge still
 and deep,
 Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop
 the dews of sleep.
3. And when refreshed, the soul once more puts on new
 life and power,
 O let Thine image, Lord, alone gild the first waking
 hour !
 Let that dear Presence dawn and glow fairer than
 morn's first ray,
 And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of
 the day.

4. So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
 When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher life
 be born,
 Shine out true Light ! to guide my way amid that
 deepening gloom,
 And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-spring
 to illume !
5. I cannot dread the darkness, where Thou wilt watch
 o'er me,
 I smile to greet the sunrise, because Thy smile I
 see ;
 Creator, Saviour, Comforter ! on Thee my soul is
 cast ;
 At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my
 First and Last.

Eliza Scudder.

796. *Sunday Evening Hymn.* 7.6.7.6.8 8.

1. **T**HE day of prayer is ending,
 Our feet must homeward go ;
 The shades of night ascending
 Creep o'er the world below ;
 But still the mountain-summits fair
 Glow with the light of praise and prayer.
2. Here in green pastures guiding,
 Thou, Lord, did'st lead Thy flock ;
 Here from life's noon-day hiding,
 We found the cooling rock ;
 But now we leave the hills of praise
 To tread again earth's common ways.
3. To life's dull path returning,
 And duty's narrow sphere,

Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here ;
Still may Thy spell of peace and power
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

E. S. Armitage.

797.

A Song of Trust.

C.M.

1. **O** LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon Thy tender breast.
2. As tired of sin as any child
Was ever tired of play,
When evening hush has folded in
The noises of the day.
3. I pray Thee, turn me not away :
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of Thee.
4. And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?
5. And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee ;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.
6. I pray not, then, because I would ;
I pray because I must ;
There is no meaning in my prayer,
But thankfulness and trust.

7. I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou ever art ;
Be still Thyself, and then I know
We cannot live apart.
8. And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say ;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
9. And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon Thy tender breast.

John W. Chadwick.

798. *Serious Impression.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

O GOD ! mine inmost soul convert ;
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress :
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Charles Wesley.

799. *Parting Hymn.* 8.7.8.7.

1. PART in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise His name for life and light :
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless His care who guards the night.
2. Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving ;
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3. Part in peace ! such are the praises
 God, our Maker, loveth best ;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.
- 4 Part in peace ! our duties call us ;
 We must serve as well as praise ;
 Ask not what may here befall us ;
 Leave to God the coming days. *S. F. Adams.*

800. *Our Closing Psalm.* L.M.

1. **N**OW while we sing our closing psalm,
 With reverent lips and glowing heart,
 May peace from out th' eternal calm
 Rest on our spirits as we part.
2. May light, to guide us every hour,
 From Thee, Eternal Sun, descend ;
 And strength from Thee, Almighty Power,
 Be with us now, and to the end ! *S. Longfellow.*

The Seasons of the Year.

801. *At the Parting of the Ways.* 7s.

1. **B**ACKWARD looking o'er the past,
 Forward, too, with eager gaze,
 Stand we here to-day, O God,
 At the parting of the ways.
2. Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;
 Memories all bright and fair
 Seem to float on spirit-wings
 Downward through the silent air.
3. Hark ! through all their music sweet,
 Hear you not a voice of cheer ?
 'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
 " Happy be the coming year ! "

4. Father, comes that voice from Thee !
 Swells it with Thy meaning vast,—
 Good in all the future stored,
 Good evolved from all the past !

J. W. Chadwick.

802.

New Year.

C.M.

1. **T**HE year is gone, beyond recall,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
 With all its mourners' tears.
2. Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
 For countless gifts received,
 And pray for grace to keep the faith
 Which saints of old believed.
3. To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
 The new-born year to bless ;
 Defend our land from pestilence,
 Give peace and plenteousness.
4. Forgive this nation's many sins,
 The growth of vice restrain,
 And help us all with sin to strive,
 And crowns of life to gain.
5. From evil deeds that stain the past
 We now desire to flee ;
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
6. O Father, let Thy watchful eye
 Still look on us in love,
 That we may praise Thee, year by year,
 As angels do above.

Meaux Breviary, tr. F. Potts.

803. *Children of the Day.* C.M.D.

1. **T**HE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun ;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Not yet the end, not yet repose !
We hear our Captain say,
"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.
2. "Go forth, firm faith on every heart,
Bright hope on every helm ;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the Spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way ;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."
3. So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly ;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."
4. Lord God the High and Holy One,
Thine own sustain, defend ;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end ;
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite, sweet triumph crown
The children of the day.

S. J. Stone.

804.

The New Year.

10.10.10.10.

1. **H**OUSE of our God with hymns of gladness ring,
While all our lips and hearts His praises sing !
The opening year His mercies shall proclaim,
And all its days shall celebrate His name.
2. Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling place
Shines with the glory of His unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.
3. O Earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with His goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.
4. O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on His hands, and precious in His sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace,
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His face.
5. Burst into praise, my soul ! and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore ;
He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear ;
Strong in His strength, begin the new-born year.

P. Doddridge and J. Ellerton.

805.

The Old and the New.

L.M.

1. **R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
6. Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
7. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

806.

Another Year.

C.M.

1. **W**ELCOME from God, O glad new year !
Thy paths all yet untrod,
But prophecy and promise, all—
O glad new-year of God !
2. Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

3. Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.
4. Another year of happy work,
That better is than play ;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.
5. Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways ;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.
6. Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread ;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.
7. Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod ;
Another year of life's delight ;
Another year of God !

J. W. Chadwick.

807.

Another Year.

7.6.7.6.

1. **A**NOTHER year is dawning ;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee !
2. Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

3. Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.
4. Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
5. Another year is dawning ;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

Frances R. Havergal.

808.

The New-born Year.

C.M.

1. **B**REAK, new-born year, on glad eyes, break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
2. The parted year had wingèd feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
3. Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams,
4. Lord ! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !

5. Then we may bless its precious things,
 If earthly cheer should come ;
 Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
 If Thou shouldst take us home.

T. H. Gill.

809.

The March of Life.

L.M.

1. SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
 Girded wayfarers of the waste,
 We press along the narrow road
 That leads to life, to truth, to God.
2. We fling aside the weight, the sin,
 Resolved the victory to win ;
 We know the peril, but our eyes
 Rest on the grandeur of the prize.
3. No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
 Our hands from earnest toil to keep ;
 No shrinking from the desperate fight,
 No thought of yielding or of flight ;
4. No love of present gain or ease,
 No seeking man or self to please ;
 With the brave heart and steady eye,
 We onward march to victory.
5. What though with weariness oppressed ?
 'Tis but a little, and we rest ;
 Finished the toil—the race is run ;
 The battle fought—the field is won.

Horatius Bonar.

810.

Loss and Gain.

L.M.

1. FROM day to day, from year to year,
 New waves of change assail us here ;

Each day, each year, prolongs the chain
Where pleasure alternates with pain.

2. New precious obligations come,
New sanctities of love and home,
New tender hopes, new anxious fears,
And sweet experiences of tears.
3. Old tastes are lost, old thoughts grow strange,
Old longings gradually change,
Old faiths seem no more dear or true,
Lost in the full light of the new.
4. Though much be taken, much is left,
Not all forsaken nor bereft ;
From change on change we come to rest,
And the last moment is the best.

Lewis Morris.

811.

The Glory of the Spring.

C.M.

1. **T**HE glory of the Spring how sweet !
The new-born life how glad !
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad !
2. Divine Renewer, Thee I bless :
I greet Thy going forth :
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.
3. But O, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine ;
4. These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true ;

5. This new-born glow of faith so strong,
 This bloom of love so fair,
 This new-born ecstasy of song,
 And fragrancv of prayer !
6. Still let new life and strength upspring,
 Still let new joy be given ;
 And grant the glad, new song to ring
 Through the new earth and heaven ! *T. H. Gill.*

812.

Spring.

4.4.6.4.4.6. D.

1. **T**HE spring-tide hour
 Brings leaf and flower,
 With songs of life and love :
 And many a lay
 Wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree,
 Seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 In it there is no spring.
2. Dews fall apace,—
 The dews of grace,—
 Upon this soul of sin ;
 And love divine
 Delights to shine
 Upon the waste within.
 Yet, year by year,
 Fruits, flowers, appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

3. Lord let Thy love,
 Fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow,
 Call forth its bloom,
 Wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow.
 And when Thy voice
 Makes earth rejoice
 And the hills laugh and sing ;
 Lord, make this heart,
 To bear its part,
 And join the praise of spring.

J. S. B. Monsell.

813.

All Things New.

L.M.

1. ○ LIFE that makest all things new,—
 The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,—
 Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,
 In gladness hither turn again :
2. From hand to hand the greeting flows,
 From eye to eye the signals run,
 From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
 The lovers of the Light are one.
3. One in the freedom of the Truth,
 One in the joy of paths untrod,
 One in the soul's perennial youth,
 One in the larger thought of God.
4. The freer step, the fuller breath,
 The wide horizon's grander view,
 The sense of life that knows no death,—
 The Life that maketh all things new !

S. Longfellow.

814.

The Journey of Life.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **L**ORD ! Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through the changeful wilderness.
Holy Saviour ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2. There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;
Light us lest we miss the track.
Holy Saviour ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3. There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Saviour ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4. There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees ;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Saviour ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

5. Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Saviour ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How.

815.

Summer Light.

I I S.

1. **S**UMMER suns are glowing over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing bountiful and free.
2. Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of praise.
3. God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
And His banner gleameth everywhere unfurled.
4. Broad and deep and glorious as the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious His eternal love.
5. Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving kindness make us love Thee more.
6. And when clouds are drifting dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.
7. We will never doubt Thee, though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee; death with Thee is bright.
8. Light of light! shine o'er us on our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us to the endless day.

W. W. How.

816.

For a Flower Service.

C. M.

1. **O** PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise designs,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the works of Thine!
2. Apart from Thee, we plant in vain
The root, and sow the seed;
Thy early and Thy latter rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.
3. Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's grey morning is
The blessing of its noon.

4. Why search the wide world everywhere,
For Eden's unknown ground?—
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.
5. But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.
6. Its earliest shrines the young world sought,
In hill-groves, and in bowers;
The fittest offerings thither brought,
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.
7. And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts, each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good. *J. G. Whittier.*

817.

Harvest.

L. M.

1. **O**NCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more, with harvest-song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.
2. O favours every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.
3. We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.
4. Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And plied with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain! *J. G. Whittier.*

818.

Harvest.

9.8.9.8.

1. **N**OW sing we a song for the harvest :
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
 Hath given to gladden our days !
2. For grasses of upland and lowland,
 For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
 To delver and husbandman yield !
3. And thanks for the harvest of beauty,—
 For that which the hands cannot hold ;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
 And only our hearts can enfold !
4. We reap it on mountain and moorland ;
 We glean it from meadow and lea ;
We garner it in from the cloudland ;
 We bind it in sheaves from the sea.
5. But now we sing deeper and higher,—
 Of harvests that eye cannot see ;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
 Are reaped by the brave and the free :
6. And these have been gathered and garnered,—
 Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's-blood, are ruddy,—
 The harvests of sorrow and pain.
7. O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
 The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise !

W. C. Gannett.

819.

Harvest Praise.

7s.

1. PRAISE, O praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
2. Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;
3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;
5. And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. Praise Him for our harvest-store
He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;
7. And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
8. Glory to our Bounteous King ;
Glory ! let creation sing ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Sir H. W. Baker.

820.

The Giver of All.

8.8.8.4.

1. O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?
2. The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.
3. For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.
4. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven ;
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?
5. We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
6. Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all :
7. To Thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth.

821. *The Spiritual Harvest.* 10.10.7.

1. LORD of the harvest, it is right and meet
That we should lay oblations at Thy feet,
With joyful Alleluia !
2. Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer ;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia !
3. We toiled and prayed, and Thou hast heard on
high ;
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our sup-
pliant cry
To festal Alleluia !
4. So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia !
5. To Thee, O Lord of harvest, who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia !
6. O Christ, who in the wide world's fallow lea
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia !
7. To Thee, O Holy Ghost, whose gracious rain
And living breath hath fed the sacred grain,
We sing our Alleluia !
8. Yea, west and east the harvest men went forth :
"We come" has sounded to the south and north.
At morn sing Alleluia !
9. In fields of home, in fields far far away,
Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.
At noon sing Alleluia !

10. The winds of God have blown with living breath,
His dews have fallen on the plains of death.
At eve sing Alleluia !
11. Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,
Sing Alleluia to the Almighty One,
Adoring Alleluia !
12. Glory to God ! the Church in patience cries ;
Glory to God ! the Church in bliss replies,
With endless Alleluia !

Samuel J. Stone.

822.

Harvest. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.8.4.

1. **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land ;
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love !
2. He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love !

3. We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.

Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And that which Thou desirest—
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love !

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

823.

Autumn.

7.6.7.6.

1. **T**HE year is swiftly waning ;
 The summer days are past ;
 And life, brief life, is speeding :
 The end is nearing fast.

2. The ever-changing seasons,
 In silence come and go ;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time or change canst know.

3. O pour Thy grace upon us,
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4. Behold the bending orchards,
 With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
 Lord, in our hearts, more richly
 Let heavenly fruits abound.

5. O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain ;
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
6. Our barren hearts make fruitful,
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

W. W. How.

824.

Autumn.

L.M.

1. O GOD ! in Thy autumnal skies
Thy dying woodlands glow and flame ;
And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes
All-conquering Life ! we trace Thy name.
2. Bright emblem of that tranquil faith
Whose evening beams " Good morrow " give,
Each leaf, transfigured, mutely saith,
" As dying, and, behold ! we live."
3. God of the living,—not the dead !
Like autumn leaves we fade and flee ;
Yet reigns eternal spring o'erhead,
Where souls for ever live to Thee.

Charles T. Brooks.

825.

Close of Harvest Festival.

1. GREAT God, whose presence still abides
Where'er Thy children be,
Give to our wayward hearts to rest
Now, evermore, in Thee !
2. Then not in vain, O Lord of life,
Our prayers and hymns to-day ;
The gladness of our harvest song
Shall cheer our onward way.

3. And though the winter follow fast
On autumn's fading glow,
Thy never-dying love will shine
Upon us here below.
 4. Until from sowing, reaping, here
Thou summon us to come
Where all the labours of Thy saints
Make one great harvest-home.
- Dendy Agate.*

826. *The Seasons.* C.M.

1. **T**O Him who is the Life of life,
My soul its vows would pay ;
He leads the flowery seasons on,
And gives the storm its way.
 2. The winds run backward to their caves
At His divine command,—
And the great deep He folds within
The hollow of His hand.
 3. He clothes the grass, He makes the rose
To wear her rich attire ;
The moon He gives her patient grace,
And all the stars their fire.
 4. He hears the hungry raven's cry,
And sends her young their food,
And through our evil intimates
His purposes of good.
 5. He stretches out the north, He binds
The tempest in His care ;
The mountains cannot strike their roots
So deep He is not there.
 6. Hid in the garment of His works,
We feel His presence still
With us, and through us fashioning
The mystery of His will.
- Alice Cary.*

827.

Winter.

L.M.

1. 'TIS winter now : the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear :
Through leafless boughs the sharp wind blows,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.
2. And yet Thy love is not withdrawn ;
Thy life within the keen air breathes,
Thy beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.
3. And though abroad the sharp wind blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.
4. O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Still warmly in Thine arms enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days !

S. Longfellow.

828.

The Changing Seasons.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. LORD of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of gray,
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day :
If human hearts are dreary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled !
2. Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year :

- Breathe on our hearts in blessing ;
 Away our sadness roll ;
 And send, all pain redressing,
 A spring-time to the soul !
3. Lord of the glowing summer,—
 When waves the corn on high,
 And fruits in valleys ripen,
 Beneath a cloudless sky :
 Shine on our hearts' endeavour
 To give our strength to Thee,
 That in our spirits ever
 A richer life may be !
4. Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
 When vineyards yield their store,
 And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
 Pass to the garner door :
 Grant now a full fruition
 To every seed of truth,
 Which fell, with blessed mission,
 Upon our souls in youth !
5. Lord of the changing seasons !
 Lord of our passing days !
 Wake Thou in us abundance
 Of duty, love, and praise :
 That hearts of wintry sadness
 May feel the breath of spring,
 And summer's time of gladness
 The autumn glories bring !

Dendy Agate.

829.

His Year of Wonder.

75.

1. PRAISE to God, and thanksgiving !
 Hearts, bow down ; and voices, sing

Praises to the Glorious One,
All His year of wonder done !

2. Praise Him for His budding green,
April's resurrection-scene ;
Praise Him for His shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers !
3. Praise Him for His summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain ;
Praise Him for His tiny seed,
Holding all His world shall need !
4. Praise Him for His garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit ;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each the table of the Lord !
5. Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast ;
Praise for happy dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth !
6. For His year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One !
Hearts, bow down ; and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving !

W. C. Gannett.

830.

Another Year.

7s

1. **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear !

2. In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay ;
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living Way.

3. Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread ?
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4. Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own ;
 Help, O help us to endure ;
 Fit us for the promised crown.

H. Downton.

831.

Thankfulness.

L.M.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand ;
 The opening year Thy mercy shows,
 That mercy crowns it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God ;
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsel led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored throughout our changing days.

5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

P. Doddridge.

832.

Mid-night Service.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. **A**CROSS the sky, the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting ;
We deck Thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting :
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.
2. Before Thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing ;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing ;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.
3. We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies ;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses :
For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.
4. Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home,
Be Thou at hand to guide us :

Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us !

J. Hamilton.

Special Hymns for Young Men and Women.

833. *The Soldiers of the Cross.* L.M.

1. **T**HOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before Thy face !
Our spirits wait for Thy command ;
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.
2. Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on Thy holy shrine :
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the Cross are Thine.
3. And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
To give our strength to Thee, great God !
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.
4. Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord ;
Through rugged toil and wearying fight,
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.
5. Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be Thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

834. *A New Life.* C.M.D.

1. **O** LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,

If in Thy service every hour
 We lived and moved with Thee !
 If youth in all its bloom and might
 By Thee were sanctified,
 And manhood found its chief delight
 In working at Thy side.

2. 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
 A new life to begin ;
 'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
 And break with self and sin.
 And we this day, both old and young,
 Would earnestly aspire
 For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
 And purified desire.
3. Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
 But for all faithful souls
 Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
 Whose names Thy book enrolls.
 O speed Thy work, victorious King !
 And give Thy workers might,
 That through the world Thy truth may ring,
 And all men see Thy light !

E. S. Armitage.

835.

Celestial Wisdom.

C.M.

1. ○ HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
2. Wisdom has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;

And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4. According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce.

836.

Noblesse Oblige.

L.M.

1. **G**O forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2. Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3. Go on, from innocence of youth,
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

4. Then, forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

S. Longfellow.

837. *Who is on the Lord's Side ?* C.M.

1. GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering
world :

Now each man to his post ;
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?

2. He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

3. He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4. He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

5. He who is ready for the Cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

S. Longfellow.

838. *The Army of the Cross.* S.M.

1. REJOICE, ye pure in heart ;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King.

2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3. With all the angel-choirs,
With all the good on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.
4. With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.
5. Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
6. Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array ;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.
7. At last, the march shall end ;
The wearied ones shall rest ;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
8. Then on, ye pure in heart ;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King.

E. H. Plumptre.

839.

The Better Part.

75.

- I. TAKE, O Lord, my faithless heart,
Make its choice the better part,
Break its chains and set it free,
Take and seal it, Lord, to Thee.

2. Though Thou turn my joy to tears,
Faith to doubt, and hope to fears ;
Stern though be the summons home,
Still, Lord, let the summons come.
3. Shouldst Thou bid me lay aside
All that fosters earthly pride,
Let me walk the lowly way,
If Thine arm may be my stay.
4. Should Thy chastening will require
All that feeds mine eyes' desire,
Take it, Lord, if in its place,
Shine the brightness of Thy face.
5. Seal, then, Lord, my heart to Thee,
Set it for Thy service free ;
Life and joy are truly mine
If whate'er I have is Thine.

Henry Alford.

840.

Forward.

6.5.6.5. 12 lines

1. **F**ORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind ;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head :
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led ?

Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight ;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2. Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind ;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not, till around us
 Gleams the Father's face.
- Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height :
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

3. Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth :
 Sick, they ask for healing ;
 Blind, they grope for day :
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
- Forward, out of error ;
 Leave behind the night ;
 Forward, through the darkness,
 Forward into light !

Henry Alford.

841

The True Life.

S.M.

1. **G**OD of the earnest heart,
 The trust assured and still,
 Thou who our strength for ever art,
 We come to do Thy will.
2. Upon the toilsome way,
 By saints serenely trod,

Bearing the burden of the day,
Would we go forth, O God !

3. 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear,
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live ;
4. To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
Of truth and righteousness.
5. No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness strong.
6. Thou hearest while we pray ;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, O God, to-day,
Thy Word—"On earth be Light !"

S. Johnson.

842.

The Battle of Life.

7s.

1. **T**HERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close ;
Blest the bold who dare engage,
Woe to him who seeks repose !
2. What, our foes ? Each thought impure ;
Passions fierce that tear the soul ;
Every ill that we can cure ;
Every crime we can control ;—
3. Every suffering which our hand
Can, with soothing care, assuage ;
Every evil of our land ;
Every discord of our age.

4. On then, to the glorious field !
 He who dies, true life shall save ;
 God Himself shall be our shield,
 He shall bless and crown the brave.

S. G. Bulfinch.

843. *The Church's Chivalry.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. **A**WAKE, awake, and for the strife,
 For onward, upward, active life,
 In earnest faith prepare !
 Where conflict rages fierce and high,
 There stands the Church's chivalry,
 And thou, too, must be there.
2. Not with a sword by bloodshed stained,
 Or for a wreath that, soon as gained,
 Shall fade upon thy brow ;
 But, with the sword of God's own word,
 And for the "Well done" of thy Lord,
 Go forth and conquer now.

J. S. Monsell.

844. *Strength.* 8.7.8.7.

1. **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
 Not for ease that prayer shall be ;
 But for strength that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.
2. Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be ;
 But the steep and rugged pathway
 May we tread rejoicingly.
3. Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly rest and stay ;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

4. Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

845.

Eternal Youth.

C.M.

1. YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run
And win each height sublime !
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting climb ?
2. Walk with the Lord ! along the road
Your strength He will renew :
Wait on the everlasting God,
And He will wait on you.
3. Burn with His love ! your fading fire
An endless flame will glow ;
Life from the Well of Life require,—
The stream will ever flow.
4. Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong :
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.
5. Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore :
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles, heavenward soar.
6. Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

T. H. Gill.

846.

The Crusaders.

7s.

1. **M**AN'S Life is the Holy Land ;
 We, Lord, Thy crusader band,
 Shrived by Thee from pagan sin,
 Shrine of God, man's heart, would win.
2. On our shield Thy cross we bear,
 By our side Thy sword we wear,—
 Shield of faith, so stout, so strong ;
 Sword of truth, so bright, so long.
3. Courage, Lord, we seek from Thee,
 From the foe we would not flee ;
 Manful we would steadfast fight,
 Strike from dawning until night.
4. When at last the fight is done,
 When the Holy Land is won,
 Where the victors part the spoil,
 Rest Thy weary ones from toil,
5. Gift us with the conqueror's crown ;
 At Thy feet we lay it down,
 Deeply feeling, not our own—
 Thine the glory, Thine alone.

George Dawson.

847.

The Heavenly Armour.

S.M.

1. **A**RM, soldiers of the Lord !
 The fight is set with wrong ;
 Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
 And sing your battle song.
2. Stand fast for Love, your Lord !
 Faith be your mighty shield,
 And let the Spirit's burning sword
 Flash foremost in the field.

3. Truth be your girdle strong ;
And Hope your helmet shine
Whene'er the battle seem too long,
And wearied hearts repine.
4. With news of Gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod ;
Your breastplate be the Righteousness
That keeps the soul for God.
5. And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.
6. "From strength to strength" your cry ;
Your battlefield the world !
Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
His banner has unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke.

848.

True to the Better Self.

6s.

1. FOLLOW thy better heart ;
Follow thy better will ;
And so thy better self
In thy best self fulfil :
To thy best self be true.
2. To hold an honest hand,
To own an honest name,
To know an honest heart,
Is more than wealth or fame :
To thy best self be true.
3. Whate'er the world may say,
However pride may boast,
That thing is best for thee
That helpeth others most :
To thy best self be true.

4. Go face the future then !
 Obey thy soul's best word :
 'Twill lead thy steps to peace,
 'Twill lead thee to thy Lord :
 To thy best self be true.

5. So shall thy influence bless ;
 And, when thy years are past,
 So shall thy better self
 Thy angel be at last :
 To thy best self be true.

849. *The Warfare of the Cross.* 7s.

1. SOLDIER of the Cross, obey,
 Follow where thy Master led,
 Whether it be night or day,
 'Mong the living, or the dead.
2. Lo ! it is not thine to say
 When to march, and when to rest,
 When to watch, and when to pray ;
 Do God's will, He knoweth best,
3. In the dust and tumult we
 Know a little part and dim ;
 Only He the field can see—
 Trust the battle all to Him.
4. Trust His wisdom, truth, and right,
 Trust in mercy from above,
 Trust the strength of growing light,
 Trust the winning power of love.
5. Yours is still the fight of faith ;
 Faith the battle won before—
 Faith amid the gloom of death,
 Faith in God for evermore.

Walter C. Smith.

850. *Fulfilling the Divine Purpose.* C.M.

1. GREAT Lord of Life ! what length of days
Hast Thou assigned to me :—
How far along life's pleasant ways
Shall I be led by Thee ?
2. Must love be quenched, and labour cease
In darkness, ere the night ;
Or shall my life's long day of peace
At evening time be light ?
3. Lord, closely veiled the future lies ;
But may I work Thy will
From morning's glow till daylight dies,
And Thine own aim fulfil ;
4. That ere the silent angel's hand
Be on my brow impressed,
My earthly task completed stand,
And nought remain but rest. *Andrew Chalmers.*

851. *Consecration.* 7s.

1. TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move
With the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love, my Lord ; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

852.

Consecration.

C.M.

1. O GOD, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to Thee.
2. In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown or cross, or fame or blame,
We Thine ourselves declare.
3. In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—
In this we're Thine indeed.
4. In labour, whose far-distant end
Is bringing to accord
The real fact with highest hope,
We follow Thee, O Lord !
5. To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves ; and, doing this,
We give ourselves to Thee.

Minot J. Savage

853.

The Call of the Age.

8.7.8.7.

1. **W**E are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time :
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine ?
Up ! it is the Almighty's rally :
God's own arm hath need of thine.
3. On ! let all the soul within you,
For the Truth's sake, go abroad ;
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Cox.

854.

Teach me to Live.

108.

1. **T**EACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.
2. Teach me that harder lesson—how to live !
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life ;
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.
3. Teach me to live for self and sin no more ;
But use the time remaining to me yet ;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
4. Teach me to live ! no idler let me be ;
But in Thy service, hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Ellen Burman.

855. *Trust in God, and do the Right.* 8.7.8.7.

1. COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble ;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

2. Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3. Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light !
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4. Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

5. Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight :
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Norman Macleod.

856. *Be True.*

C.M.

1. BE true to every inmost thought ;
Be as thy thought thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

2. Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.
3. Show forth thy light ! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow :
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.
4. Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream :
The true must first be tried.

Henry Alford.

857.

The Heavenly Ladder.

L.M.

1. **A**LL common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
2. The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess ;
3. The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.
4. All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will :

5. All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
 In the bright fields of fair renown,
 The right of eminent domain.

H. W. Longfellow.

858. *Play the Man.* 7-7-7-4.

1. **G**IRD your loins about with truth ;
 Life will not go always smooth,
 Singing lightsome songs of youth :
 Play, play the man.

2. Learn with justice to keep pace,
 Spurning what is vile and base,
 And bravely ever set your face
 To play the man.

3. Fear not what the world may say,
 Hold the straight and narrow way,
 In the open light of day,
 And play the man.

4. They will call you poor and weak,
 Being merciful and meek :
 Heed them not ; so you must seek
 To play the man.

5. Have the courage to be true,
 Steadfastly the right to do,
 Loving him that wrongeth you—
 Play, play the man.

6. Trust in God, and let them mock ;
 They will break, as they have broke,
 Like the waves upon the rock—
 Play, play the man !

Walter C. Smith.

859.

March On.

Irregular.

1. **M**ARCH on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the Cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.
2. We march to fight with the powers of night,
That hold the world in sorrow ;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.
March on, etc.
3. We fight against wrong, with the weapon strong,
Of the Love that all hate shall banish ;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden
thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.
March on, etc.
4. Long, long is the fight, but the God of right
Is ever watching near us ;
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
March on, etc.
5. Till the sunrise broad, of the day of God,
Shall shine on the Victor's glory,
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
Shall rejoice in the finished story.
March on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the Cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

E. S. Armitage.

860.

Praise.

6.5. 12 lines.

1. **O**N our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be.
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee.
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.

2. If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou, who giv'st the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3. On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe;
Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
Vict'ry we shall win.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

J. S. B. Monsell.

861.

Just as I am.

8.8.8.6.

1. **J**UST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.
2. In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
3. I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.
5. With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold ;
But dearer still my faith to hold ;
For my whole life, I come.
6. And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down ;
O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Farningham.

✓ 862.

Early Consecration.

C.M.

1. **L**ORD ! in the fulness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong ;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

2. I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love ;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.
3. I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go ;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.
4. O, not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part !
O, not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart !
5. O, choose me in my golden time !
In my dear joys have part !
For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart !
6. I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine :
O, ne'er the happy heart may break,
Whose earliest love was Thine !

T. H. Gill.

863.

The Life worth living.

7s. 6 lines.

1. **L**IFE, and light, and joy are found
In the presence of the Lord ;
Life with richest blessings crowned,
Light from many fountains poured,
Life and light and holy joy,
None can darken or destroy.

2. Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
He will make them still more bright ;
Give to Him your noblest powers,
He will hallow all your might.
Come to Him with eager quest,
You shall hear His high behest.
3. All your questions large and deep,
All the open thought of youth
Bring to Him, and you shall reap
All the harvest of His truth.
You shall find in that great store,
Largest love and wisest lore.
4. Then, when comes life's wider sphere,
And its busier enterprise,
You shall find Him ever near,
Looking with approving eyes
On all honest work and true,
His dear servants' hands can do.
5. And if care should dim your eye,
And life's shadows come apace,
You shall find Him ever nigh
In the glory of His face,
Changing sorrow's darkest night
Into morning clear and bright.

C. E. Mudie.

864.

A Psalm of our Day.

C.M.

1. **T**HE days that were, the days that are,
Grow into days of God ;
With psalms of cheerful trust we tread
Where Christ's own freemen trod.

2. We bless the love of larger day,
Which moved the loyal heart
In evil times to trust the true,
And choose the better part.
3. God of the fathers ! God of Christ !
Keep us in simple ways ;
And in the calm of silent hills
Train us for clamorous days.
4. For those who find the tempest strong
Make us a hiding place ;
A shadow in a weary land
For healing and for grace.
5. When love for man is growing cold,
And many faithless prove,
Then may the Man of Sorrows come
To teach us how to love.
6. We tarry, Lord, Thy leisure still ;
Thy best is yet to be :
Naught ever comes too late for man
That is in time for Thee.
7. God of the fathers ! God of Christ !
Keep us in simple ways ;
And may the sharpness of the strife
Be only to Thy praise.

H. Elvet Lewis.

865.

Students' Hymn.

6.5.6.5. D.

- I. **I**N life's earnest morning,
When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons,
Not to be put by :
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
Art not Thou our stay ?

2. Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore ;
May the mind be humbled
As we know Thee more ;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.
3. Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.
4. Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through Nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.
5. Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals ;
May our life-long passion
Be the love of souls ;
Let us live and labour,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

S. Oakley.

Mission Services.

866.

Father, I have sinned.

7s.

1. **L**OVE for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who strayed so long ago,—
Strayed so far, and fell so low ?
2. I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam !
3. I, who spurned His loving hold ;
I, who would not be controlled ;
I, who would not hear His call ;
I, the wilful prodigal !
4. To my Father can I go ?
At His feet myself I'll throw ;
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.
5. See, my Father waiting stands !
See, He reaches out His hands !
God is love ! I know, I see,
There is love for me—even me !

S. Longfellow.

867.

The Voice of Jesus.

C.M. D.

1. **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done. *H. Bonar.*

868.

The Voice of Jesus.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. "COME unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest."
 O blessèd voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts opprest ;
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.
2. "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
 And I will give you light."
 O living voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night ;
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way ;
 But He has brought us gladness
 And songs at break of day.

3. "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

W. C. Dix.

869. *The Victory of Love.* 8.7.8.8.7.

1. **O**H, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
"All of self, and none of Thee."
2. Yet He found me : I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father ;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."
3. Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."
4. Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd !
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Theodore Monod

870. *Draw Nigh to God.* 10.10.

1. "DRAW nigh to God, He will draw nigh to you";
How sweet the promise, sweet and ever true.
2. Make Him but room, He seeks to enter in,
To bring thee peace for pain, and heal thy sin.
3. He loveth all; no longer fear and doubt;
His heart is wide, and none will He cast out.
4. Come then in trust and unto God draw nigh,
Live in His life, and thou shalt never die.

*W. G. Tarrant.*871. *Perfect Peace.* 10.10.

1. PEACE! perfect Peace! the gift of God within;
It cometh not till grace hath conquered sin.
2. Peace! perfect Peace! when all of self is slain,
And, lost in God, no earthly cares remain!
3. Peace! perfect Peace! when at His feet we fall,
And filled with love proclaim Him All in all!
4. Peace! perfect Peace! the fruit of victory won!
Press on, brave heart, till life's brief day is done.
5. Peace! perfect Peace! a foretaste here is given:
The trusting soul e'en now may find its heaven!
6. Peace! perfect Peace! O Saviour! All divine!
Lead Thou me on until Thy peace is mine!

*H. W. Hawkes.*872. *Take Me.* 8.7.8.7.

1. TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my footsteps straying
 Thorny proved the path I trod ;
 Weary come I now, and praying,--
 Take me to Thy love, my God !

2. Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.
 Father, take me ! all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
 In Thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest !

479
Ray Palmer.

873.

Invitation.

6.8.8.8.6.

1. SWEET is the Spirit's strain :
 Breathed by soft pleadings inly heard,
 By all the heart's deep fountains stirred,
 By conscience and the written word,
 " Come, wanderers, home again ! "
2. The Church repeats the call :
 By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,
 By days of rest and fostering care,
 By holy rites that all may share,
 She whispers, " Come," to all.
3. Let him who hears say, " Come ! "
 If thou hast been sin's willing slave,
 If thou art risen from that grave,
 Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,
 And call the wanderers home.

4. And let all come who thirst :
 Freely for every child of woe
 The streams of living water flow,
 And whosoever will may go
 Where healing fountains burst.
5. There drink and be at rest ;
 On Him who died for Thee believe ;
 The Spirit's quickening grace receive ;
 No more the God who seeks thee, grieve ;
 Be holy and be blest.

J. Anstice.

874.

The Fear of God.

C.M

1. **I** FILLED me with the fear of hell,
 And thought it was the fear of God ;
 I did not seek to love Him well,
 I only trembled at His rod.
2. O dreary time ! without a gleam
 Of love Divine to gild its wrath ?
 O weary time ! without a stream
 Of joy in God to cheer my path.
3. But now I know the fear of God,
 And all the peace it doth impart ;
 And walk along a joyous road,
 With heaven unfolding in my heart.
4. O blessed Christ ! that did'st disclose
 The love that sought me when I fell,
 And broke my bonds that I arose,
 And cast from me the fear of hell.
5. O blessed Christ ! O blessed Cross !
 O blessed Spirit ! that showed me,
 How terror is eternal loss,
 And trust is immortality.

Walter C. Smith.

875.

Rock of Ages.

6.7s.

1. **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy side a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse from guilt and make me pure.
2. Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.

876.

The Love of God.

S.M.D.

1. **I** PRAY to know Thy peace,
 I long to feel Thy love ;
 Each day I yearn the way to learn
 Unto Thy home above.

O love of God most full,
 O love of God most free,
 Come warm my heart, come fill my soul,
 Come lead me unto Thee.

2. Warm as the glowing sun,
 So shines Thy love on me :
 It wraps me round with kindly care,
 It draws me unto Thee.
 O love of God, etc.

3. No foe can cast me down,
 No fear can make me flee,
 No sorrow fill my life with ill ;
 Thy love surroundeth me.
 O love of God, etc.

4. The wildest sea is calm,
 The tempest brings no fear,
 The darkest night is full of light,
 Because Thy love is near.
 O love of God, etc.

5. I triumph over sin,
 I put temptation down ;
 Thy love, O God, doth give me strength
 To win the victor's crown.
 O love of God most full,
 O love of God most free,
 Thou warm'st my heart, Thou fill'st my soul,
 With might Thou strengthenest me.

O. Clute.

Hymns for Children.

877. *A Prayer for Children.* 7.6.8.6.

1. GOD bless the little children,
 The faces sweet and fair,

The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

2. God love the little children,—
The angels at the door ;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.
3. God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.
4. God keep the little children,
Whom we no more can see ;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be. *J. P. Hopps.*

878. *The Children's Call.* 8.3.8.3.

1. JESUS, the children are calling,
Oh, draw near !
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.
2. Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is Thine ;
Faithful and strong and tender—
So be mine !
3. Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they ;
Bless all our sisters and brothers—
Night and day.
4. Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still :
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will ! *Annie Matheson.*

879. *Praise.*

7.7.7.7.

1. **A**LL that's good and great and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
2. Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.
3. Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.
4. Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.
5. May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

Godfrey Thring.

880.

My Life.

C.M.

1. **G**OD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
2. God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

3. God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
4. God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.
5. God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

M. B. Edwards.

881.

Our Hearts.

C.M.

1. **WE** bring, O Lord, our hearts to Thee,
O make them truly Thine ;
Fill them with love and purity,
With light and life divine.
2. We know not in what words to pray
To Thee so great and wise ;
But Thou dost hear each word we say,
And Thou dost hear our sighs.
3. For when his loving children speak,
A father loves to hear ;
As loving children, Lord, we seek
Our Father ever near.
4. O Father, we have nothing brought
But these, our hearts, to Thee ;
O make us Thine in deed and thought,
Thine evermore to be.

Thomas Sadler,

882.

Children's Worship.

75.

1. **L**ORD, this day Thy children meet,
In Thy courts with willing feet ;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.
2. Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest ;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.
3. Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day !
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.
4. All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow :
Little children Thou dost love,
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

W. W. How.

883.

Come to Me.

7.6.7.6.

1. **G**OD, who hath made the daisies,
And ev'ry lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."
2. Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold ;
The children in the temple,
He heard in days of old ;

And if our hearts are humble,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to me."

3. Therefore, we will come near Him,
 And solemnly we'll sing ;
 No cause to shrink or fear Him,
 We'll make our voices ring ;
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

E. Paxton Hood.

884.

Guidance.

7s.

1. FATHER, lead me day by day,
 Ever in Thine own sweet way ;
 Teach me to be pure and true,
 Show me what I ought to do.
2. When in danger, make me brave ;
 Make me know that Thou canst save ;
 Keep me safe by Thy dear side ;
 Let me in Thy love abide.
3. When I'm tempted to do wrong,
 Make me steadfast, wise, and strong ;
 And, when all alone I stand,
 Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
4. When my heart is full of glee,
 Help me to remember Thee,—
 Happy most of all to know
 That my Father loves me so.

5. When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily ;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
6. May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight ;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.
7. May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hopps.

885. *What can we do for Jesus' Sake.*

L. M.

1. **W**E are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great ?
2. O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
3. When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;
4. Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5. With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make ;
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.
6. There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take ;
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

886.

Evening.

6.5.6.5.

1. **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
2. Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep ;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep.
3. Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
4. Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
5. Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6. Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
7. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes. *S. Baring-Gould.*

Family and Country.

887. *A Family Gathering.* L.M.

1. **T**HOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold
As in the peaceful days of old.
2. Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?
3. For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep ;
4. The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres ;
5. We thank Thee, Father ! let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

888.

Our Sufficiency.

7.6.7.6.D.

1. **L**ORD God, our strength and fortress !
Why should we doubt or fear?
Thou art our expectation,
Thine advent draweth near.
The mountain paths are glowing
Beneath their beauteous feet,
Whose songs, like sunlit fountains,
Leap forth their Lord to greet.
2. Through changing generations
According to Thy word,
The seasons, treasure-laden,
Thy faithfulness record.
Nature's benign handmaidens,
Seedtime and harvest, come,
Types of Thy resurrection,
And heaven's great harvest-home.
3. Lord, hasten Thine appearing !
Disperse these clouds that hide
The haven we are nearing :
Give light at eventide.
Speak to us through the darkness,
Some word of promise give,
And every doubt shall vanish,
And every hope shall live.
4. Our childhood needs a helper,
Our manhood needs Thine arm,
Our weakness a defender,
Our restlessness Thy calm ;
Thy Fatherhood our covert,
Thy love our safe retreat,
When stormy wind and tempest
Against our refuge beat.

5. The ages wait Thy coming,
 Thy Church responds "How long?"
 When shall these nights of weeping
 Give place to joyous song?
 God of all consolation!
 Thy kingdom come, we pray,
 Thy will be done, till heaven
 And earth shall pass away. *J. B. Greenwood.*

889. *A Family Gathering.* L.M.

1. **I**N this glad hour, when children meet,
 And home with them their children bring,
 Our hearts with one affection beat,
 One song of praise our voices sing.
2. For all the faithful, loved and dear,
 Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given,
 For those who still are with us here,
 And those who wait for us in heaven;—
3. For every past and present joy,
 For honour, competence, and health,
 For hopes which time may not destroy,
 Our soul's imperishable wealth;—
4. For all, accept our humble praise;
 Still bless us, Father, by Thy love;
 And when are closed our mortal days,
 Unite us in one home above. *Henry Ware.*

890. *Family Hymn for Christmas.* L.M.

1. **F**ATHER above, Thy name is love,
 Thy gifts are more than tongue can tell;
 Each circling year brings Thee more near,
 Within our grateful hearts to dwell.
2. Our Christmas praise to Thee we raise
 For untold blessings rich and rare,—
 For fruitful year, for Christmas cheer,
 And all that makes this world so fair;

3. For loves that bind, for joys refined,
For homes which ever sweeter grow,
For children dear our hearts to cheer,
And make the hearthstone brighter glow.
4. And while we sing, we hear the ring
Of mystic bells that float in air ;
And Bethlehem's star shines from afar
With rays of glory, rich and rare.
5. Come, Light Divine, and on us shine,
Turning all darkness into day !
Star of the dawn ! our souls, new born,
Would welcome every kindling ray.

891.

Love Divine.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. ○ LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light ;
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest !
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
2. The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise ;
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise :
Thou art the joy of gladness,
The Life of life Thou art ;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.
3. O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love ;

A throne without Thy blessing
 Were labour without rest ;
 The cottages possessing
 Thy blessedness are blest.

4. Bless Thou our hands united ;
 Bless Thou our hearts made one ;
 Unsevered and unblighted
 May we through life go on ;
 Here, in earth's home, preparing
 For brighter scenes above ;
 And there for ever sharing
 Thy home of perfect love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

892.

Absent Friends.

L. M.

1. **A**LMIGHTY Father, God of love,
 Hear from Thy throne of light above
 The prayer, that now to Thee ascends,
 For blessings on our absent friends.
2. Our loved ones we commend to Thee,
 Who, crossing o'er the restless sea,
 Or wandering through a foreign land,
 Still lie within Thy mighty hand.
3. It is Thy world where'er they go,
 Thy sun that shines on all below ;
 And we may still be one in Thee,
 Whose love encircles land and sea.
4. We cannot wander from Thy sight,
 Thy presence fills the morning's light ;
 And when the evening shadows fall,
 Thy sheltering love enfolds us all.

5. Thou seest, even whilst we pray,
Our absent loved ones far away ;
O shield them with a Father's care,
And all their joys and sorrows share.
6. Be with them when the day is bright,
Be near them in the gloom of night,
And guide until the end shall come
Of life's long day—then lead them home.

H. P. Hawkins.

893. *Angels of Jesus.* II. IO. II. IO. 9. II.

1. **H**ARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !*

2. Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
3. Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

F. W. Faber.

894. *The Death of a Child.* C.M.

1. **A**NOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

2. Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.
3. Fold *her*, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let *her* henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.
4. Still let *her* mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And *her* dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

J. G. Whittier.

895. *The Angels of the Home.* 6.5.6.5

1. **H**AND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.
2. Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.
3. Hand in hand with angels ;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
4. Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

5. Hand in hand with angels,
 Through the world we go ;
 Brighter eyes are on us
 Than we blind ones know. *Lucy Larcom.*

896. *Prayer and Work.* 7.7.7.7.

1. **A**T Thy call, O Voice divine !
 Here, with girded loins we stand ;
 Soldiers, priests, and sons of Thine,
 Lord, we wait the beckoning hand.
2. From this cloistered calm retreat,—
 From our musings, vows, and prayers,—
 At Thy word we go to meet
 Earthly conflicts, toils, and cares.
3. Through the temple gate, O God !
 In Thy might would we go forth,
 Thou, whose altar, pure and broad
 Hallows every spot of earth.
4. Lead us in the kindling name
 Of Thy well-belovèd Son ;
 Make His love our guiding flame,
 Till the heavenly day is won.

Charles T. Brooks.

897. *God Save the Poor.* 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. **L**ORD, from Thy blessed throne,
 Sorrow look down upon !
 God save the Poor !
 Teach them true liberty—
 Make them from tyrants free—
 Let their homes happy be !
 God save the Poor !

2. The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the Poor !
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless !
God save the Poor !
3. Give them staunch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor !
Help them to hold the right—
Give them both truth and might—
Lord of all Life and Light !
God save the Poor ! *Robert Nicoll.*

898. *Our Native Land.* 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. GOD bless our native land :
May Thy protecting hand
Still guard our shore !
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more !
2. May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle !
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.
3. Not on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore !

And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er !

Wm. Lamport.

899. *God Save the People.* 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.

1. **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
Not kings and lords, but nations !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they ;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people !

2. When wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
God save the people ; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair ;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people !

Ebenezer Elliott.

900. *Our Country.* C.M.

1. **L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most !
2. Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell :
Our children too ;—how should we love
Another land so well !

3. O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless :
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
4. Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
5. Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.
6. Lord of the nation, thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford.

901.

Our Country.

7.6.7.6. D.

1. **O** BEAUTIFUL, our country !
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door !
2. For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.

Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine ;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

3. O beautiful, our country !
 Round thee in love we draw ;
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,
 The majesty of Law.
 Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem ;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be Peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosmer.

902.

War.

C.M.

1. **O** GOD ! the darkness roll away
 Which clouds the human soul,
 And let Thy bright and holy day
 Speed onward to its goal !
2. Let every hateful passion die
 Which makes of brethren foes,
 And war no longer raise its cry
 To mar the world's repose.
3. How long shall glory still be found
 In scenes of cruel strife,
 Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
 Crushing the flowers of life ?
4. O hush, great God, the sounds of war,
 And make Thy children feel
 That he, with Thee, is nobler far
 Who toils for human weal ;--

5. Let faith, and hope, and charity,
Go forth through all the earth ;
And man in holy friendship be
True to his heavenly birth.

William Gaskell.

903.

Hospital Sunday.

C.M.

1. FROM Thee all skill and science flow ;
All pity, care, and love ;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
O, pour them from above !
2. And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.
3. And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease ;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace ;
4. When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod ;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley

904.

The Voyage of Life.

8.7.8.4.

1. STAR of Morning, brightly shining
On sin's dark and troubled sea ;
Pointing out Love's high designing,
Shine, shine on me.

2. Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All my toil, I look to Thee ;
Save me on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
3. Star of Truth, O safely guide me
To the haven of the free ;
Strong temptations long have tried me,
Far, far at sea.
4. Star of Love, where Thou art dwelling,
There no syren song shall be ;
There no moaning, there no swelling,
There, there no sea.

Jane Cross Simpson.

905.

Social Distress.

C.M.

1. ○ LORD of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind and dumb,
Before some power unknown.
2. The scourge is in our Father's hand ;
The plague comes forth from Thee ;
O, give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see !
3. Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door ;
The homes uncared for, souls untaught,
The unregarded poor.
4. The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive ;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.

5. So shall the lives for which we plead
 Be spared to praise Thee still,
 And we, from fear and danger freed,
 Be strong to do Thy will.

J. Ellerton.

906.

In Dark Days.

10.10.10.4.

1. **A**UTHOR of Light! our Father in the Heaven!
 Our days are dark with evil's gathering gloom;
 Hear Thou the prayer from suffering hearts up-driven,
 Thy Kingdom come!
2. Still nation preys on nation; still the strong
 Trample the weak, and multiply the sum
 Of open violence and shameless wrong:
 Thy Kingdom come!
3. Still, while the few heap wealth on wealth increased,
 The many lack; still Lazarus craves each crumb
 That falls in heedless waste from Dives' feast:
 Thy Kingdom come!
4. To heal the want that bars from hope and health
 A toiling, suffering multitude, while some
 Drag useless lives beneath the load of wealth,
 Thy Kingdom come!
5. To bridge the gulf that widens more and more
 'Twixt class and class, that chills to deadness numb
 The rich man's sympathies, and sours the poor—
 Thy Kingdom come!
6. To bid the storms of sin and sorrow cease,
 The voice of passion and of strife be dumb;
 To give the weary rest, the troubled peace,
 Thy Kingdom come!

Percy Greg.

907. *The Sick and Dying.* 8.7.8.7.7.7.

1. THOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,
 Hear us, Saviour, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
2. Every care and every sorrow,
 Be it great or be it small,
Yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,
 When,—where'er it may befall,
 Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
3. Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care ;
On Thy higher help relying,
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants to Thy mercy-seat.
4. May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart ;
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
5. So may sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat,

Godfrey Thring.

908. *Almsgiving.*

C.M.

1. LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.
2. Like Him through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
3. For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
4. Mean are all offerings we can make ;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

*W. Croswell.*909. *Prayer of the Aged.*

C.M.

1. REST for the weary hands is good :
And love, for hearts that pine ;
But let the simple habitude
Of upright souls be mine.
2. Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air :
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.
3. And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,

Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear.

4. Be near me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn ;
And down these slopes of sunset lead,
As up the hills of morn.

J. G. Whittier.

910. *A Thanksgiving Remembrance.* L.M.

1. **I**N counting all the precious boons
For which the grateful feast is spread,
Oh, let us not forget that chief
Among our treasures are our dead.
2. Let us give thanks that they have lived,
And on our lives such radiance poured,
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored.
3. And that, removed from longer share
In these brief festivals of earth,
We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth.
4. A light surpassing sun or star,
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,
The ministry of souls beloved,
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.
5. O Father ! let our dearest thanks
Be for the feast immortal paid ;
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,
And Thou art nearer through our dead.

Frances L. Mace.

911. *Our Fatherland.* 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1. **T**O Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace ;
Oh, hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
2. Arise, O Lord of hosts ;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
3. Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
4. The powers ordained by Thee,
With heavenly wisdom bless ;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
5. The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How.

912.

Guild Hymn.

C.M.

1. **T**HROUGH Him, who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through Him, in whom Thy fulness dwelt,
We lift to Thee our prayer.
2. Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.
3. Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Charles Wesley.

913.

Hospital Sunday.

L.M.

1. **T**HOU, Lord of Life, our Saving Health,
Who mak'st Thy suffering ones our care,
Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
To serve Thee our sincerest prayer.
2. As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
So through the ways our hands provide,
May quickening life flow in from Thee
3. To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Till the lame feet shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

Samuel Longfellow.

914.

At Sea.

L.M.

1. **R**OCKED in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For Thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.
2. And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine :
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
3. For still I know that safe with Thee
 The spirit of Thy child would be ;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Emma Hart Willard.

915.

For those at Sea.

L.M. 6 lines.

1. **E**TERNAL Peace, whose word of old
 In the great basins poured the main,
 And shut within their rocky fold
 The unnumbered flocks of ocean's plain :
 Oh hear us ! while the billows roar,
 For those who sail from shore to shore.
2. Great God, whose path upon the deep
 Is still unknown, but who didst keep
 Thy ancient people, when the wind
 And Egypt followed fast behind ;
 Oh hear us, when our prayer to Thee
 Ascends for those we love at sea.
3. O Thou, who for the Psalmist made
 The storm a calm, and brought him through

The surging ocean unafraid,
 Unto the hithe he longed to view :
 To all who sail the waters rude,
 Give equal trust and fortitude.

Stopford A. Brooke.

916. *Wanderer's Hymn.*

1. O GOD, from Thee we would not stray :
 Reveal to us Thyself, the Way !
 Recall us, claim us when we roam !
 Thou art our country and our home.
2. With Thee, in Thee, alone is rest :
 Thou art our East, and Thou our West.
 Our little lives of Thine are part :
 No boundaries bar us from Thy heart.
3. Through starless night, through mist and gale,
 Thou art the shore toward which we sail ;
 We bid farewell to friends most kind,
 But never leave Thy love behind.
4. And none are alien, none are strange,
 Met in the Love that cannot change ;
 We all are brethren in Thy Son—
 The Father and the children one.

Lucy Larcom

917. *The Coming Race.*

L.M.

1. THESE things shall be ! a loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls
 And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
3. Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
4. Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.
5. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.
6. There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die :
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

John Addington Symonds.

PSALMS AND CANTICLES.

THE FIRST DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stándeth in the | way of | sinners : nor sitteth in the | seat | of the | scornful.

But his delight is in the l  w | of the | Lord : and in His l  w doth he | meditate | day and | night.

And he shall be like a tree, planted b   the | rivers of | water : that bringeth f  rth his | fruit in | due | season.

His l  af also | shall not | wither : and whatsoever he | doeth | shall | prosper.

The ungodly | are not | so : but are like the ch  ff which the | wind | driveth a- | way.

Therefore the ungodly shall not st  nd | in the | judgment : nor sinners in the c  ngre- | gation | of the | righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the w  y | of the | righteous : but the w  y of the un- | godly | shall | perish.

GLORY BE TO THE F  THER | AND TO THE | SON : AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST ;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS N  W, AND | EVER | SHALL BE : W  RLD WITHOUT | END. | A- | MEN.

PSALM 3.

LORD, how are they increased that | trouble | me :
mány are | they that | rise a- | gainst me.

Many one there be that sáy | of my | soul : There is
no hélp | for him | in his | God.

But Thou, O Lórd, art | my de- | fender : Thou art
my worship, and the lifter | up of | my | head.

I did call upon the Lórd | with my | voice : and He
héard me | out of His | holy | hill.

I laid me down and slept, and róse | up a- | gain :
fór the | Lord sus- | tained | me.

Salvation belóngeth | unto the | Lord : and Thy
bléssing | is up- | on Thy | people.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 4.

HEAR me when I call, O Gód | of my | righteous-
ness : Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress,
have mércy upon | me and | hear my | prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glóry |
into | shame : how long will ye love váníty, and | seek |
after | falsehood ?

But know, that the Lord hath set apart him that is
gódly | for Him- | self: the Lord will héar | when I | call
un- | to Him.

Stánd in | awe, and | sin not : commune with your
own heart upón your | bed, | and be | still.

Offer the sácri- | fices of | righteousness : and pút
your | trust | in the | Lord.

Thére be | many that | say : Whó will | shew us
any | good ?

Lórd, | lift Thou | up : the líght of Thy | counte- |
nance up- | on us.

Thou hast put gládness | in my | heart : more than
in the time that their córn | and their | wine in- |
creased.

I will both lay me dówn in | peace, and | sleep : for
Thou, Lord ónly | makest me | dwell in | safety.

PSALM 8.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is Thy náme in |
all the | earth : who hast sét Thy | glory a- | bove the |
heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thóu
or- | dained | strength : that Thou mightest stíll the |
enemy | and the a- | venger.

When I consider Thy heavens, the wórks | of Thy |
fingers : the moon and stárs | which Thou | hast or- |
dained ;

What is man, that Thóu art | mindful of | him : and
the són of man | that Thou | visitest | him ?

For Thou hast made him a little lówer | than the |
angels : and hast crówned | him with | glory and |
honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the wórks |
of Thy | hands : Thou hast pút | all things | under
his | feet.

Áll | sheep and | oxen : yéa and the | beasts | of
the | field ;

The fowls of the air, and the físh | of the | sea : and
whatsoever passéth through the | paths | of the | seas.

O' | Lord our | Lord : how éxcellent is Thy | name
in | all the | earth.

*THE SECOND DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 5.

GIVE éar to my | words O | Lord : cón- | sider my |
medi- | tation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my Kíng | and
my | God : fór unto | Thee | will I | pray.

My voice shalt Thou héar in the | morning, O | Lord :
in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Théé | and
will | look | up.

For Thou art a God that hást no | pleasure in |
wickedness : néither shall | evil | dwell with | Thee.

Lead me O Lórd | in Thy | righteousness : make
Thy wáy | straight be- | fore my | face.

Let all those that put their trúst in | Thee re- | joice :
let them ever shout for joy becáuse | Thou de- |
fendest | them.

Let them álso that | love Thy | name : bé | joy- | ful
in | Thee.

For Thou Lórd wilt | bless the | righteous : with
favour wilt Thóu | compass him | as with a | shield.

PSALM 9.

I WILL give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, wíth my |
whole | heart : I will spéak of | all Thy | marvellous |
works.

I will be glád and re- | joice in | Thee : yea, my
songs will I máke to Thy | Name, O | Thou Most |
High.

The Lórd shall en- | dure for | ever : He hath álso
pre- | pared His | seat for | judgment.

For He shall júdge the | world in | righteousness :
and minister true | judgment | unto the | people.

The Lord also will be a defence | for the op- |
pressed : even a refuge in | all | time of | trouble.

And they that know Thy name will put their | trust
in | Thee : for Thou, Lord, hast never | failed | them
that | seek Thee.

O praise the Lórd who | dwelleth in | Sion : shew
the | people | of His | doings.

For, when He maketh inquisition for blood, He
re- | membereth | them : and forgetteth not the com- |
plaint | of the | poor.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, consider the trouble
which I suffer of | them that | hate me : Thou that
liftest me up | from the | gates of | death.

That I may shew all Thy praises within the gates of
the | daughter of | Sion : I' will re- | joice in | Thy
sal- | vation.

For the needy shall not alway | be for- | gotten : the
expectation of the poor | shall not | perish for | ever.

Arise, O Lord, let not | man pre- | vail : let the
nations be | judged | in Thy | sight.

Evening Prayer.

PSALMS 12, 13, 14.

HELP Lórd, the | godly man | ceaseth : and the
faithful fail from among the | children | of | men.

They talk of vanity every one | with his | neigh-
bour : they do but flatter with their lips, and dis-
semble | in their | double | heart.

The Lord shall root out all de- | ceitful | lips : and
the tongue that | speaketh | proud | things ;

Which have said, With our tóngue will | we pre-
vail: we are they that ought to spéak | who is |
lord | over us?

“For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing
of the needy, now will I árise” | saith the | Lord:
“I will set him in sáfety from | him that | puffeth |
at him.”

The words of the Lórd are | pure | words: even
as the silver, which from the earth is tried and
púrified | seven times | in the | fire.

Thou shalt kéepe | them, O | Lord: Thou shalt
preserve them from thís | gener- | ation for | ever.

Consider and héar me, O | Lord my | God: lighten
mine éyes, lest I | sleep the | sleep of | death;

Lest mine enemy say, I’ have pre- | vailed a- |
gainst him: and those that trouble mé re- | joice
when | I am | moved.

But I have trústed | in Thy | mercy: my héart
shall re- | joice in | Thy sal- | vation.

I will síng | unto the | Lord: because He hath
déalt | bounti- | fully | with me.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of
Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity |
of His | people: Jacob shall rejóice, and | Israel |
shall be | glad.

PSALM 15.

LORD, who shall dwéll in Thy | taber- | nacle: or
who shall rést up- | on Thy | holy | hill?

Even he that léadeth an | uncorrupt | life: and
doeth the thing which is right, and spéaketh the |
truth | from his | heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done

évil | to his | friend : ánd | hath not | slandered
his | neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lówly in
his | own | eyes : and maketh mÚch of | them that |
fear the | Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and dísap- |
pointeth him | not : thóugh it | were to his | own | hurt.

He that hath not given his móney up- | on |
usury : nor táken re- | ward a- | gainst the | inno-
cent.

Whóso | doeth these | things : sháll | ne- | ver | fall.

THE THIRD DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 16.

PRESERVE | me O | God : for in Theé | do I | put
my | trust.

O my soul, thou hast sáid | unto the | Lord : Thou
art my Lord, I' have | nothing | good with- | out Thee.

The Lord is the portion of mine inhéritance and |
of my | cup : Thóu | shalt main- | tain my | lot.

The lines are fallen unto mé in | pleasant | places :
yéa, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

I have set the Lórd | always be- | fore me : because
He is at my right hánd | I shall | not be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glád and my | glory re- |
joiceth : my flésh | also shall | rest in | safety.

For Thou wilt not léave my | soul in | sheol :
neither wilt Thou suffer Thine hóly | one to | see
cor- | ruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life, in Thy présence is | fulness of | joy : at Thy right hánd there are | pleasures for | ever- | more.

PSALM 17.

HEAR the right O Lord, attend | unto my | cry : give ear unto my prayer that goeth not | out of | feigned | lips.

Let my sentence come fórch | from Thy | presence : let Thine eyes behóld the | things | that are | equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart, Thou hast visited me in the night, Thou hast tried me ánd shalt | find | nothing : I am -púrposed that my | mouth shall | not trans- | gress.

Concerning the | works of | men : by the word of Thy lips I have kept me fróm the | paths of | the de- | stroyer.

Hold up my góings | in Thy | paths : thát my | footsteps | slip | not.

I have called upon Thee, for Thóu wilt | hear me O | God : incline Thine éar unto | me and | hear my | speech.

Shew Thy marvellous loving-kindness, O Thou that savest by Thy right hand them which pút their | trust in | Thee : from thóse that | rise | up a- | gainst them.

Keep me as the ápple | of the | eye : hide me únder the | shadow | of Thy | wings,

From men who áre Thy | hand, O | Lord : from men of the world, who háve their | portion | in this | life.

As for me, I shall behóld Thy | face in | righteousness : I shall be satisfied when I' a- | wake | with Thy | likeness.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 18.

I WILL love Thée, O | Lord, my | strength: the
Lord is my strong róck | and | my de- | fence,

My Saviour, my God, and my might, in whóm | I
will | trust: my buckler, the horn also of my sal- |
vation | and my | refuge.

I will call upon the Lord, who is wórthy | to
be | praised: so shall I' be | safe | from all | evils.

The sorrows of déath | compassed | me: and the
floods of ungódliness | made | me a- | fraid.

In my trouble I will cáll up- | on the | Lord: ánd
com- | plain | unto my | God.

So shall He hear my voice óut of His | holy | temple:
and my com- | plaint shall | come be- | fore Him.

He shall send dówn from on | high to | fetch me:
and shall také me | out of | many | waters.

With the mérciful Thou | shalt be | merciful: and
with a pérfect man | Thou | shalt be | perfect.

With the cléan Thou | shalt be | clean: and with
the fróward | Thou shalt | shew | frowardness.

For Thou shalt save the peóple that are | in ad- |
versity: and shalt bring dówn the | high looks | of
the | proud.

Thou álsó shalt | light my | candle: the Lord my
God shall máke my | darkness | to be | light.

The way of God is an únde- | filed | way: the
word of the Lord also is tried in the fire, He is the
defender of all thém that | put their | trust in | Him.

For who is Gód | but the | Lord: or who hath
ány | strength, ex- | cept our | God?

It is God that gírdeth | me with | strength: ánd |
maketh my | way | perfect.

Thou hast given me the defence of | Thy sal- |
vation: Thy right hand also shall hold me up, and
Thy loving cor- | rection shall | make me | great.

Thou shalt make room enough under me | for to |
go: that my | footsteps | shall not | slide.

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my | strong |
helper: and praised be the | God of | my sal- | vation.

PSALM 23.

THE Lórd | is my | shepherd: I' | shall | not | want.

He maketh me to lie down in | green | pastures:
He leadeth mé be- | side the | still | waters.

Hé re- | storeth my | soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness | for His | name's | sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I' will | fear no | evil: for Thou art
with me, Thy ród and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence
of thém that | trouble | me: Thou anointest my head
with óil, my | cup | runneth | over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the dáy | of my | life: and I will dwell in the
house | of the | Lord for | ever.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 19.

THE heavens declare the | glory of | God: and the
firmament | sheweth His | handi- | work.

Day unto dáy | uttereth | speech: and níght unto |
níght | sheweth | knowledge.

There is néither | speech nor | language : théir | voice | is not | heard.

Their line is gone fórch through | all the | earth : and their wórds to the | ends | of the | world.

In them hath He set a tabernácle | for the | sun : which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejóiceth as a | giant to | run his | course.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his círcuit | unto the | ends of it : and there is nothing híd | from the | heat there- | of.

The law of the Lord is pérfect, con- | verting the | soul : the testimony of the Lord is síre | making | wise the | simple.

The precepts of the Lord are ríght, re- | joicing the | heart : the commandment of the Lord is púre, en- | lighten- | ing the | eyes.

The fear of the Lord is cléan, en- | during for | ever : the judgments of the Lord are trúe and | righteous | alto- | gether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yéa than | much fine | gold : sweeter álso than | honey | and the | honeycomb.

Moreover by thém is Thy | servant | warned : and in keeping of thém | there is | great re- | ward.

Who can únder- | stand His | errors : cleanse Thóu | me from | secret | faults.

Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have domínion | over | me : then shall I be upright, and I' shall be | free from | great trans- | gression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditátion | of my | heart : be acceptable in Thy sight O Lórd, my | strength, and | my re- | deemer.

PSALM 24.

THE earth is the Lórd's, and the | fulness there- |
of: the wórld, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

For He hath founded ít up- | on the | seas: and
estáblished | it up- | on the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the híll | of the | Lord: or
who shall stánd | in His | holy | place?

He that hath clean hánds and a | pure | heart:
who hath not lifted up his sóul unto | vanity, nor |
sworn de- | ceitfully.

He shall receive the bléssing | from the | Lord: and
ríghteousness from the | God of | His sal- | vation.

Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lift
up ye éver- | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of |
glory | shall come | in.

Whó is this | King of | glory: The Lord strong
and míghty, the | Lord | mighty in | battle.

Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lift up
ye éver- | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of | glory |
shall come | in.

Whó is this | King of | glory: The Lord of hósts |
He is the | King of | glory.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 25.

UNTO Thee O Lord do I líft | up my | soul: O
my God I trust in Théé | let me not | be a- | shamed.

They that wait on Théé shall | not be a- | shamed:
they shall be ashámed that trans- | gress with- | out
a | cause.

Shew mé Thy | ways, O | Lord: ánd | teach | me
Thy | paths.

Lead mé in Thy | truth, and | teach me : for Thou
art the God of my salvation, on Thée do I | wait |
all the | day.

Remember O Lórd Thy | tender | mercies : and
Thy loving-kindnesses which | have been | ever of | old.

Remember not the sins of my yóuth nor | my
trans- | gressions : according to Thy mercy remem-
ber Thou mé for Thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord.

Good and upright | is the | Lord : therefore will
He téach | sinners | in the | way.

The méek will He | guide in | judgment : and the
méek | will He | teach His | way.

All the paths of the Lórd are | mercy and | truth :
unto such as kéep His | covenant | and His |
testimonies.

For Thy náme's | sake, O | Lord : párdon my |
sin, for | it is | great.

The secret of the Lórd is with | them that | fear
Him : and Hé will | shew | them His | covenant.

Mine eyes are ever lóoking | unto the | Lord : for
He shall plúck my | feet | out of the | net.

Turn Thee unto mé, and have | mercy up- | on
me : O bring Thou mé | out of | my dis- | tresses.

Look upon mine affliction | and my | pain : ánd
for- | give me | all my | sin.

O keep my sóul, and de- | liver | me : let me not
be ashámed, for I | put my | trust in | Thee.

Let integrity and uprightness | pre- | serve | me :
fór in | Thee hath | been my | hope.

PSALM 26.

JUDGE me O Lord, for I have wálked in | mine
in- | tegrity : I have trusted also in the Lórd |
therefore I | shall not | slide.

Examine mé, O | Lord, and | prove me : trý my |
reins | and my | heart.

For Thy loving-kindness is be- | fore mine | eyes :
and I' have | walked | in Thy | truth.

I have not sát with | vain | persons : neither will
I' | go in | with dis- | semblers.

I have hated the congregátion of | evil | doers :
and | will not | sit with the | wicked.

I will wásh mine | hands in | innocency : so will I
cómpass Thine | altar | O | Lord ;

That I may publish with the voíce | of thanks- |
giving : and téll of | all Thy | wondrous | works.

Lord, I love the habitátion of | Thy | house : and
the pláce | where Thine | honour | dwelleth.

THE FIFTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 27.

THE Lord is my light and my salvátion, whom |
shall I | fear : the Lord is the strength of my life,
of whóm | shall I | be a- | fraid ?

Though an host should encamp against me, my
héart | shall not | fear : though war should rise
against mé, even | then will | I be | confident.

One thing have I desired | of the | Lord : thát |
will I | seek | after ;

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all
the dáy | of my | life : to behold the beauty of the
Lórd, and to in- | quire | in His | temple.

Fór in the | time of | trouble : He shall híde | me
in | His pa- | vilion.

In the secret of His tábernacle | shall He | hide
me : He shall sét me | up up- | on a | rock.

Hear, O Lord, when I crý | with my | voice : have
mercy álso up- | on me, and | answer | me.

When Thou saidst, Séek | ye My | face : my heart
said unto Theé, Thy | face, Lord | will I | seek.

Hide nóT Thy | face far | from me : put not Thý |
servant a- | way in | anger.

Thóu hast | been my | help : leave me not, neither
forsake mé, O | God of | my sal- | vation.

When my fáther and my | mother for- | sake me :
thén the | Lord will | take me | up.

Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and Hé
shall | strengthen thine | heart : yéa | wait thou | on
the | Lord.

PSALM 29.

GIVE unto the Lórd | O ye | mighty : give únto
the | Lord | glory and | strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory dúe | unto His | name :
worship the Lórd | in the | beauty of | holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the
Gód of | glory | thundereth : thé | Lord is up- | on
many | waters.

The vóice of the | Lord is | powerful : the vóice of
the | Lord is | full of | majesty.

The Lord sítteth up- | on the | flood : yea, the
Lórd | sitteth | King for | ever.

The Lord will give stréngth | unto His | people :
the Lórd will | bless His | people with | peace.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 30.

I WILL extól | Thee, O | Lord : for Thou hast
lifted me up, and hast not made my fôes to re-
joice | over | me.

O Lord my God, I cried | unto | Thee : ánd | Thou
hast | healed | me.

O Lord, Thou hast brought up my sôul | from the |
grave : Thou hast kept me alive, that I should nót
go | down | to the | pit.

Sing unto the Lórd, O ye | saints of | His : and
give thánks at the re- | membrance | of His | holiness.

For His anger endureth but a moment, in Hís |
favour is | life : weeping may endure for a night, but
jôy | cometh | in the | morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall néver | be re- |
moved : Thou, Lord, of Thy góodness hast | made
my | hill so | strong.

Thou didst túrn Thy | face | from me : ánd | I |
was | troubled.

Then cried I' unto | Thee, O | Lord : yea I práyed |
to my | Lord right | humbly.

What profit is there | in my | blood : whén I go |
down | to the | pit ?

Shall the dust give thánks | unto | Thee : ór shall |
it de- | clare Thy | truth ?

Hear, O Lord, ánd have | mercy up- | on me : Lórd,
be | Thou | my | helper.

Thou hast turned my héaviness | into | joy : Thou hast
put off my sáckcloth, and | girded | me with | gladness.

Therefore shall every good man sing of Thy práise
with- | out | ceasing : O my God, I will give thánks |
unto | Thee for | ever.

PSALM 31.

IN Thee, O Lórd, do I | put my | trust : lét me | never | be a- | shamed.

Be Thóu my | strong | rock : fór a | house of de- | fence to | save me.

Into Thy hánds I com- | mend my | spirit : Thou hast redeemed mé, O | Lord, Thou | God of | truth.

I will be glad, and rejoyce | in Thy | mercy : for Thou hast considered my trouble, Thou hast knówn my | soul | in ad- | versities.

I trústed in | Thee, O | Lord : I said Thou art my Gód, my | times are | in Thy | hand.

Make Thy face to shíne up- | on Thy | servant : save mé | for Thy | mercy's | sake.

O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid úp for | them that | fear Thee : which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thée be- | fore the | sons of | men.

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy présence from the | noise of | men : Thou shalt keep them in Thy tábernacle | from the | strife of | tongues.

O love the Lórd all | ye His | saints : fór the | Lord pre- | serveth the | faithful.

Be of good courage, and Hé shall | strengthen your | heart : all yé that | hope | in the | Lord.

*THE SIXTH DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 33.

REJOICE in the Lórd | O ye | righteous : for práise is | comely | for the | upright.

For the wórd of the | Lord is | right : and áll
His | works are | done in | truth.

He loveth ríghteous- | ness and | judgment : the
earth is fúll of the | goodness | of the | Lord.

By the word of the Lórd were the | heavens |
made : and all the host of them bý the | breath | of
His | mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea togethér | as
a | heap : He layeth úp the | deep as | in a | storehouse.

Let the éarth | fear the | Lord : let all the inhabi-
tants of the wórd | stand in | awe of | Him.

For He spáke and | it was | done : He commáded |
and it | stood | fast.

The counsel of the Lórd | standeth for | ever : the
thoughts of His héart to | all | gener- | ations.

Blessed is the nation whose Gód | is the | Lord :
and the people whom He hath chósen | for His | own
in- | heritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven, He beholdeth áll
the | sons of | men : He fashioneth their hearts alike,
Hé con- | sidereth | all their | works.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upón | them that |
fear Him : upon thém that | hope | in His | mercy ;

To delivér their | soul from | death : and to kéepe
them a- | live in | famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord ; Hé is our | help
and | shield : our heart shall rejoice in Him, because
we have trústed | in His | holy | name.

Let Thy mercy, O Lórd | be up- | on us : accórd-
ing | as we | hope in | Thee.

PSALM 34.

I WILL bléss the | Lord at | all times : His práise
shall | ever be | in my | mouth.

My soul shall make her bóast | in the | Lord : the
humble shall héar there- | of | and be | glad.

O magnify the | Lord with | me : and let ús ex- | alt
His | name to- | gether.

I sought the Lórd | and He | heard me : and deli-
veréd | me from | all my | fears.

They looked unto Hím | and were | lightened : ánd
their | faces were | not a- | shamed.

This poor man críed, and the | Lord | heard him :
and saved hím | out of | all his | troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth róund about | them
that | fear Him : ánd | —de- | livereth | them.

O taste and sée that the | Lord is | good : bléssed is
the | man that | trusteth in | Him.

O fear the Lórd | ye His | saints : for thére is no |
want to | them that | fear Him.

The young lions do láck and | suffer | hunger : but
they that seek the Lórd shall | not want | any good | thing.

The eyes of the Lórd are up- | on the | righteous :
and His éars are | open | unto their | cry.

The Lord is nigh unto them that aré of a | broken |
heart : and saveth súch as | be of a | contrite | spirit.

Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous : but the
Lórd de- | livereth him | out of them | all.

The Lord redeemeth the sóul | of His | servants :
and none of them that trúst in | Him | shall be |
desolate.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 36.

THY mercy, O Lórd, is | in the | heavens : and Thy
faithfulness | reacheth | unto the | clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the | great | mountains :
Thy júdgments | are a | mighty | deep.

How excellent is Thy loving- | kindness, O | God :
therefore the children of men put their trust únder
the | shadow | of Thy | wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the plén-
teousness | of Thy | house : and Thou shalt make them
drínk of the | river | of Thy | pleasures.

For with Théé is the | fountain of | life : in Thy
líght | shall we | see | light.

O continue Thy loving-kíndness unto | them that |
know Thee : and Thy righteousness unto thém | that
are | true of | heart.

PSALM 37

FRET not thyself because of | evil- | doers : neither
be thou envious against the | workers | of in- | iquity.

Trust in the Lórd and | do | good : ánd | follow |
after | faithfulness.

Delight thyself | in the | Lord : and He shall give
theé the de- | sires | of thy | heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lórd, trust | also in | Him :
ánd | He shall | bring it to | pass.

He shall bring forth thy ríghteousness | as the | light :
ánd thy | judgment | as the | noonday.

Rést | in the | Lord : and wáit | patient- | ly for |
Him.

Cease from angér, and for- | sake | wrath : fret not
thyself in ány | wise to | do | evil.

The méek shall in- | herit the | earth : and shall de-
light themselvés | in the a- | bundance of | peace.

The Lord knoweth the dáys | of the | upright : and
their inhéritance | shall en- | dure for | ever.

The steps of a good man are órdered | by the | Lord :
and hé de- | lighteth | in His | way.

Though he fall, he shall not be útterly | cast | down :
for the Lórd up- | holdeth him | with His | hand.

The law of his Gód is | in his | heart : and nóne |
of his | steps shall | slide.

The salvation of the ríghteous is | of the | Lord : He
is their stréngth | in the | time of | trouble.

Mark the perfect mán, and be- | hold the | upright :
for the énd | of that | man is | peace.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 39.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the méasure |
of my | days : what it is, that I' may | know how | frail
I | am.

Behold, Thou hast made my dáy's | as a | hand-
breadth : and mine áge | is as | nothing be- | fore Thee.

Verily every mán at | his best | state : ís | alto- |
gether | vanity.

Surely every man wálketh in a | vain | show : surely
they áre dis- | quiet- | ed in | vain.

Hé | heapeth up | riches : and knóweth not | who
shall | gather | them.

And now Lórd, what | wait I | for : mý | hope | is
in | Thee.

Deliver me from áll | my trans- | gressions : make
me nó't the re- | proach | of the | foolish.

When Thóu | with re- | bukes : dost corréct | man |
for in- | iquity,

Thou makest his beauty to consume awáy | like
a | moth : súrely | every | man is | vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give éar | unto my |
cry : hólð not Thy | peace | at my | tears,

For I' am a | stranger | with Thee : and a sójourner,
as | all my | fathers | were.

O spare me that I' may re- | cover | strength : before
I' go | hence and | be no | more.

PSALM 40.

I waited pátiently | for the | Lord : and He inclined
únto | me, and | heard my | cry.

He brought me also out of the horrible pit, óut of
the | mire and | clay : and set my feet upon the rók,
and | ordered | my | goings.

And He hath put a new sówg | in my | mouth : even
a thánks- | giving | unto our | God.

Mány shall | see it, and | fear : and shall pút their |
trust | in the | Lord.

Blessed is the man that hath set his hópe | in the |
Lord : and turned not unto the proud, and to súch
as | go a- | bout with | lies.

O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works
which Thou hast done, and Thy thóughts which | are
to | usward : and yet there is no man that órdereth |
them | unto | Thee.

If I should decláre them and | speak of | them :
they should be more than I' am | able | to ex- | press.

Sacrifice, and meat-óffering, Thou | wouldest | not :
bút mine | ears | hast Thou | opened.

Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin, hast Thóu | not
re- | quired : thén | said I | Lo, I | come.

In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I
should fulfil Thy wíll | O my | God : I delight to
do it, yea Thy lów | is with- | in my | heart.

I have declared Thy righteousness in the gréat | congre- | gation : lo, I will not refrain my líps, O | Lord, and | that Thou | knowest.

I have not hid Thy righteousness with- | in my | heart : my talk hath been of Thy trúth | and of | Thy sal- | vation.

I have not kept back Thy lóving | mercy and | truth : fróm the | great | congre- | gation.

Withdraw not Thou Thy mércy from | me, O | Lord : let Thy loving-kindness and Thy trúth | al- | way pre- | serve me.

For innumerable troubles are come about me ; my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not áble to | look | up : yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my héad, and my | heart hath | failed | me.

O Lord, let it be Thy pléasure to de- | liver | me : máke | haste, O | Lord, to | help me.

As for mé, I am | poor and | needy : bút the | Lord | thinketh up- | on me.

Thou art my Hélper | and Re- | deemer : make nó long | tarrying | O my | God.

Evening Prayer.

PSALMS 42, 43.

As the hart pánteth | after the | water brooks : so panteth my sóul | after | Thee, O | God.

My soul thirsteth for Gód, for the | living | God : when shall I cóme and ap- | pear be- | fore | God ?

My tears have been my méat | day and | night : while they continually say unto mé | Where is | now thy | God ?

When I' re- | member these | things : I póur | out my | soul | in me.

For I wént | with the | multitude : I went with
thém | to the | house of | God :

With the vóice of | joy and | praise : with a múlti-
tude that | kept | holy- | day.

Why art thou cast dówn | O my | soul : and why
art thóu dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me ?

Hópe | thou in | God : for I shall yet praise Hím
for the | help | of His | countenance.

The Lord will command His loving-kindness | in
the | day-time : and in the night His song shall be
with me, and my prayer únto the | God | of my | life.

O send out Thy light and Thy trúth | let them |
lead me : let them bring me to Thy hólý | hill and |
to Thy | dwelling.

Why art thou cast dówn | O my | soul : and why
art thóu dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me ?

Hópe | thou in | God : for I shall yet praise Him,
who is the héalth of my | countenance | and my | God.

PSALM 46.

GÓD is our | refuge and | strength : a verý | present |
help in | trouble.

Therefore will we not féar though the | earth be |
moved : and though the mountains be carried ínto
the | midst | of the | sea ;

Though the waters thereóf | rage and | swell :
though the mountains sháke | with the | tempest
there- | of.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glád
the | city of | God : the holy place of the tábernacle |
of the | Most | High.

God is in the midst of her, shé shall | not be |
moved : Gód shall | help her, and | that right | early.

The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were | moved :
He uttered His | voice, the | earth | melted.

The Lórd of | hosts is | with us : the Gód of |
Jacob | is our | refuge.

Come, behold the wórks | of the | Lord : what
wónders He hath | wrought up- | on the | earth.

He maketh wars to céase in | all the | world : He
breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder,
He búrneth the | chariot | in the | fire.

Be still, and knów that | I am | God : I will be
exalted among the heathen, I' will be ex- | alted | in
the | earth.

The Lórd of | hosts is | with us : the Gód of |
Jacob | is our | refuge.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 44.

WE have heard with our ears, O Gód, our |
fathers have | told us : what work Thou didst in
their dáy's | in the | times of | old.

For they got not the land in possession thróugh
their | own | might : neither was it their ówn | arm
that | helped | them.

But Thy right hand and Thine arm, and the líght |
of Thy | countenance : because Thou hádst a re- |
gard | unto | them.

Thóu art my | King, O | God : send hélp | unto |
Jacob, Thy | servant.

For it is Thou that savest ús | from our | enemies:
and púttest them | in con- | fusion that | hate us.

We make our boast of Gód | all day | long: ánd
will | praise Thy | Name for | ever.

PSALM 47.

O CLAP your hands togethé | all ye | people: O
sing unto Gód | with the | voice of | melody.

For the Lord is hígh, and | to be | feared: He is
the great Kíng up- | on | all the | earth.

O sing praises, sing práises | unto our | God: O
sing práises, sing | praises | unto our | King.

For God is the Kíng of | all the | earth: síng ye |
praises with | under- | standing.

God réigneth | over the | nations: God sítteth
up- | on His | holy | seat.

The princes of the people are joined unto the
péople of the | God of | Abraham: for God, who
is greatly exalted, doth defend the éarth, as it |
were | with a | shield.

PSALM 48.

GREAT is the Lord and gréatly | to be | praised:
in the city of our Gód, in the | mountain | of His |
holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole éarth |
is mount | Zion: on the sides of the north, the cíty |
of the | great | King.

God is knówn | in her | palaces: fór | — a | sure |
refuge.

And as we have heard, so have we seen in the
city of the Lord of hosts, in the cíty | of our | God:
Gód will e- | stablish | it for | ever.

We have thought of Thy loving- | kindness, O |
God : ín the | midst | of Thy | temple.

According to Thy name O God, so is Thy praise
únto the | ends of the | earth : Thy right | hand is |
full of | righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the dáughters of |
Judah be | glad : bé- | cause | of Thy | judgments.

Walk about Zion, and gó | round a- | bout her :
ánd | tell the | towers there- | of.

Mark ye well her búlwarks, con- | sider her |
palaces : that ye may tell ít to the | gene- | ration |
following.

For this God is our Gód for | ever and | ever : He
will be our gúide | even | unto | death.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 50.

THE Lord, even the most míghty | God, hath |
spoken : and called the world from the rising up of
the sun únto the | going | down there- | of.

Out of Sión hath | God ap- | peared : ín | per- | fect |
beauty.

Our God shall cóme, and shall | not keep | silence :
there shall go before Him a consuming fire, and a
mighty tempest sháll be | stirred up | round a- | bout
Him.

He shall call the héaven | from a- | bove : and the
éarth, that | He may | judge His | people.

Gather My saints togéther | unto | Me : those that
have made a cóve- | nant with | Me by | sacrifice.

And the héaven shall de- | clare His | righteous-
ness : fór | God is | Judge Him- | self.

Hear, O My péople, and | I will | speak : I Myself

will testify against thee, O Israel, for I am Gód | even | thy | God.

I will not reprove thee because of thy sacrifices, nor fór thy | burnt- | offerings : which are | al- | way be- | fore Me.

I will take no búllock | out of thine | house : nór | he-goat | out of thy | folds.

For all the béasts of the | forest are | Mine : and so are the cáttle up- | on a | thousand | hills.

I know all the fówls | upon the | mountains : and the wild beásts of the | field are | in My | sight.

For the whole | world is | Mine : ánd | all that | is there- | in.

Offer unto Gód | thanks- | giving : and pay thy vóws | unto the | Most | High.

And call upon Mé in the | time of | trouble : so will I héar thee, and | thou shalt | praise | Me.

And whoso offereth Me thanks and práise, he | honoureth | Me : and to him that ordereth his conversation ríght will I | shew the sal- | vation of | God.

PSALM 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, accórding to Thy | loving- | kindness : according unto the multitude of Thy tender mércies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.

Wash me thróughly from | mine in- | iquity : ánd | cleanse me | from my | sin.

For I acknówledge | my trans- | gressions : ánd my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.

Against Thee, Thee ónly | have I | sinned : and dóne this | evil | in Thy | sight.

That Thou mayest be jústified | when Thou |
speakest : ánd be | clear | when Thou | judgest.

Behold Thou requirest trúth in the | inward | parts :
and in the hidden part Thou shalt máke | me to |
know | wisdom.

Create in me a cléan | heart, O | God : ánd re- | new
a right | .spirit with- | in me.

Cast me not awáy | from Thy | presence : take nót
Thy | holy | Spirit | fróm me.

Restore unto me the jóy of | Thy sal- | vation : and
uphold mé | with Thy | free | Spirit.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness O God, Thou Gód
of | my sal- | vation : and my tongue shall sing alóud |
of Thy | righteous- | ness.

O Lord, ópen | Thou my | lips : and my móuth |
shall shew | forth Thy | praise.

For Thou desirest not sacrificé | else would I | give
it : Thou delíghtest | not in | burnt | offering.

The sacrifices of Gód are a | broken | spirit : a
broken and a contrite heart, O Gód | Thou wilt | not
de- | spise.

THE NINTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALMS 55, 56.

GIVE éar to my | prayer, O | God : and hide not
Thysélf | from my | suppli- | cation.

Atténd unto | me, and | hear me : I mourn in
mý com- | plaint, and | make a | noise ;

Fearfulness and trémbling are | come up- | on me :
ánd | horror hath | over- | whelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings | like a | dove :
for then would I fly a- | way, and | be at | rest.

Lo, then would I | wander far | off : and re- | main |
in the | wilderness.

Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray,
and | cry a- | loud : and | He shall | hear my | voice.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and Hé | shall
sus- | tain thee : He shall never suffer the | righteous |
to be | moved.

In Gód have I | put my | trust : I will not be
afraid what | man can | do unto | me.

Thy vows are up- | on me, O | God : I will render |
praises | unto | Thee.

For Thou hast delivered my | soul from | death :
wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I
may walk before Gód in the | light | of the | living ?

PSALM 57.

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful | unto | me :
for my | soul | trusteth in | Thee.

Yea, in the shádw | of Thy | wings : I' | will |
make my | refuge.

I will call unto | God most | high : unto Gód that |
doeth | good to | me.

He shall send from | heaven and | save me : God
shall send forth His | mercy | and His | truth.

Be Thou exalted, O Gód, a- | bove the | heavens :
let Thy glóry | be above | all the | earth.

My heart is fixed, O Gód, my | heart is | fixed : I'
will | sing and | give | praise.

For the greatness of Thy mercy réacheth | unto
the | heavens : and Thy | truth | unto the | clouds.

Be Thou exalted, O Gód, a- | bove the | heavens :
let Thy glóry | be above | all the | earth.

PSALM 63.

O GÓD Thou art | my | God : éarly | will I | seek |
Thee.

My soul thirsteth for Thee ; my flésh | longeth for |
Thee : to see Thy power and Thy glóry, as I have |
seen Thee | in the | sanctuary.

Because Thy loving-kindness is | better than | life :
mý | lips shall | praise | Thee.

Thus will I bless Théé | while I | live : my mouth
shall praise | Thee with | joyful | lips ;

When I remember Théé up- | on my | bed : and
meditate on Théé | in the | night | watches.

Because Thóu hast | been my | help : therefore under
the sháadow of Thy | wings will | I re- | joice.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 65.

PRAISE waiteth for Théé, O | God, in | Zion : and
unto Théé shall the | vow | be per- | formed.

O Thóu that | hearest | prayer : únto | Thee shall |
all flesh | come.

Iniquities pre- | vail a- | gainst me : as for our
transgréssions, Thou shalt | purge | them a- | way.

Blessed is the man whom Thou choolest, and
causest to appróach | unto | Thee : that hé may |
dwell | in Thy | courts.

We shall be satisfied with the góodness | of Thy |
house : the hólý | place | of Thy | temple.

By terrible things Thou wilt ánswer | us in |
righteousness : O' | God of | our sal- | vation.

Thou that art the confidence of all the énds | of
the | earth : and of them that are afár | off up- | on
the | sea.

Who by his stréngth setteth | fast the | mountains :
béing | girded a- | bout with | might.

Who stilleth the roaring of the seas, the róaring |
of their | waves : ánd the | tumult | of the | peoples.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are
afráid | at Thy | tokens : Thou makest the outgoings
of the mórning and | evening | to re- | joice.

Thou vísitest the | earth, and | waterest it : Thóu |
makest it | very | plenteous.

The river of Gód is | full of | water : Thou providest
them corn, when Thóu hast | so pre- | pared the | earth.

Thou wáterest her | furrows a- | bundantly : Thóu |
settlest the | ridges there- | of.

Thou mákest it | soft with | showers : Thóu | bless-
est the | springing there- | of.

Thou crownest the yéar | with Thy | goodness : Thy |
paths | drop | fatness.

They drop upon the pástures | of the | wilderness :
and the little hílls re- | joice on | every | side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys are
cóvered | over with | corn : they shóut for | joy, they |
also | sing.

PSALMS 66, 68.

MAKE a joyful noise unto Gód | all ye | lands : sing
forth the honour of His náme | make His | praise |
glorious.

Say unto God, How wonderful art Thóu | in Thy |
works : áll the | earth shall | worship | Thee.

O bléss our | God, ye | people : and make the vóice
of His | praise | to be | heard,

Who hóldeþ our | soul in | life : and suffereth nó
our | feet | to be | moved.

Sing unto God, sing práises | unto His | name : ánd
re- | jóice be- | fore | Him.

He is a father of the fatherless, and deféndeth the |
cause of the | widows : even Gód in His | holy | ha-
bi- | tation.

God sétteth the | solitary in | families : He bringeth
out thóse | that are | bound with | chains.

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious ráin upon | Thine
in- | heritance : and refreshédst | it when | it was |
weary.

Thy péople shall | dwell there- | in : for Thou, O
Lord, hast prépared of Thy | goodness | for the | poor.

Blessed be the Lord, even the Gód | who helpeth |
us : who béareth our | burdens | day by | day.

He is our God, even the Gód of whom | cometh
sal- | vation : unto God the Lórd be- | long the |
issues from | death.

Sing unto God, O ye kíngdoms | of the | earth :
sng | praises | unto the | Lord.

THE TENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 67.

GOD be mérciful unto | us, and | bless us : and
cáuse His | face to | shine up- | on us.

That Thy way may be knówn up- | on the | earth :
Thy sáving | health a- | mong all | nations.

Let the people praise | Thee, O | God : yéa, let |
all the | people | praise Thee.

O let the nations be glád, and | sing for | joy : for
Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govérn
the | nations up- | on | earth.

Let the people praise | Thee, O | God : lét | all
the | people | praise Thee.

Then shall the éarth | yield her | increase : and
Gód, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

Gód | shall | bless us : and all the énds of the |
earth shall | fear | Him.

PSALMS 71, 73.

IN Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me never
be pút | to con- | fusion : deliver me in Thy righteous-
ness, incline Thine éar | unto | me, and | save me.

Be Thou my stronghold, whereunto I may | alway
re- | sort : Thou hast given commandment to save
me, for Thóu art my | rock | and my | fortress.

Thou art my hópe | O Lord | God : Thou art my
trúst | even | from my | youth.

Go not fár from | me, O | Lord : O' my | God
make | haste to | help me.

I will pátiently a- | bide al- | way : ánd will | praise
Thee | more and | more.

I will go in the stréngth of the | Lord | God : I
will make mention of Thy righteousness | even of |
Thine | only.

O God Thou hast taught mé | from my | youth :
and hitherto have I' de- | clared Thy | wondrous |
works.

When I am old and grey-headed, O Gód, for- |
sake me | not : until I have shewed Thy strength

unto this generation, and Thy power to áll | them
that | are to | come.

Thy righteousness, O Gód, is | very | high : O
Gód | who is | like unto | Thee?

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort mé
on | every | side : so will I praise Thée and Thy |
faithfulness | O my | God.

Whom have I' in | heaven but | Thee : and there
is none on éarth that | I de- | sire be- | fore Thee.

My flésh and my | heart | faileth : but God is the
strength of my héart | and my | portion for | ever.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 84.

How lovely are Thy dwéllings, O | Lord of | hosts :
my soul hath a desire and longing to énter the |
courts | of the | Lord.

My héart | and my | flesh : cry óut | for the | living |
God.

Blessed are they that dwéll | in Thy | house : théy
will | still be | praising | Thee.

Blessed is the man whose stréngth | is in | Thee :
in whose héart are the | high | ways to | Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make
it a | place of | springs : yea, the early ráin | covereth |
it with | blessings.

They gó from | strength to | strength : every one
of them in Zión ap- | peareth be- | fore | God.

O Lord God of hósts | hear my | prayer : gíve |
ear, O | God of | Jacob.

A day in Thy cóurts is | better than a | thousánd :
I had rather stand at the threshold of the house of my
Gód than | dwell in the | tents of | wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield, the Lord will give | grace and | glory : no good thing will He withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

O' Lord of | hosts : blessed is the man that | putteth his | trust in | Thee.

PSALM 85.

LORD, Thou hast been favourable | unto Thy | land : Thou hast brought back the cap- | tivi- | ty of | Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of Thy | people : Thou hast | covered | all their | sin.

Wilt Thou not revive | us a- | gain : that Thy people | may re- | joice in | Thee?

Show us Thy | mercy, O | Lord : and | grant us | Thy sal- | vation.

I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak : for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints, but let them not | turn a- | gain to | folly.

Surely His salvation is nigh | them that | fear Him : that glory may | dwell | in our | land.

Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether : righteousness and | peace have | kissed each | other.

Truth shall spring | out of the | earth : and righteousness shall | look | down from | heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give | that which is | good : and our | land shall | yield her | increase.

Righteousness shall | go be- | fore Him : and shall set us in the | way | of His | steps.

*THE ELEVENTH DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 86.

Bow down Thine éar, O | Lord, and | hear me : f6r |
I am | poor and | needy.

Preserve my s6ul, for | I am | godly : my God, save
Thy s6rvant that | putteth his | trust in | Thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry | unto Thee |
daily : rejoice the soul of Thy servant, for unto Thee,
O L6rd, do | I lift | up my | soul.

For Thou Lord art good, and réady | to for- | give :
and plenteous in mercy to áll | them that | call upon |
Thee.

Give ear, O L6rd | unto my | prayer : attend to the
v6ice | of my | suppli- | cations.

In the day of my trouble I' will | call upon | Thee :
f6r | Thou wilt | answer | me.

All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and
w6rship | Thee, O | Lord : ánd shall | glori- | fy Thy |
name.

For Thou art great, and dóest | wondrous | things :
Th6u | art | God a- | lone.

Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will wálk | in Thy |
truth : únite my | heart to | fear Thy | name.

I will praise Thee, O Lord my G6d, with | all my |
heart : and I will glorify Thy | name for | ever- | more.

PSALM 89.

I WILL sing of the mércies of the | Lord for | ever :
with my mouth will I make known Thy fáithfulness
to | all | gener- | ations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be búilt | up for | ever :
Thy faithfulness shalt Thou es- | tablish | in the |
heavens.

The heavens shall práise Thy | wonders, O | Lord :
Thy faithfulness also, in the cóngre- | gation | of the |
saints.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lórd | like
unto | Thee : ór to Thy | faithfulness | round a- | bout
Thee ?

Thou rulest the ráging | of the | sea : when the waves
thereóf a- | rise Thou | stillest | them.

The heavens are Thine, the éarth | also is | Thine :
as for the world and the fulness thereóf | Thou hast |
founded | them.

Justice and judgment are the habitátion | of Thy |
throne : mercy and trúth shall | go be- | fore Thy |
face.

Blessed is the peoplè that knów the | joyful | sound :
they shall wàlk, O Lórd, in the | light | of Thy | coun-
tenance.

In Thy name shall they rejóice | all the | day : and
in Thy righteousness | shall they | be ex- | alted.

Blessed be the Lórd for | ever- | more : A'- | men,
and | A- | men.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 90.

LÓRD, Thou hast | been our | dwelling-place : in |
all | gener- | ations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever
Thou hadst formed the éarth | and the | world : even
from everlasting to éver- | lasting | Thou art | God.

Thou turnest mán | to de- | struction : and sáyest,
Re- | turn ye | children of | men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yés-
terday | when it is | past : ánd | as a | watch in the |
night.

Thou carriest them away, théy | are as a | sleep : in
the morning they are liké | grass which | groweth | up.

In the morning it flóurisheth and | groweth | up : in
the evening it | is cut | down, and | withereth.

The days of our years are three-scoré | years and |
ten : and if by reason of stréngth | they be | four-
score | years ;

Yet is their stréngth | labour and | sorrow : for it is
soon cut óff | and we | fly a- | way.

So teach ús to | number our | days : that we may
applý our | hearts | unto | wisdom.

Retúrñ, O | Lord, how | long : ánd be | gracious |
unto Thy | servants.

O satisfy us éarly | with Thy | mercy : that we may
rejóice and be | glad | all our | days.

Make us glad according to the days whereín Thou |
hast af- | flicted us : and the yéars where- | in we | have
seen | evil.

Let Thy work appéar | unto Thy | servants : ánd
Thy | glory | unto their | children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our Gód | be up- | on
us : and establish Thou the work of our hands upon
us, yea the work of our hánds es- | tablish | Thou | it.

PSALM 91.

HE that dwelleth in the secret pláce of the | Most |
High : shall abide únder the | shadow | of the Al- |
mighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge | and
my | fortress : my Gód, in | Him | will I | trust.

He shall deliver thee from the snáre | of the |
fowler : ánd | from the | noisome | pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under
His wings | shalt thou | trust : His trúth shall | be
thy | shield and | buckler.

Thou shalt not be afráid for the | terror by | night :
nór for the | arrow that | flieth by | day ;

For the péstilence that | walketh in | darkness :
nor fór the des- | truction that | wasteth at | noon-
day.

Because thou hast máde the | Lord thy | refuge :
and the Móst | High thy | habi- | tation ;

There shall no évil be- | fall | thee : neither shall
ány | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.

For He shall give His angels chárge | over | thee :
to kéepe | thee in | all thy | ways.

They shall bear thee úp | in their | hands : lest
thou dásh thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone.

Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore
will I' de- | liver | him : he shall call upon Mé, and |
I will | answer | him.

I will bé with | him in | trouble : ánd will | shew
him | My sal- | vation.

THE TWELFTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 92.

IT is a good thing to give thánks | unto the | Lord :
and to sing praisés unto Thy | name | O Most |
High.

To shew forth Thy loving-kindness | in the | morn-
ing : ánd Thy | faithfulness | every | night.

For Thou Lord hast made me glád | through Thy |
work : I will tríumph in the | works | of Thy |
hands.

O Lord how gréat | are Thy | works : ánd Thy |
thoughts are | very | deep.

An unwise man doth not wéll con- | sider | this :
and a foolish mán | doth not | under- | stand it.

The righteous shall flóurish | like the | palm tree :
he shall grów | like a | cedar in | Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord
shall flourish in the cóurts | of our | God : they
shall still bring fórth | fruit in | old | age ;

To shéw that the | Lord is | upright : He is my
rock, and there is nó un- | righteous- | ness in | Him.

PSALM 93.

THE Lord reigneth, Hé is | clothed with | majesty :
the Lord is clothed with stréngth, wherewith | He
hath | girded Him- | self.

The world also is stáblished, that it | cannot be |
moved : Thy throne is established of old, Thóu | art
from | ever- | lasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have
lifted | up their | voice : thé | floods lift | up their |
waves.

Mighty is the noise of many waters, mighty is the
ráging | of the | sea : bút the | Lord on | high is |
mightier.

Thy téstimonies are | very | sure : holiness be-
cómeth Thine | house, O | Lord, for | ever.

PSALM 95.

O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord : let us make
a joyful noise to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.

Let us come before his présence | with thanks- |
giving : and make a joyful | noise unto | Him with |
psalms.

For the Lórd is a | great | God : and a gréat | King
a- | bove all | gods.

In His hand are the deep pláces | of the | earth :
the strength of the | hills is | His | also.

The sea is Hís | and He | made it : and His hánds |
formed the | dry | land.

O come let us worship | and bow | down : let us
knéel be- | fore the | Lord our | maker

Fór | He is our | God : and we are the people of
His pasture, ánd the | sheep of | His | hand.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 96.

O SING unto the Lórd a | new | song : sing unto
the | Lord | all the | earth.

Sing unto the Lórd | bless His | name : shew fórtb
His sal- | vation from | day to | day.

Declare His glóry a- | mong the | nations : Hís |
wonders a- | mong all | people.

Honour and májesty | are be- | fore Him : strength
and | beauty are | in His | sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kındreds | of the |
people : gíve unto the | Lord | glory and | strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory dúe | unto His |
name : bring an óffering and | come | into His | courts.

O worship the Lórd in the | beauty of | holiness :
let the whole wórld | stand in | awe of | Him.

Say among the nátions that the | Lord | reigneth :
Hé shall | judge the | people | righteously.

Let the heavens rejóice, and let the | earth be | glad :
let the sea róar | and the | fulness there- | of.

Let the field be joyful, and áll that | is there- | in :
then shall all the trees of the wóod re- | joice be- | fore
the | Lord.

For He cometh, for He cómeth to | judge the |
earth : He shall judge the world with righteousness,
ánd the | people | with His | truth.

PSALM 97.

THE Lord réigneth, let the | earth re- | joice : let
the múltitude of | isles be | glad there- | of.

Clouds and dárkness are | round a- | bout Him :
righteousness and judgment are the sóund- | ation | of
His | throne.

The heávens de- | clare His | righteousness : and
áll the | peoples | see His | glory.

Zion héard | and was | glad : and the daughters of
Judah rejoiced becáuse of Thy | judgments | O | Lord.

For Thou, Lord, art high abóve | all the | earth :
Thou art exálted | far a- | bove all | gods.

Ye that love the Lórd | hate | evil : He preserveth
the souls of His saints, He delivereth them óut of
the | hand | of the | wicked.

Light is sówn | for the | righteous : and gládness |
for the | upright in | heart.

Rejóice in the | Lord ye | righteous : and give thánks
at the re- | membrance | of His | holiness.

*THE THIRTEENTH DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 98.

O SING unto the Lórd a | new | song : for Hé hath | done | marvellous | things.

His right hánd and His | holy | arm : háth | gotten | Him the | victory.

The Lord hath made knówn | His sal- | vation : His righteousness hath He openly shéwed in the | sight | of the | nations.

He hath remembered His mercy and His trúth toward the | house of | Israel : all the ends of the earth have séen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lórd | all the | earth : make a loud nóise and re- | joice, and | sing | praise.

Sing unto the Lórd | with the | harp : with the hárp | and the | voice of a | psalm.

With trúmpets and | sound of | cornet : make a joyful nóise be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

Let the sea róar and the | fulness there- | of : the wórld and | they that | dwell there- | in.

Let the flóods | clap their | hands : let the hills be jóyful to- | gether be- | fore the | Lord.

For He cómeth to | judge the | earth : with righteousness shall He judge the wórld | and the | people with | equity.

PSALM 99.

THÉ | Lord | reigneth : and Hé is | high above | all the | people.

Let them praise Thy gréat and | terrible | name : fór | it | is | holy.

Thou dóst es- | tablish | equity : Thou éxecutest |
judgment and | righteous- | ness.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and wórship | at His |
footstool : fór | He | is | holy.

Moses and Aaron among His priests, and Samuel
among them that cáll up- | on His | name : they called
upon the Lórd | and He | answered | them.

Théy | kept His | testimonies : ánd the | statute |
that He | gave them.

Thou answeredst thém, O | Lord our | God : Thou
wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest |
vengeance of | their in- | ventions.

Exalt the Lord our God and wórship at His | holy |
hill : fór the | Lord our | God is | holy.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lórd | all ye | lands :
serve the Lord with gladness, cóme be- | fore His |
presence with | singing.

Know ye that the Lórd | He is | God : it is He that
hath made us and not we ourselves, we are His péople
and the | sheep of | His | pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and ínto His |
courts with | praise : be thánkful unto | Him and | bless
His | name.

For the Lord is good, His mércy is | ever- | lasting :
and His truth endúreth to | all | gener- | ations.

PSALM 101.

I WILL síng of | mercy and | judgment : unto Théé,
O | Lord | will I | sing.

I will behave myself wisely in a | perfect | way :
Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me? I will walk
within my hóuse | with a | perfect | heart.

I will set no wicked thing be- | fore mine | eyes :
I hate the work of them that turn aside, ít | shall not |
cleave to | me.

A froward héart shall de- | part from | me : I' will |
know no | evil | thing.

Whoso slandereth his neighbour, hím will | I send |
off : him that hath a high look and a proud héart |
will not | I | suffer.

Mine eyes shall be upon the fáithful | of the | land :
thát | they may | dwell with | me.

He that wálketh in a | perfect | way : hé | shall |
serve | me.

He that worketh deceit shall not dwéll with- | in
my | house : he that telleth lies sháll not | tarry | in
my | sight.

PSALM 102.

HÉAR my | prayer, O | Lord : and lét my | cry
come | unto | Thee.

Hide not Thy face from mé in the | time of |
trouble : incline Thine ear unto me when I cáll,
O | answer me | speedi- | ly.

My days are like a sháadow | that de- | clineth :
ánd | I am | withered like | grass.

But Thou, O Lórd, shalt | abide for | ever : and
Thy memórial | unto all | gener- | ations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mércy up- | on | Zron :
for it is time to have pity upon hér | yea, the set |
time is | come.

For Thy servants take pléasure | in her | stones :
ánd have | love | for her | dust.

So the nations shall fear the náme | of the | Lord :
and all the kíngs | of the | earth Thy | glory :

The Lórd hath | built up | Zion : He hath cáused
His | glory | to ap- | pear.

He hath regarded the práyer | of the | destitute :
ánd de- | spised not | their de- | sire.

He hath looked down from the héight | of His |
sanctuary : from héaven did the | Lord be- | hold
the | earth ;

To hear the gróaning | of the | prisoner : to loose
thóse that | are ap- | pointed to | death.

He weakened my stréngth | in the | way : Hé |
shortened | my | days.

I said, O my God take me not awáy in the | midst
of my | days : Thy yéars are through- | out all |
gener- | ations.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundátion | of the |
earth : and the héavens are the | work | of Thy |
hands.

They shall perish, but Thóu | shalt en- | dure : théy
shall | all wax | old like a | garment.

As a vésture | shalt Thou | change them : ánd |
they | shall be | changed.

But Thóu | art the | same : ánd Thy | years shall |
have no | end.

THE FOURTEENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 103.

BLESS the Lórd | O my | soul : and all that is within
mé | bless His | holy | name.

Bless the Lórd | O my | soul : ánd for- | get not |
all His | benefits ;

Who forgívet | all thy | sin : who héaleth | all |
thine in- | firmities ;

Who redeemeth thy lifé | from de- | struction : who
crowneth thee with lóving- | kindness and | tender |
mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy móuth with | good | things : so
that thy yóuth is re- | newed | like the | eagle's.

The Lord executeth ríghteous- | ness and | judg-
ment : fór | all that | are op- | pressed.

He made known His wáys | unto | Moses : His
wórk | unto the | children of | Israel.

The Lord is fúll of com- | passion and | mercy :
longsúffering | and of | great | goodness.

He will not | always | chide : neither will He | keep
His | anger for | ever.

He hath not dealt with ús | after our | sins : nor
rewarded ús ac- | cording to | our in- | iquities.

For as the heaven is híg | a- | bove the | earth : so
gréat is His | mercy toward | them that | fear Him.

As far as the éast is | from the | west : so far hath
He remóved | our trans- | gressions | from us.

Like as a fáther | pitieth his | children : so the
Lórd | pitieth | them that | fear Him.

Fór He | knoweth our | frame : Hé re- | membereth
that | we are | dust.

As for man, his dáy | are as | grass : as a flówer of
the | field | so he | flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over ít | and it is | gone : and
the pláce there- | of shall | know it no | more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlásting upon | them that | fear Him : and His
ríghteousness | unto | children's | children.

Bless the Lord ye His ángels that ex- | cel in | strength : that do His commandments, hearkening únto the | voice | of His | word.

Bless ye the Lórd all | ye His | hosts : ye mínisters of | His that | do His | pleasure.

Bless the Lord all His works, in all pláces of | His do- | minion : bléss the | Lord | O my | soul.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 104.

BLESS the Lórd | O my | soul : O Lord my God Thou art very great, Thóu art | clothed with | honour and | majesty ;

Who coverest Thyself with líght as | with a | garment : who stretchest óut the | heavens | like a | curtain ;

Who layeth the beams of His chámbers | in the | waters : who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walketh upón the | wings | of the | wind.

He máketh the | winds His | messengers : the fláming | fire His | minis- | ter.

He laid the foundátions | of the | earth : that it should nótt | be re- | moved for | ever.

Thou coveredst it with the déep as | with a | garment : the wátters | stood a- | bove the | mountains.

At Thý re- | buke they | fled : at the vóice of Thy | thunder they | hasted a- | way.

They go up by the mountains, they go dówn | by the | valleys : unto the pláce which | Thou hast | founded | for them.

He sendeth the spríngs | into the | rivers : whích | run a- | mong the | hills.

They give drink to every béast | of the | field : by

them do the fowls of heaven have their habitation,
which | sing a- | mong the | branches.

He watereth the hills | from a- | bove : the earth is
satisfied with the | fruit | of Thy | works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and
herb for the | service of | man : that he may bring
forth | food out | of the | earth ;

And wine that maketh glád the | heart of | man :
and bréad that | strengtheneth | man's | heart.

He appointed the | moon for | seasons : the sún |
knoweth his | going | down.

Thou makest dárkness, and | it is | night : wherein
all the béasts of the | forest do | creep | forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and séeke
their | meat from | God : the sun ariseth, they get
them away together, and láy them | down | in their |
dens.

Man goeth forth unto his wórk and | to his | labour :
ún- | til the | even- | ing.

O Lord how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom
hast Thou | made them | all : the éarth is | full | of
Thy | riches.

So is this gréat and | wide | sea : wherein are
things creeping innúmerable both | small and | great |
beasts.

These waít | all upon | Thee : that Thou mayest
give théem their | meat in | due | season.

That Thou gívest | them they | gather : Thou
openest Thine hánd | they are | filled with | good.

Thou hidest Thy fáce | they are | troubled : Thou
takest away their breath, they díe and re- | turn | to
their | dust.

Thou sendest forth Thy spírit, they | are cre- | ated :
and Thou re- | newest the | face of the | earth.

The glory of the Lórd shall en- | dure for | ever :
the Lórd shall re- | joice | in His | works.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 106.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | gra-
cious : ánd His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Who can express the noble ácts | of the | Lord :
ór | shew forth | all His | praise ?

Blessed are théy that | alway keep | judgment :
ánd | do | righteous- | ness.

Remember me, O Lord, according to the favour
that Thou béarest | unto Thy | people : O vísit | me
with | Thy sal- | vation ;

That I may see the felicity | of Thy | chosen : and
rejoice in the gladness of Thy people, ánd give |
thanks with | Thine in- | heritance.

PSALM 107.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good :
fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Let the redéemed of the | Lord say | so : whom He
hath redeemed fróm the | hand | of the | enemy ;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the éast
and | from the | west : fróm the | north and | from
the | south.

They wandered in the wílderness in a | solitary |
way : théy | found no | city to | dwell in.

Húngry | and | thirsty : théir | souls | fainted | in
them.

Then they cried unto the Lórd | in their | trouble :
and He delivered them | out of | their dis- | tresses.

And He led them fórtH by the | right | way : that
they might gó to a | city of | habi- | tation.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | good-
ness : and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children
of | men !

For He sátisfieth the | longing | soul : and filleth
the | hungry | soul with | goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and ín the | shadow of |
death : being bóund | in af- | fliction and | iron.

He hath bróken the | gates of | brass * and cúT the |
bars of | iron in | sunder.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | good-
ness : and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children
of | men !

And let them sacrifice the sácricés | of thanks- |
giving : and decláre His | works | with re- | joicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do búsi-
ness | in great | waters : these see the works of the
Lord, ánd His | wonders | in the | deep.

He máketh the | storm a | calm : so thát the | waves
there- | of are | still.

Then are they glad becáuse | they are | quiet : so
He bringeth théM unto | their de- | sired | haven.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | good-
ness : and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children
of | men !

Evening Prayer.

PSALMS III, II2.

I WILL give thanks unto the Lórd with my | whole |
heart : in the assembly of the upríght and | in the |
congre- | gation.

The wórks of the | Lord are | great : sought out of
all thém | that have | pleasure there- | in.

The Lord is grácious and | full of com- | passion :
áll | His com- | mandments are | sure.

They stand fást for | ever and | ever : ánd are |
done in | truth and up- | rightness.

He sent redémption | unto His | people : He hath
commanded His covenant for ever, hólý and | rever-
end | is His | name.

The féar | of the | Lord : ís | the be- | ginning of |
wisdom.

A good understanding have all théy that | do His
com- | mandments : Hís | praise en- | dureth for |
ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth líght | in the | dark-
ness : He is grácious, and | full of com- | passion and |
righteous.

Surely he shall nótt be | moved for | ever : the righ-
teous shall be héld in | ever- | lasting re- | membrance.

PSALM 113.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye sérvants | of
the | Lord : práise the | name | of the | Lord.

Blessed be the náme | of the | Lord : from this time
fórtth | and for | ever- | more.

From the rising of the sun unto the going dówn | of
the | same : the Lórd's | name is | to be | praised.

The Lord is high a- | bove all | nations : ánd His |
glory a- | bove the | heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our Gód, who | dwelleth
on | high : that humbleth Himself to behold the things
that áre in | heaven and | in the | earth !

*THE SIXTEENTH DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 116.

I LOVE the Lórd, be- | cause He hath | heard : thé |
voice | of my | prayer.

Because He hath inclined His éar | unto | me :
therefore will I call upon Hím as | long | as I | live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains
of the gráve gat | hold up- | on me : I' | found | trouble
and | sorrow.

Then called I upon the náme | of the | Lord : O
Lord, I beséech | Thee, de- | liver my | soul.

Grácious is the | Lord, and | righteous : yéa | our |
God is | merciful.

The Lórd pre- | serveth the | simple : I was brought
lów | and He | helped | me.

Return unto thy rést | O my | soul : for the Lord
hath déalt | bounti- | fully | with thee ;

For Thou hast delivered my | soul from | death :
mine eyes from téars | and my | feet from | falling.

What shall I rénder | unto the | Lord : for áll His |
benefits | towards | me ?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call on the
náme | of the | Lord : I will pay my vows unto the
Lórd in the | presence of | all His | people.

I will offer to Thee the sácristice | of thanks- | giving :
and will call upón the | name | of the | Lord.

I will pay my vóws | unto the | Lord : ín the |
presence of | all His | people.

PSALM 118.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good .
fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Let them now that féar the | Lord | say : thát His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

I called upon the Lórd | in dis- | tress : and the
Lórd | heard me | and de- | livered me.

The Lord is my stréngth | and my | song : and ís
be- | come | my sal- | vation.

Open to mé the | gates of | righteousness : I will
go into thém and | I will | praise the | Lord.

This is the gáte | of the | Lord : ínto | which the |
righteous | enter.

I will praise Thée, for | Thou hast | heard me : and
árt be- | come | my sal- | vation.

The stóne which the | builders re- | jected : is
becóme the | head | of the | corner.

This is the | Lord's | doing : ít is | marvellous | in
our | eyes.

This is the dáy which the | Lord hath | made : we
will rejóice | and be | glad in | it.

Thou art my Gód, and | I will | praise Thee : Thou
árt my | God I | will ex- | alt Thee.

O give thanks unto the Lórd for | He is | good : fór
His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 119.

PART I.

BLESSED are the undefiled | in the | way : who wálk
in the | law | of the | Lord.

Blessed are théy that | keep His | testimonies : and
séek Him | with their | whole | heart.

Thou hast commanded us to kéept Thy | precepts |

diligently : O that my ways were di- | rected to | keep
Thy | statutes.

Then shall I nó | be a- | shamed : when I have
respéct unto | all | Thy com- | mandments.

Thy word have I híd | in my | heart : that I míght
not | sin a- | gainst | Thee.

I have rejoiced in the wáy | of Thy | testimonies :
ás | in all | manner of | riches.

I will méditate | in Thy | precepts : and háve re- |
spect | unto Thy | ways.

I will delight myself | in Thy | statutes : I' will | not
for- | get Thy | word.

Ópen | Thou mine | eyes : that I may behold wón-
drous | things | out of Thy | law.

I am a stránger | on the | earth : hídé not | Thy
com- | mandments | from me.

PART II.

My soul cléaveth | unto the | dust : quicken Thou
mé ac- | cording | to Thy | word.

Remove from mé the | way of | lying : and gránt |
me Thy | law | graciously.

Incline my héart | unto Thy | testimonies : ánd | not
to | covetous- | ness.

Turn away mine éyes from be- | holding | vanity :
ánd | quicken me | in Thy | way.

I remembered Thy júdgments of | old, O | Lord :
ánd | have re- | ceived | comfort.

Thy státutes have | been my | songs : ín the | house |
of my | pilgrimage.

Before I was tróubled I | went a- | stray : but nów |
have I | kept Thy | word.

It is good for me that I' have | been af- | flicted :
thát | I might | learn Thy | statutes.

I know O Lórd that Thy | judgments are | right :
and that Thóu in | faithfulness | hast af- | flicted me.

O let Thy merciful kíndness | be my | comfort :
accórding to Thy | word | unto Thy | servant.

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 119.

PART III.

Thou árt my | portion | O Lord : I' have | promised
to | keep Thy | law.

I made my humble petition in Thy présence with
my | whole | heart : O be merciful unto mé ac- | cord-
ing | to Thy | word.

I thóught up- | on my | ways : and túrned my | feet |
unto Thy | testimonies.

I made haste and prolónged | not the | time : tó |
keep | Thy com- | mandments.

I am a companion of áll | them that | fear Thee :
ánd | keep | Thy com- | mandments.

The earth, O Lord, is fúll | of Thy | mercy : O' |
teach | me Thy | statutes.

O Lórd | Thy | word : én- | dureth for | ever in |
heaven.

Thy truth also remaineth from one generátion | to
a- | nother : Thou hast laid the foundátion of the | earth
and | it a- | bideth.

They continue this day accórding | to Thine | ordin-
ance : fór | all things | serve | Thee.

If my delight had not béen | in Thy | law : I shóuld
have | perished | in my | trouble.

I will never forgét | Thy com- | mandments : for
with thém | Thou hast | quickened | me.

I' am | Thine, O | save me : for I' have | sought |
Thy com- | mandments.

The ungodly laid wait for mé | to de- | stroy me :
but I' will con- | sider | Thy | testimonies.

I see that áll things | come to an | end : but Thy
commándment | is ex- | ceeding | broad.

PART IV.

RÍGHTEOUS art | Thou, O | Lord : ánd | upright |
are Thy | judgments.

Thy testimonies that Thóu | hast com- | manded :
áre | righteous and | very | faithful.

Thy wórd is | very | pure : thérefore Thy | servant |
loveth | it.

Thy righteousness is an éver- | lasting | righteous-
ness : ánd Thy | law | is the | truth.

Trouble and anguish have táken | hold on | me :
yet Thy commándments | are | my de- | lights.

The righteousness of Thy testimónies is | ever- |
lasting : give me únder- | standing and | I shall | live.

I críed with | my whole | heart : hear me, O Lórd | I
will | keep Thy | statutes.

Make Thy face to shíne up- | on Thy | servant : ánd |
teach | me Thy | statutes.

Great peace have théy who | love Thy | law : ánd |
nothing | shall of- | fend them.

Let Thine hand help me, for I' have | chosen Thy |
precepts : I have longed for Thy salvation, O Lord, ánd
Thy | law is | my de- | light.

Let my soul líve, and | it shall | praise Thee : ánd |
let Thy | judgments | help me.

I have gone astráy like a | lost | sheep: O seek Thy
servant, for I dó not for- | get | Thy com- | mand-
ments.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 121.

I WILL lift up mine éyes | unto the | hills: fróm |
whence † cometh my | help.

My help cómeth | from the | Lord: whó | made |
heaven and | earth.

He will not súffer thy | foot to be | moved: Hé
that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber

Behold Hé that | keepeth | Israel: sháll | neither |
slumber nor | sleep.

The Lórd | is thy | keeper: the Lord is thy sháde
up- | on thy | right | hand.

The sun shall not smíte | thee by | day: néi- | ther
the | moon by | night.

The Lord shall preserve thée from | all | evil: Hé |
shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going óut and thy |
coming | in: from this time fórth, and | even for |
ever- | more.

PSALM 122.

I WAS glad when they sáid | unto | me: Let us gó
into the | house | of the | Lord.

Our feet are stánding with- | in thy | gates: O' | Je- |
rusa- | lem.

Pray for the péace | of Je- | rusalem: théy shall |
prosper that | love | thee.

Péace be with- | in thy | walls: ánd pros- | perity
with- | in thy | palaces.

For my bréthren and com- | panions' | sakes : I
will now sáy | Peace | be with- | in thee.

Because of the hóuse of the | Lord our | God : I'
will | seek | thy | good.

PSALM 124.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our síde,
let | Israel now | say : if it had not been the Lord
who was on our síde, when | men rose | up a- | gainst
us ;

Then the wáters had | over- | whelmed us : then the
proud wáters | had gone | over our | soul.

Our help is in the náme | of the | Lord : whó | made |
heaven and | earth.

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 125.

THEY that trust in the Lord shall bé as | mount |
Zion : which cannot be remóved | but a- | bideth for |
ever.

As the mountains are róund a- | bout Je- | rusalem :
so the Lord is round about His péople from | hence-
forth | even for | ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lóť
of the | righteous : lest the righteous put fórth their |
hands | unto in- | iquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto thóse | that be | good : and to
thém that are | upright | in their | hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
the Lord shall lead them forth with the wórkers | of
in- | iquity : but péáce shall | be up- | on | Israel.

PSALM 126.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivi- | ty of |
Zion : wé were | like | them that | dream.

Then was our mouth filled with láughter, and our |
tongue with | singing : then said they among the
nations, The Lórd hath | done great | things for |
them.

The Lord hath dóne | great things | for us : whére- |
of | we are | glad.

Turn again our captivity | O | Lord : ás the |
streams | in the | south.

Théy that | sow in | tears : sháll | reap | in | joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, béaring | precious |
seed : shall doubtless come again with rejóicing |
bringing his | sheaves | with him.

PSALMS 127, 128.

EXCEPT the Lord build the house, they lábour in |
vain that | build it : except the Lord keep the city, the
wátchman | waketh | but in | vain.

It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late,
to éat the | bread of | sorrows : for so He gívethe | His
be- | loved | sleep.

Blessed is every óne that | feareth the | Lord : thát |
walketh | in His | ways.

For thou shalt eat the lábour | of thine | hands :
happy shalt thou bé, and it | shall be | well with |
thee.

The Lord shall bléss thee | out of | Zion : and thou
shalt see the good of Jerusalem áll the | days | of thy |
life.

Yea thou shalt sée thy | children's | children : ánd |
peace up- | on | Israel.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 130.

ÓUT | of the | depths : have I cried | unto | Thee, O |
Lord.

Lórd | hear my | voice : let Thine ears be attentive
to the vóice | of my | suppli- | cations.

If Thou, Lórd, shouldest | mark in- | iquities : O' |
Lord | who shall | stand ?

But there is for- | giveness with | Thee : thát |
Thou | mayest be | feared.

I wait for the Lórd, my | soul doth | wait : and ín
His | word | do I | hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that
wátch | for the | morning : I say, more than théy
that | watch | for the | morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lórd |
there is | mercy : ánd with | Him is | plenteous re- |
demption.

And Hé shall re- | deem | Israel : fróm | all | his
in- | iquities.

PSALM 131.

LORD, my heart is not háughty, nor mine | eyes |
lofty : neither do I exercise myself in great matters, ór
in | things too | high for | me.

Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a
child that is wéaned | of his | mother : my soul is
éven | as a | weaned | child.

Let Israel hópe | in the | Lord : fróm | henceforth |
and for | ever.

*THE NINETEENTH DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 132.

LÓRD, re- | member | David : ánd | all | his af- |
fictions.

How he swáre | unto the | Lord : and vówed unto
the | mighty | God of | Jacob.

Surely I will not come unto the tábernacle | of my |
house : nór | go up | into my | bed.

I will not give sléep | to mine | eyes : ór | slumber |
to mine | eyelids,

Until I find out a pláce | for the | Lord : an habitá-
tion for the | mighty | God of | Jacob.

Arise, O Lórd | into Thy | rest : Thóu, and the |
ark | of Thy | strength.

Let Thy prísts be | clothed with | righteousness :
and lét Thy | saints | shout for | joy.

For the Lórd hath | chosen | Zion : he hath desired
it | for His | habi- | tation.

This is My | rest for | ever : here will I dwéll | for
I | have de- | sired it.

I will abundantly bléss | her pro- | vision : I will
sátis- | fy her | poor with | bread.

I will also clothe her prísts | with sal- | vation :
and her sáints shall | shout a- | loud for | joy.

PSALM 133.

BEHOLD, how góod and how | pleasant it | is : for
bréthren to | dwell to- | gether in | unity.

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that

ran down upon the beard, éven | Aaron's | beard :
that went dówn to the | skirts | of his | garments ;

As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that
descended upón the | mountains of | Zion: for there the
Lord commanded the blessing, éven | life for | ever-
more.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 134.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye sêrvants | of the |
Lord : who by night stánd in the | house | of the |
Lord.

Lift up your hánds | in the | sanctuary : ánd |
bless |—the | Lord.

The Lórd that made | heaven and | earth : bléss |
thee | out of | Zion.

PSALM 135.

O PRAISE the Lord, laud ye the Náme | of the |
Lord : praise it, O' ye | servants | of the | Lord ;

Ye that stand in the hóuse | of the | Lord : in the
córts of the | house | of our | God.

O praise the Lórd, for the | Lord is | gracious : O
sing praises únto His | Name, for | it is | lovely.

Thy Name, O Lórd, en- | dureth for | ever : so doth
Thy memorial, O Lord, from óne gener- | ation | to
an- | other.

PSALM 136.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good :
fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | God of | gods : fór His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | Lord of | lords : f6r His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him who al6ne | doeth great | wonders : f6r
His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him that by wísdom | made the | heavens : f6r
His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him that stretched out the éarth a- | bove the |
waters : f6r His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Hím that | made great | lights : f6r His | mercy
en- | dureth for | ever.

The sún to | rule by | day : f6r His | mercy en- |
dureth for | ever.

The moon and stárs to | rule by | night : f6r His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Who remembered ús in our | low es- | tate : f6r
His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Who giveth f66d to | all | flesh : f6r His | mercy
en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | God of | heaven : f6r His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

THE TWENTIETH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 137.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat d6wn | yea,
we | wept : whén | we re- | membered | Zion.

We hanged our hárps up- | on the | willows : ín
the | midst | there- | of.

For there they that carried us away captive required
of | us a | song : and they that wasted us required of

us mirth, saying, Síng us | one of the | songs of | Zion.

How shall we síng the | Lord's | song : ín | —a | strange | land?

If I forget thée | O Je- | rusalem : lét my right | hand for- | get her | cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the róof | of my | mouth : if I prefer not Jerusalém a- | bove my | chief | joy.

PSALM 138.

I WILL praise Thée with my | whole | heart : before the gods will I' sing | praise | unto | Thee.

I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness and | for Thy | truth : for Thou hast magnified Thy wórd a- | bove | all Thy | name.

In the day when I cried Thou | answeredst | me : and strengthenedst mé with | strength | in my | soul.

All the kings of the earth shall práise | Thee, O | Lord : when they héar the | words | of Thy | mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the wáys | of the | Lord : for gréat is the | glory | of the | Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respéct | unto the | lowly : but the próud He | knoweth a- | far | off.

Though I walked in the midst of tróuble | Thou wilt re- | vive me : Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enémies, and | Thy right | hand shall | save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me ; Thy mercy, O Lórd, en- | dureth for | ever : forsake not the wórks | of Thine | own | hands.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 139.

O LORD, Thou hast séarched me | out and | known
me: Thou knowest my downsitteing and mine uprising,
Thou understádest my | thought a- | far | off.

Thou compassesest my páth and my | lying | down:
and árt ac- | quainted with | all my | ways.

For there is not a wórd | in my | tongue: but lo ! O
Lórd, Thou | knowest it | alto- | gether.

Thou hast beset mé be- | hind and be- | fore: ánd |
laid Thine | hand up- | on mé.

Such knówledge is too | wonderful | for me: it is
hígh, I | cannot at- | tain | unto it.

Whither shall I gó | from Thy | Spirit: or whither
shall I' | flee | from Thy | presence?

If I ascend up into héaven | Thou art | there: if I
make my bed in sheol, behóld | Thou art | there |
also.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the
uttermóst | parts of the | sea: even there shall Thy hand
lead mé, and | Thy right | hand shall | hold me.

If I say, Súrely the | darkness shall | cover me: even
the níght | shall be | light a- | bout me.

Yea the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the
night shíneth | as the | day: the darkness and the
líght are | both a- | like to | Thee.

I' will | praise | Thee: for I am féarfully and | won-
der- | fully | made.

Márvellous | are Thy | works: and thát my | soul |
knoweth right | well.

How precious also are Thy thóughts unto | me, O |
God: how gréat | is the | sum of | them !

If I should count them, they are more in númer |
than the | sand : when I awáke | I am | still with |
Thee.

Search me, O Gód, and | know my | heart: trý | me
and | know my | thoughts ;

And see if there be any | wicked way | in me : and
lead mé in the | way | ever- | lasting.

PSALM 141.

Lord, I crý | unto | Thee: make haste unto me, give
ear unto my vóice | when I | call un- | to Thee.

Let my prayer be set forth befóre | Thee as | in-
cense : and the lifting up of my hánds | as the | evening |
sacrifice.

Set a watch, O Lórd, be- | fore my | mouth: kéep
the | door | of my | lips.

Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practise
wicked works with mén that | work in- | iquity : and
let me nót | eat | of their | dainties.

But mine eyes are unto Thée, O | God the | Lord: in
Thee is my trust, léave | not my | soul | destitute.

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 142.

I CRIED unto the Lórd | with my | voice: with my
voice unto the Lórd did I | make my | supplica- | tion.

I poured out my compláint be- | fore | Him: I
shéwed be- | fore | Him my | trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then
Thou | knewest my | path : in the way wherein I
walked have they privily | laid a | snare | for me.

I looked on my right hand and beheld, but there was
no mán | that would | know me : refuge failed me, no
mán | cared | for my | soul.

I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord : I said, Thou art my
refuge and my pór tion | in the | land of the | living.

Attend unto my cry, for I am bróught | very | low :
deliver me from my pórsecutors, for | they are | stronger
than | I.

Bring my sòul | out of | prison : thát | I may | praise
Thy | name.

The righteous shall cómpass | me a- | bout : for
Thou shalt déal | bounti- | fully with | me.

PSALM 143.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give éar to my | suppli- |
cation : in Thy faithfulness answer mé, and | in Thy |
righteous- | ness.

And enter not into júdgment | with Thy | servant :
for in Thy síght shall | no man | living be | justified.

I reméber the | days of | old : I meditate on all
Thy works, I múse on the | work | of Thy | hands.

I stretch forth my hánds | unto | Thee : my soul
thirsteth after Thée | as a | thirsty | land.

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness | in the |
morning : fór in | Thee | do I | trust.

Cause me to know the wáy wherein | I should | walk :
for I' lift | up my | soul to | Thee.

Teach me to do Thy will, for Thóu | art my | God :
Thy spirit is good, lead mé | into the | land of | righte-
ousness.

Quicken me, O Lórd, for Thy | name's | sake : for
Thy righteousness' sáke | bring my | soul out of |
trouble.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 145.

I WILL extol Thée, my | God, O | King : and I will
bléss Thy | name for | ever and | ever.

Every dáy | will I | bless Thee : and I will práise
Thy | name fór | ever and | ever.

One generation shall praise Thy wórks | unto an- |
other : and sháll de- | clare Thy | mighty | acts.

They shall abundantly utter the mémory of | Thy
great | goodness : ánd shall | sing | of Thy | righteous-
ness.

The Lord is grácious and | full of com- | passion :
slow to ánger | and of | great | mercy.

The Lórd is | good to | all : and His tender mércies
are | over | all His | works.

All Thy works shall práise | Thee, O | Lord :
ánd | —Thy | saints shall | bless Thee.

They shall speak of the glóry | of Thy | kingdom :
ánd | talk | of Thy | power.

Thy kingdom is an éver- | lasting | kingdom : and Thy
dominion endúreth through- | out all | gener- | ations.

The Lord uphóldeth | all that | fall : and raiseth up
all thóse | that be | bowed | down.

The eyes of áll | wait upon | Thee : and Thou givest
thém their | meat in | due | season.

Thou ópenest | Thine | hand : and satisfiest the
desíre of | every | living | thing.

The Lord is ríghteous in | all His | ways : ánd | holy
in | all His | works.

The Lord is nigh unto all thém that | call upon |
Him : to áll that | call upon | Him in | truth.

He will fulfil the desire of | them that | fear Him :
He also will héar their | cry | and will | save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise | of the | Lord :
and let all flesh bless His hóly | name for | ever
and | ever.

PSALM 146.

PRAISE the Lórd | O my | soul : whíle I | live will
I | praise the | Lord.

I will sing práises | unto my | God : whíle | I have |
any | being.

Pút not your | trust in | princes : nor in the son
of mán, in | whom there | is no | help.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jácob | for his |
help : whose hópe is | in the | Lord his | God,

Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and áll that |
is there- | in : whó | keepeth | truth for | ever ;

Who executeth júdgment | for the op- | pressed :
who gívethe | food | to the | hungry.

The Lórd | looseth the | prisoners : the Lord
ópeneth the | eyes | of the | blind.

The Lord raiseth thém that are | bowed | down :
the Lórd | careth | for the | righteous.

The Lord preserveth the strangers, He relíeveth
the | fatherless and | widow : but the way of the
wicked He | turneth | upside | down.

The Lórd shall | reign for | ever : even thy God, O
Zíon, unto | all | gener- | ations.

*THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY.**Morning Prayer.*

PSALM 147.

PRAÍSE | ye the | Lord : for it is góod to sing |
praises | unto our | God ;

Fór | it is | pleasant : ánd | praise is | come- | ly.

The Lord héaleth the | broken in | heart : Hé |
bindeth | up their | wounds.

He telleth the númer | of the | stars : He cálleth-
them | all | by their | names.

Great is our Lord, and gréat | is His | power : Hís |
wisdom is | infin- | ite.

The Lórd lifteth | up the | meek : He bringeth the
ungódlý | down | to the | ground.

Sing unto the Lórd | with thanks- | giving : sing
praise upón the | harp | unto our | God ;

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who pre-
pareth ráin | for the | earth : who maketh gráss to |
grow up- | on the | mountains.

He gívethe to the | beast his | food : and to the
yóung | ravens | which | cry.

The Lord taketh pléasure in | them that | fear
Him : in thóse that | hope | in His | mercy.

Praise the Lórd | O Je- | rusalem : práise thy |
God | O | Zion.

For He hath strengthened the bárs | of thy | gates :
Hé hath | blessed thy | children with- | in thee.

He maketh péace | in thy | borders : and filleth
thée with the | finest | of the | wheat.

He sendeth forth His commándment up- | on |
earth : His wórd | runneth | very | swiftly.

He gívet̃h | snow like | wool : He scáttereth the |
hoar frost | like | ashes.

He casteth fórth His | ice like | morsels : whó can |
stand be- | fore His | cold ?

He sendeth out His wórd and | melteth | them :
He causeth His wind to blów | and the | waters |
flow.

He sheweth His wórd | unto | Jacob : His státutes
and His | judgments | unto | Israel.

He hath not dealt só with | any | nation : and as
for His judgments they have not knówn them |
Praise | ye the | Lord.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 148.

PRÁISE | ye the | Lord : praise ye the Lord from
the héavens | praise Him | in the | heights.

Praise ye Hím | all His | angels : praise ye | Him |
all His | hosts.

Praise ye Hím | sun and | moon : praise Hím | all
ye | stars of | light.

Praise Hím ye | heavens of | heavens : and ye
wátters that | be a- | bove the | heavens.

Let them praise the náme | of the | Lord : for He
commáded | and they | were cre- | ated.

He hath also established thém for | ever and | ever.
He hath made a decreé | which shall | not | pass.

Praise the Lórd | from the | earth : ye | dragons
and | all | deeps,

Fire and háil | snow and | vapours : stórmy | wind
ful- | filling His | word,

Móuntains and | all | hills : frúitful | trees and | all |
cedars,

Béasts and | all | cattle : créeping | things and |
flying | fowl,

Kings of the éarth and | all | people : princes and
all | judges | of the | earth;

Both young men and maídens | old men and | chil-
dren : let them práise the | name | of the | Lord.

For His náme a- | lone is | excellent : His glóry is
a- | bove the | earth and | heaven.

PSALMS 149, 150.

PRÁISE | ye the | Lord : sing unto the Lord a new
song, and His práise in the | congre- | gation of | saints.

Let Israel rejóice in | Him that | made him : let the
children of Zíon be | joyful | in their | King.

Práise | ye the | Lord : praise God in His sanctuary,
praise Hím in the | firmament | of His | power.

Praise Hím for His | mighty | acts : praise Him
accórding | to His | excellent | greatness.

Praise Hím with the | psaltery and | harp : praise
Him with strínged | instru- | ments and | organs.

Let everything that hath bréath | praise the | Lord :
Práise | ye | the | Lord.

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

Morning Prayer.

JOB.

CANST thou by séarching | find out | God : canst
thou find out the Al- | mighty | to per- | fection ?

He is high as heavén, what | canst thou | do : deeper
than the gráve | what | canst thou | know ?

Behold I go fórdward, but | He is not | there : and
báckwards | but I | cannot per- | ceive Him ;

On the left hand where He doth wórdk, but I | can-
not be- | hold Him : He hideth Himself on the right
hánd | that I | cannot | see Him ;

But He knoweth the wáy | that I | take : when He
hath tried mé | I shall come | forth as | gold.

He is of one mínd | who can | turn Him : if He cut
off or shut up, or gather togéther | who can | hinder |
Him ?

He is wise in héart and | mighty in | strength : He
removeth the móuntains | and they | know it | not.

He shaketh the earth out of its place, the pillárs |
thereof | tremble : He spreadeth out the heavens, and
wálketh on the | waves | of the | sea.

He knoweth the place where light dwelleth, and
whére is the | place of | darkness : He laid the found-
ations of the earth, and pláced the | corner- | stone
there- | of ;

When the morning stárs | sang to- | gether : and all
the sons of Gód | shout- | ed for | joy.

With Hím is | wisdom and | strength : Hé hath |
counsel and | under- | standing.

When He giveth quietness, whó then | can make |
trouble : when He hideth His fáce | who then | can
be- | hold Him ?

Behold He breaketh down, and it cánnnot be | built
a- | gain : He shutteth up a mán, and there | can be |
no | opening.

He discovereth deep thínks | out of | darkness : and
everything that is híd | bringeth He | forth to | light.

Dominion and féar | are with | Him : He maketh
péace | in His | high | places.

Lo, these are a part of His ways, but how líttle is |

heard of | Him : the thunder of His pówer | who can |
under- | stand?

Evening Prayer.

PROVERBS.

HAPPY is the mán that | findeth | wisdom : and the
mán that | getteth | under- | standing.

For the merchandise of it is better than the mér-
chan- | dise of | silver : and the gáin there- | of than |
fine | gold.

She is móre | precious than | rubies : and all the
things that thou canst desire are not to bé com- |
pared | unto | her.

Length of daýs is in | her right | hand : and ín her |
left hand | riches and | honour.

Her wáys are | ways of | pleasantness : ánd | all
her | paths are | peace.

She is a tree of life to them that láy | hold | on her :
and háppy is | every one | that re- | taineth her.

The Lord by wisdom hath | founded the | earth :
by understanding hath | He es- | tablished the |
heavens.

By His knowledge the dépths are | broken | up :
ánd the | clouds drop | down the | dew.

If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy
vóice for | under- | standing : if thou seekest her as
silver, and séarchest for | her as | for hid | treasures,

Then shalt thou understand the | fear of the | Lord :
ánd | find the | knowledge of | God.

ECCLESIASTES.

TRÚLY the | light is | sweet : and a pleasant thing
it is for the | eyes to be- | hold the | sun.

But if a man live many years, and rejoice | in them |
all : yet let him remember the days of darkness | for
they | shall be | many.

Rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in
the days | of thy | youth : and walk in the ways of thine
heart, and | in the | sight of thine | eyes.

But know thou that for | all these | things : Gód
will | bring thee | into | judgment.

Remember now thy Creator in the days | of thy |
youth : while the evil days come not, nor the years
draw nigh when thou shalt say, I | have no | pleasure |
in them.

While the sun or the light, or the moon or the
stars | be not | darkened : nor the clouds re- | turn |
after the | rain.

Fear Gód, and | keep his com- | mandments : for
this is the | whole | duty of | man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with
every | secret | thing : whether it be good, or |
whether | it be | evil.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

ISAIAH.

THE people that | walked in | darkness : have | seen
a | great | light.

They that dwell in the land of the | shadow of |
death : upon them | hath the | light | shined.

The wolf also shall dwell | with the | lamb : and the
léopard shall | lie down | with the | kid.

And the calf and the young lion and the | fatling
to- | gether: and a | little | child shall | lead them.

They shall not hurt | nor de- | stroy: in | all My |
holy | mountain.

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge | of
the | Lord: as the | waters | cover the | sea.

ISAIAH.

O LÓRD | Thou art my | God: I will exalt Thé |
I will | praise Thy | name,

For Thou hast done | wonderful | things: Thy
counsels of old are | faithful- | ness and | truth.

For Thou hast been a strength | to the | poor: a
strength to the | needy in | his dis- | tress;

A refuge from the storm, a shadow | from the |
heat: when the blast of the terrible ones is as a |
storm a- | gainst the | wall.

And the Lord will destroy | in this | mountain: the
face of the covering | cast | over all | people,

And | — the | veil: that is | spread over | all | nations.

He will swallow up | death in | victory: and the
Lord God will wipe away | tears from | off all | faces;

And the rebuke of His people shall He take
away from off | all the | earth: for the | Lord hath |
spoken | it.

And it shall be said in that day, Lo | this is
our | God: we have waited for | Him, and | He will |
save us.

This is the Lórd, we have | waited | for Him: we
will be glád, and re- | joice in | His sal- | vation.

In that day shall this song be sung in the | land
of | Judah: We have a strong city, salvation will Gód
ap- | point for | walls ar- | bulwarks.

Ópen | ye the | gates : that the righteous nation
which kéepeth the | truth may | enter | in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mnd
is | stayed on | Thee : bé- | cause he | trusteth | in
Thee.

Trust yé in the | Lord for | ever : for in the Lord
Jehóvah is | ever- | lasting | strength.

Evening Prayer.

ISAIAH.

THE wilderness and the solitary place | shall be |
glad : and the desert shall rejoice and | blossom | as
the | rose.

It shall | blossom a- | bundantly : and rejoice | even
with | joy and | singing.

Strengthen yé the | weak | hands : ánd con- | firm
the | feeble | knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong |
fear | not : behold your God will come with vengeance,
even God with a recompense | He will | come and |
save you.

Then the eyes of the blnd | shall be | opened : and
the éars of the | deaf shall | be un- | stopped.

Then shall the lame man léap | as an | hart : and
the tóngue | of the | dumb shall | sing.

For in the wildernéss shall | waters break | out :
ánd | streams | in the | desert.

The parched ground shall be- | come a | pool : and
the thirsty | land | springs of | water.

And a highway shall be thére | and a | way : and it
shall be called the | way of | holi- | ness.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous béast shall

go | up there- | on : b́ut the re- | deemed shall | walk | there.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and
ćome to | Zion with | songs : and with everlásting |
joy up- | on their | heads.

They shall obtáin | joy and | gladness : and sórrow
and | sighing shall | flee a- | way.

ISAIAH.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my péople | saith your |
God : speak ye ćomfortably | to Je- | rusa- | lem.

And cry unto her, that her wárfare | is ac- | com-
plished : that hér in- | iqui- | ty is | pardoned.

The voice of one that crieth in the wilderness, Pre-
pare ye the wáy | of the | Lord : make straight in the
desért a | highway | for our | God.

Every v́alley shall | be ex- | alted : and every
móuntain and | hill shall | be made | low.

And the cróoked shall | be made | straight : ánd
the | rough | places | plain.

And the glory of the Lórd shall | be re- | vealed :
and áll | flesh shall | see it to- | gether.

A voice said, Cry ! and he sáid | What shall I |
cry : all flesh is grass, and all the goodness there-
óf is | as the | flower of the | field.

The grass witheréth, the | flower | fadeth : but the
wórd of our | God shall | stand for | ever.

O Zion that bringest good tidings, get thee up into
the | high | mountain : O Jerusalem that bringest good
tídings, lift | up thy | voice with | strength.

Lift it úp, be | not a- | fraid : say unto the cities
of J́udah, Be- | hold | your | God !

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand,

and His árm shall | rule | for Him : behold, His
reward is with Hím, and His | recom- | pense be- | fore
Him.

He shall feed His flóck | like a | shepherd : He
shall gather the lambs with His árm and | carry
them | in His | bosom.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

ISAIAH.

Sing, O heavéns, and be | joyful, O | earth : bréak |
forth into | singing, O | mountains ;

For the Lórd hath | comforted His | people : and
will háve | mercy on | His af- | flicted.

The Lord shall comfort Zion, He will cómfort all |
her waste | places : and He will make her wilderness
like Eden, and her désert like the | garden | of the |
Lord.

Joy and gládness shall be | found there- | in : thanks-
gíving | and the | voice of | melody.

For ye shall gó | out with | joy : ánd be | led | forth
with | peace ;

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before
yóu | into | singing : and all the trées of the | field
shall | clap their | hands.

Instead of the thórn shall come | up the | fir tree :
and instead of the bríer | shall come | up the | myrtle
tree ;

And it shall be to the Lórd | for a | name : for an
everlasting sígn that | shall not | be cut | off.

ISAIAH.

THUS saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth
eternity, whose | name is | holy : I dwell in the | high
and | holy | place ;

With him also that is of a contrite and | humble |
spirit : to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive
the | heart | of the | contrite.

I will bring the blind by a way that they | know not |
of : I will lead them in paths | that they | have not |
known.

I will make darkness | light be- | fore them : and |
crooked | things | straight.

When thou passest through the waters | I will be |
with thee : and through the rivers, they | shall not |
over- | flow thee ;

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt | not
be | burned : neither shall the | flame | kindle up- | on
thee.

For I' am the | Lord thy | God : the Holy Oné of |
Isra- | el, thy | Saviour.

I', even | I, am the | Lord : and beside Mé | there
is | no | Saviour.

For a small moment have I' for- | saken | thee : but
with great mercies | will I | gather | thee.

In a little wrath I hid My face from thee | for a |
moment : but with everlasting kindness will I have
mercy on thee, saith the | Lord | thy Re- | deemer.

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills | be
re- | moved : but My kindness shall | not de- | part
from | thee,

Neither shall the covenant of My peace | be re- |
moved : saith the Lórd | that hath | mercy | on thee.

Evening Prayer.

ISAIAH.

How beautiful up- | on the | mountains: are the féet
of | Him that | bringeth good | tidings,

That publisheth peace; that bringeth good | tidings
of | good: that publisheth salvation; that saith unto |
Zion | Thy God | reigneth!

Thy wáitchmen shall | lift up the | voice: with the
voíce to- | gether | shall they | sing;

For they shall sée | eye to | eye: wén the | Lord
shall | bring again | Zion.

Bréak | forth into | joy: sing together, ye wáste |
places | of Je- | rusalem;

For the Lórd hath | comforted His | people: Hé |
hath re- | deemed Je- | rusalem.

The Lord hath made báre His | holy | arm: ín the |
eyes of | all the | nations;

And all the énds | of the | earth: shall sée the sal- |
vation | of our | God.

ISAIAH.

ARISE, shíne, for thy | light is | come: and the
glóry of the | Lord is | risen up- | on thee.

For behold, the dárkness shall | cover the | earth:
ánd | gross | darkness the | people;

But the Lórd shall a- | rise upon | thee: and His
glóry | shall be | seen up- | on thee,

And the Géntiles shall | come to thy | light: and
kíngs to the | brightness | of thy | rising.

Lift up thine eyés round a- | bout, and | see: all
they gather themselvés to- | gether, they | come to |
thee;

Thy sóns shall | come from | far : and thy dáughters
shall be | nursed | at thy | side.

Therefore thy gátes shall be | open con- | tinually :
they shall nó be | shut | day nor | night ;

That men may bring unto thee the fórces | of the |
Gentiles : and thát their | kings | may be | brought.

Violence shall no more be héard | in thy | land :
wásting nor de- | struction with- | in thy | borders ;

But thou shalt cáll thy | walls Sal- | vation :
ánd | — thy | gates | Praise.

The sun shall be no móre thy | light by | day :
neither for bríghtness shall the | moon give | light
unto | thee ;

But the Lord shall be unto thee an éver- | lasting |
light : ánd | thy | God thy | glory.

Thy sun shall gó | no more | down : neither sháll
thy | moon with- | draw it- | self ;

For the Lord shall be thine éver- | lasting | light :
and the dáys of thy | mourning | shall be | ended.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

IT is of the Lord's mercies that wé are | not con- |
sumed : becaúse | His com- | passions | fail not.

They are nów | every | morning : gréat | is Thy |
faithful- | ness.

The Lord is my pórton | saith my | soul : thére-
fore | will I | hope in | Him.

The Lord is good unto thém that | wait | for Him :
tó the | soul that | seeketh | Him.

It is good that a man should both hópe and | quietly | wait : f6r the sal- | vation | of the | Lord.

For the Lord will n6t cast | off for | ever : but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion acc6rding to the | multitude | of His | mercies.

For He doth n6t af- | flict | willingly : n6r | grieve the | children of | men.

Out of the m6uth of the | Most | High : pr6- | ceedeth not | evil and | good.

Wherefore doth a l6ving | man com- | plain : a mán for the | punishment | of his | sins ?

Let us s6arch and | try our | ways : ánd | turn again | to the | Lord.

Let us l6ft | up our | heart : with our hánds unto | God | in the | heavens.

Th6u hast | heard my | voice : hide not Thine éar at my | breathing | and my | cry.

Thou drewest near in the dáy that I | called up- | on Thee : Th6u | saidst | Fear | not.

O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the cáuise | of my | soul : Th6u | hast re- | deemed my | life.

THE SONG OF HABAKKUK.

O LORD, I have heard Thy sp6ech, and | was a- | fraid : O Lord, revive Thy w6rk in the | midst | of the | years,

In the m6dst of the | years make | known : in | wrath re- | member | mercy.

G6d | came from | Teman : ánd the | Holy One | from mount | Paran.

His gl6ry | covered the | heavens : ánd the | earth was | full of His | praise.

And His br6ghtness was | as the | light : He had

beams coming out of His hand, and there was the |
hiding | of His | power.

Before Hím | went the | pestilence : and búrning |
coals went | forth at His | feet.

He stóod and | measured the | earth : He behéld,
and | drove a- | sunder the | nations ;

And the everlasting mountains were scattered, the
perpétual | hills did | bow : Hís | ways are | ever- |
lasting.

The móuntains | saw Thee, they | trembled : the
overflowing of the | water | passed | by ;

The déep | uttered His | voice : and lífted | up His |
hands on | high.

The sun and moon stood stíll in their | habi- | tation :
at the light of Thine arrows they went, and at the
shíning | of Thy | glittering | spear.

Thou wentest forth for the salvátion | of Thy |
people : even fór sal- | vation with | Thine a- | nointed.

Although the fig trée | shall not | blossom : néither
shall | fruit be | in the | vines ;

The lábour of the | olive shall | fail : ánd the | fields
shall | yield no | meat ;

The flock shall be cut óff | from the | fold : and
there shall bé no | herd | in the | stalls ;

Yet I will rejóice | in the | Lord : I will jóy in the |
God of | my sal- | vation.

Evening Prayer.

THE SONG OF HANNAH.

My heart rejóiceth | in the | Lord : mine hórñ is ex- |
alted | in the | Lord ;

My mouth is enlárged | over mine | enemies : be-
cause I' re- | joice in | Thy sal- | vation.

There is none hóly | as the | Lord : fór | there is |
none be- | side Thee,

For the Lórd is a | God of | knowledge : ánd | by
Him | actions are | weighed.

The Lord killeth, and | maketh a- | live : He bringeth
dówn to the | grave, and | bringeth | up.

The Lord maketh póor, and | maketh | rich : He
bringeth | low, and | lifteth | up.

He raiseth up the póor | out of the | dust : and
lifteth the | beggar | from the | dunghill,

To set thém a- | mong | princes : and to make thém
in- | herit the | throne of | glory,

For the pillars of the éarth | are the | Lord's : Hé
hath | set the | world up- | on them.

He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wícked
shall be | silent in | darkness : fór by | strength shall |
no man pre- | vail.

The adversaries of the Lórd shall be | broken to |
pieces : out of héaven | shall He | thunder up- | on
them.

The Lord shall judge the énds | of the | earth : and
He shall give strength unto His king and exált the |
horn of | His a- | nointed.

I CHRONICLES XXIX. 10-13.

BLESSED be Thou, Lord Gód of | Israel our | Father :
fór | ev- | er and | ever.

Thine, O Lord, is the gréatness | and the | power :
and the glory, ánd the | victory | and the | majesty.

For áll that is | in the | heaven : ánd | in the | earth
is | Thine ;

Thíne is the | kingdom, O | Lord : and Thóu art
ex- | alted as | head above | all.

Both riches and hónor | come of | Thee : ánd
Thou | reignest | over | all ;

And in Thine hánd is | power and | might : and in
Thine hand it is to make great, and to gíve | strength |
unto | all.

Now thérefore, our | God, we | thank Thee : ánd |
praise Thy | glorious | name.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

WISDOM.

WISDOM is glorious, and néver | fadeth a- | way :
she is easily seen of them that love hér, and | found
of such as | seek her.

She goeth about seeking súch as be | worthy | of
her : and méeteth | them in | every | thought.

For the beginning of wísdóm is the de- | sire of
dis- | cipline : and the cáre of | discip- | line is | love ;

And love is the kéeping | of her | laws : and the
giving heed unto her láws is the as- | surance of |
incor- | ruption ;

And incorruption maketh ús | near unto | God :
therefore the desíre of | wisdom | bringeth a |
kingdom.

She is a treasure unto mén that | never | faileth :
which they that úse be- | come the | friends of | God.

For she is the bréath of the | power of | God : and
a pure ínfluence | flowing | from the Al- | mighty.

She is the brightness of the éver- | lasting | light :
the unspotted mirror of the power of Gód and the |
image | of His | goodness.

And in all ages éntering into | holy | souls : she
maketh théin | friends of | God and | prophets.

O God of our fáthers, and | Lord of | mercy : who
hast máde | all things | with Thy | word,

Give us wisdom, that sítteth | by Thy | throne : and
reject us nó | from a- | mong Thy | children.

WISDOM.

GOD created mán to | be im- | mortal : and made
him to be an imagé | of His | own e- | ternity.

The souls of the righteous are ín the | hand of | God :
ánd there | shall no | torment | touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they | seemed to | die :
and their departure is taken for misery, and their going
from ús | to be | utter de- | struction ;

Bút they | are in | peace : for though they be pun-
ished in the sight of men, yet is their hópe | full of |
immor- | tality.

Having been a little chástened, they shall be | greatly
re- | warded : for God proved them, and fóund them |
worthy | for Him- | self.

As gold in the fúrnace | hath He | tried them : and
received théin | as a | burnt | offering.

The righteous livé for | ever- | more : their reward
also is with the Lord, and the care of théin is | with
the | Most | High.

Therefore shall they recéive a | glorious | kingdom :
and a crown of béauty | from the | Lord's | hand.

Evening Prayer.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

How great is the loving-kíndness of the | Lord our |
God : and His compassion unto súch as | turn unto |
Him in | holiness.

Unto such as repent, He gránteth | them re- | turn :
and comfortéth | them that | fail in | patience.

Ye that fear the Lórd be- | lieve | Him : hope for
good, and for éver- | lasting | joy and | mercy.

Look at the generátions of | old and | see : did ever
any trust in the Lórd and were confounded, or whóm |
did He | ever des- | pise ?

Return unto the Lórd and for- | sake thy | sins :
máke thy | prayer be- | fore His | face.

Turn again to the Most High, and turn awáy | from
in- | iquity : for He will lead thee out of dárkness | into
the | way of | light.

As a drop of water unto the séa, and as a | grain of |
sand : so are a thousand yéars to the | days | of e- |
ternity.

Therefore is Gód | patient with | men : and póureth |
forth His | mercy up- | on them.

The mercy of mán is to- | ward his | neighbour : but
the mercy of the Lórd | is up- | on all | flesh.

He repróveth, and | chasteneth, and | teacheth : and
bríngeth a- | gain as a | shepherd his | flock.

For the Lórd is full of compassion and mercy, long-
suffering and | very | pitiful : who shall find out His
noble acts, and who shall tell óut the | number of |
His | mercies ?

THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

HÓLY | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God | Al- | mighty,
Whó | wast and | art : ánd | art | —to | come.

Wórthy art | Thou, O | Lórd : to recéive | glory
and | honour and | power ;

For Thóu hast cre- | ated | all things : and according
to Thy will they | are and | were cre- | ated.

Great and marvellous are Thy works, O Lórd |
God Al- | mighty : just and true are áll Thy | ways
Thou | King of | saints.

Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glóri- | fy
Thy | name : fór | Thou | only art | holy.

Praise our Gód all | ye His | servants : yé that |
fear Him both | small and | great.

For the Lord Gód om- | nipotent | reigneth :
Kíng of | kings, and | Lord of | lords.

We give Thee thanks, O Lórd | God Al- | mighty :
who árt and | wast and | art to | come.

Blessing and glory and wisdom, and thanksgiving
and hónour, and | power and | might : be unto óur |
God for | ever and | ever.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

LET us call to remémbrance the | great and | good.
through whóm the | Lord hath | wrought great | glory ;

Those who were leaders of the péople | by their |
judgment : giving cónsel by their | under- | standing
and | foresight ;

Wise and eloquént | in their | teachings : and
through knowledge and míght fit | helpers | of the |
people.

All these were hónoured in their | gener- | ation :
and wére the | glory | of their | times.

There be some who have léft a | name be- | hind
them : whose remembrance is swéet as | honey | in
all | mouths ;

And there be s^ome who have | no me- | morial:
who are p^erish^ed as | though they had | never | been.

But their righte^ousn^ess has | not been for- | gotten:
and the glory of their w^ork | cannot be | blotted | out.

Their b^odies are | buried in | peace: but their
n^ame | liveth for | ever- | more.

The people will t^ell | of their | wisdom: and the con-
greg^ation will | show | forth their | praise.

For the memorial of vⁱrtue | is im- | mortal: because
it is kn^own with | God and | with | men.

When it is present, mankind t^ake ex- | ample | of
it: and when it is g^one, they | earnest- | ly de- | sire
for it.

It weareth a cr^own, and | triumpheth for | ever:
having gotten the victory strⁱving for | unde- | filed
re- | wards.

The righteous shall be in ev^er- | lasting re- | mem-
brance: and the m^emory of the | just | shall be |
blessed.

Though a good life hath | but few | days: yet a
g^ood | name en- | dureth for | ever.

Though the righteous be ^over- | taken by | death:
they shall be at rest, their s^ouls are | in the | hand of |
God.

Though they p^erish from the | sight of | men: yet
is their h^ope | full of | immor- | tality.

REVELATION.

BL^ESSED | are the | dead: wh^o | die in the | Lord
from | henceforth;

Yea, saith the Spirit, that th^ey may | rest from their |
labours: ^and their | works do | follow | them.

What are these who are arr^ayed | in white | robes:
^and | whence | came | they?

These are théy who have | washed their | robes :
and made them whíte in the | blood | of the | Lamb.

Therefore are they befóre the | throne of | God : and
serve Hím | day and | night in His | temple.

And He that sitteth | on the | throne : sháll | dwell
a- | mong | them.

Théy shall | hunger no | more : néither | thirst |
any | more ;

Neither shall the sun light on thém, nor | any |
heat : for the Lamb which is ín the | midst of the |
throne shall | feed them,

And shall lead them unto líving | fountains of |
waters : and God shall wipe away all | tears | from
their | eyes.

Evening Prayer.

ST. MATTHEW V. 3-10.

BLÉSSED are the | poor in | spirit : fór | theirs is
the | kingdom of | heaven.

Blésed are | they that | mourn : fór | they | shall
be | comforted.

Blésed | are the | meek : fór | they shall in- | herit
the | earth.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thíst | after |
righteousness : fór | they | shall be | filled.

Blésed | are the | merciful : fór | they shall ob- |
tain | mercy.

Blésed are the | pure in | heart : fór | they shall |
see | God.

Blésed | are the | peacemakers : for théy shall be |
called the | children of | God.

Blessed are they that are persecúted for | righteous-
ness' | sake : fór | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.

I CORINTHIANS XIII.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of mén | and of |
angels : ánd | have not | chari- | ty,

I am becóme as | sounding | brass : ór | as a | tink-
ling | cymbal.

And though I háve the | gift of | prophecy : and
understánd all | mysteries | and all | knowledge,

And though I have all faith, so that I' could re- |
move | mountains : and háve not | charity | I am |
nothing.

And though I bestow all my góods to | feed the |
poor : and though I gíve my | body | to be | burned,

And | have not | charity : ít | profiteth | me |
nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind, chárity | en-
vieth | not : charity vaunteth not hersélf | is not |
puffed | up ;

Séeketh | not her | own : is not easily provóked |
thinketh | no | evil ;

Rejóiceth | not in in- | iquity : bút re- | joiceth | in
the | truth ;

Beareth all thínks, be- | lieveth | all things : hópeth |
all things, en- | dureth | all things.

Chárity | never | faileth : but whether there bé | pro-
phesies | they shall | fail ;

Whether there be tóngues | they shall | cease :
whether there be knówledge | it shall | vanish a- | way.

Fór we | know in | part : ánd we | prophe- | sy in |
part ;

But when thát which is | perfect is | come : then
thát which is in | part shall be | done a- | way.

For now we sée | through a glass | darkly : bút |
then | face to | face ;

Nów I | know in | part : but then shall I know, éven
as | also | I am | known.

And now abideth faith, hope, chárity | these | three :
bút the | greatest of | these is | charity.

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

BENEDICTUS.

ST. LUKE I. 68.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel : for He hath
vísited | and re- | deemed His | people.

And hath raised up a míghty sal- | vation | for us :
ín the | house of His | servant | David.

As He spake by the móuth of His | holy | prophets :
who have béen | since the | world be- | gan ;

To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore- |
fathers : ánd to re- | member His | holy | covenant.

That we might serve Hím | without | fear : in holi-
ness and righteousness | all the | days of our | life.

To give knowledge of salvátion | unto His | people :
fór the re- | mission | of their | sins.

Through the tender mércy | of our | God : whereby
the day-spríng from on | high hath | visited | us ;

To give light to them that sit in dárkness, and in
the | shadow of | death : and to guide our fées | into
the | way of | peace.

I JOHN III.

BEHOLD what manner of love the Fátther hath be- |
stowed up- | on us : that wé should be | called the |
sons of | God.

Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet
appéar | what we | shall be: but we know that when
He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for wé shall |
see Him | as He | is.

And every man that háth this | hope in | him:
purifieth himsélf | even as | He is | pure.

He that loveth nó | knoweth not | God: fór | God |
is | love.

No man hath seen Gód at | any | time: if we love
one another, God dwelleth in us, ánd His | love is |
perfected | in us.

Gód | is | love: and he that dwelleth in love, dwélleth
in | God, and | God in | him.

Evening Prayer.

MAGNIFICAT.

ST. LUKE I.

My soul doth mágni- | fy the | Lord: and my spirit
háth re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

Fór He | hath re- | garded: the low estate | of His |
hand- | maiden.

Fór, be- | hold, from | henceforth: ál gener- | ations
shall | call me | blessed.

For He that is mighty hath dóne to | me great |
things: ánd | holy | is His | name.

And His mércy is on | them that | fear Him: from
géner- | ation to | gener- | ation.

He hath shewed stréngth | with His | arm: He
hath scattered the proud in the imágin- | ation | of
their | heart.

He hath put down the míghty | from their | seats:
and exálted | them of | low de- | gree.

He hath filled the húngry with | good | things : and
the rích He hath | sent | empty a- | way.

He hath hólpen His | servant | Israel : ín re- | mem-
brance | of His | mercy ;

As He spáke | to our | fathers : to Abrahám, and |
to His | seed for | ever.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

ST. LUKE II. 29.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- | part in |
peace : ác- | cording | to Thy | word.

Fór mine | eyes have | seen : Thý | —sal- | va- | tion,
Which Thou | hast pre- | pared : befóre the | face
of | all | people ;

To be a líght to | lighten the | Gentiles : and to be
the glóry | of Thy | people | Israel.

THE THIRTIETH DAY.

Morning Prayer.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

O ALL ye works of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye angels of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye héavens | bless ye the | Lord : práise Him and |
magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye powers of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye sun and móon | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye stars of héaven | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye showers and déw | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye winds of Gód | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye fire and héat | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye frost and cóld | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye ice and snów | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye lightnings and clóuds | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye winter and súmmer | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye nights and dáys | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye light and dárkness | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye mountains and hÍlls | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O all ye green things upon the éarth | bless ye the |
Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye seas and flóods | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless
ye the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O all ye fowls of the áir | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O all ye beasts and cáttle | bless ye the | Lord :
práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye children of mén | bless ye the | Lord : práise
Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O let Isráel | bless the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye priests of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye servants of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye spirits and souls of the ríghteous | bless ye the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

O ye holy and humble men of héart | bless ye the | Lord : práise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

Evening Prayer.

REVELATION XXI., XXII.

AND I heard a great vóice out of | heaven | saying : Behold the tabernacle of God is with mén, and | He will | dwell with | them.

And théy shall | be His | people : and God Himself shall be | with them, and | be their | God.

And God shall wipe away all téars | from their | eyes : and there shall be no more déath | neither | sorrow nor | crying.

Neither shall there bé | any more | pain : for the fórmer | things are | passed a- | way.

And he shewed me that great cité, the | holy Je- | rusalem : descéding | out of | heaven from | God.

And I sáw no | temple there- | in : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lámbs | are the | temple | of it.

And the cité had no | need of the | sun : néither of the | moon to | shine | in it.

For the glóry of | God did | lighten it : and the Lámbs | is the | light there- | of.

And the nations of théms | which are | saved : sháll | walk in the | light | of it.

And the kings of the éarth do | bring their | glory :
 and | honour | into | it.

And the gates of it shall not be shút at | all by | day :
 fór there | shall be | no night | there.

SONG OF PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

Gód so | loved the | world : that He gáve His | only
 be- | gotten | Son,

That whosoever believeth in Hím | should not |
 perish : bút | have ever- | lasting | life.

Therefore with ángels | and arch- | angels : with
 spírits of | just | men made | perfect,

And with áll the | company of | heaven : we laud and
 mágni- | fy Thy | glorious | name,

Ever móre | praising | Thee : and saying, Holy, holy,
 hóly | Lord | God of | hosts,

Heaven and éarth are | full of Thy | glory : glory
 bé to | Thee, O | Lord Most | High.

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

Morning Prayer.

PSALM 61.

HÉAR my | cry, O | God : át- | tend un- | to my |
 prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee,
 when my héart is | over- | whelmed : lead me to the
 róck | that is | higher than | I.

For Thou hast béen a | shelter | for me : and a
 stróng | tower | from the | enemy.

I will abide in Thy tábernacle | for | ever : I will
 trúst in the | covert | of Thy | wings.

For Thou, O Gód, hast | heard my | vows : Thou
hast given me the héritage of | those that | fear Thy |
name.

So will I sing práise unto Thy | name for | ever :
that I' may | daily per- | form my | vows.

PSALM 62.

TRULY my soul wáiteth up- | on | God : from Hím |
cometh | my sal- | vation.

He only is my rók and | my sal- | vation : He is my
defence, I' shall | not be | greatly | moved.

In God is my salvátion | and my | glory : the rock
of my stréngth and my | refuge | is in | God.

Trust in Him at all times, ye people pour óut your |
heart be- | fore Him : Gód | is a | refuge | for us.

Gód hath | spoken | once : twice have I heard this,
that pówer be- | longeth | unto | God.

Also unto Thee, O Lórd, be- | longeth | mercy : for
Thou renderest to every mán ac- | cording | to his |
work.

ISAIAH XII.

AND in that day | thou shalt | say : O' | Lord | I
will | praise Thee ;

Though Thou' wast | angry | with me : Thine anger
is turned awáy, and | Thou | comfortest | me.

Behold, Gód is | my sal- | vation : I' will | trust
and | not be a- | fraid.

For the Lord Jehóvah is my | strength and my |
song : He also is be- | come | my sal- | vation.

Therefore, with jóy shall | ye draw | water : óut of
the | wells | of sal- | vation.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, cáll

up- | on His | name : declare His doings among the people, make méntion that His | name | is ex- | alted.

Sing unto the Lord, for He hath dóne | excellent | things : thís is | known in | all the | earth.

Cry out and shout, thóu in- | habitant of | Zion : for great is the Holy One of Isráel | in the | midst of | thee.

Evening Prayer.

PSALM 77.

I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto Gód | with my | voice : and He gáve | ear | unto | me.

In the day of my tróuble I | sought the | Lord : my sóul re- | fused | to be | comforted.

I remembered Gód | and was | troubled : I complained, and my | spirit was | over- | whelmed.

Thou hóldest mine | eyes | waking : I am so tróubled | that I | cannot | speak.

I have considered the | days of | old : thé | years of | ancient | times.

I call to remémbrance my | song in the | night : I commune with mine own heart, and my spírit | maketh | diligent | search.

Will the Lórd cast | off for | ever : and will Hé be | favourable | no | more ?

Is His mércy clean | gone for | ever ; doth His promise | fail for | ever- | more ?

Hath God forgóttén | to be | gracious : hath He in ánger shut | up His | tender | mercies ?

And I said, Thís is | my in- | firmity : but I will remember the yéars of the | right hand | of the Most | High.

I will remémber the | works of the | Lord : surely I will remémber Thy | wonders | of | old.

I will meditate álso of | all Thy | work : ánd | talk |
of Thy | doings.

Thy wáy, O | God, is | holy : who is so gréat a |
God as | our | God?

Thy way is in the sea and Thy páth in the | great |
waters : ánd Thy | footsteps | are not | known.

PSALM 80.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that ledest
Jóseph | like a | flock : Thou that dwellest betwéen
the | cherubims | shine | forth.

Turn us again, O God, and cáuse Thy | face to |
shine : ánd | we | shall be | saved.

Thou hast fed ús with the | bread of | tears : and
given ús | plenteousness of | tears to | drink ;

Turn Thee again, O Gód, look | down from |
heaven : bé- | hold, and | visit Thy | flock.

And so will we nótt go | back from | Thee : O let
us live, and wé shall | call up- | on Thy | name ;

Turn us agáin | O | God : shew the light of Thy
cóuntenance | and we | shall be | saved.

PSALM 23.

THE Lórd | is my | shepherd : I' | shall | not |
want.

He maketh me to lie dówn in | green | pastures :
He leadeth mé be- | side the | still | waters.

Hé re- | storeth my | soul : He leadeth me in the
paths of ríghteousness | for His | name's | sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I' will | fear no | evil : for Thou art with me,
Thy ród and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the présence
of | them that | trouble me : Thou anointest my head
with óil, my | cup | runneth | over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days | of my | life : and I will dwell in the hóuse |
of the | Lord for | ever.

GLORY BE TO THE FÁTHÉR | AND TO THE | SON :
ÁND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST ;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NÓW, AND |
EVER | SHALL BE : WÓRLD WITHOUT | END | A- | MEN.

Occasional Psalms and Canticles.

1. ADVENT.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | ages : who néver |
ceaseth to | draw more | nigh.

His voice in the morning of the wórd was | heard
from | far: in the evening He speaketh at the door,
and enteréth to a- | bide with | us for | ever.

Manifold are Thy witnesses, O God, and the angels
of Thíne in- | visible | presence: élse | had we | never |
known Thee.

How should man that is born as the wild ass's colt
strétch his | wisdom to | Thee: to Thée | save to
Thy- | self, Un- | searchable?

Though Thou unsealest the líght for | all that | live:
and lookest through the dóors | of the | shadow of |
death ;

Though Thou causest the dáy-spring to | know its |
place: and sayest to the sea, " Hére shall | Thy proud |
waves be | stayed " ;

Though Thou seest the énd | from the be- | ginning :
and weavest the áges as a | work up- | on the | loom ;

Yet lo ! Thou goest by ús, and we | see Thee | not:
Thou passest on álso, and | we per- | ceíve Thee | not.

For the days of man are pássed like the | swift |
ship: and his line réacheth | not to | Thee, E- | ternal !

Till Thou didst look for him upon the éarth | he
was | not; and when Thou sayest " Retúrn," | he is |
no | more.

But Thy years are cóuntless | as the | stars : from everlasting to éver- | lasting | Thou art | God.

Hadst Thou not remémbered our | low es- | tate : and bent to ús with Thy | testimonies | from of | old,

We had been in dárkness and the | shadow of | death : and the líght of Thy | countenance | had been | hid.

But the fírmament de- | clareth Thy | glory : thé | prophets pro- | claim Thy | judgments ;

The righteous wonder at Thy lów | in their | heart : and the songs of Zíon make | melo- | dy to | Thee.

Lo ! these are a párt | of Thy | mercies : yet how líttle a | portion is | heard of | Thee !

GLORY BE TO THE FÁTHER | AND TO THE | SON : ÁND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST ;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NÓW, AND | EVER | SHALL BE : WÓRLD WITHOUT | END | A- | MEN.

2.

ISAIAH.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my péople | saith your | God : speak ye comfortably to Jerúsalem, and | cry | unto | her.

That her wárfare | is ac- | complished : that hér in- | iqui- | ty is | pardoned.

For she hath recéived of the | Lord's | hand : dóuble for | all | her | sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness Pre- pare ye the wáy | of the | Lord : make straight in the désert a | highway | for our | God.

Every válley shall | be ex- | alted : and every moun- tain and híl | shall be | made | low.

And the crooked sháll be | made | straight : ánd the | rough | places | plain.

And the glory of the Lórd shall | be re- | vealed :
and all flésh shall | see | it to- | gether.

For the móuth | of the | Lord : háth | spok- | en | it.

3. CHRISTMAS DAY.

BLESSED be the | Lord | God : for He hath not léft
Him- | self with- | out a | witness ;

But hath spoken by the móuth of His | holy | pro-
phets : which have béen | since the | world be- | gan ;

That we should serve Hím | without | fear : in holi-
ness and ríghteousness | all the | days of our | life.

Through the tender mércy | of our | God : a dáy-
spring from on | high hath | visited | us,

Giving light to thóse who | sit in | darkness : and
guiding our féet | into the | way of | peace.

How béautiful up- | on the | mountains : are the féet
of | Him that | bringeth good | tidings.

Thát | publisheth | peace : that procláimeth glad |
tidings | of sal- | vation.

He shall nó | strive nor | cry : nor cause His vóice
to be | heard | in the | street.

A bruised réed shall | He not | break : and the smók-
ing | flax shall | He not | quench.

He shall not fáil nor | be dis- | couraged : till He
hath estáblished | equity | on the | earth.

The spirit of the Lórd shall | rest up- | on Him :
the spírit of | wisdom and | under- | standing ;

The spírit of | counsel and | might : the spírit of
knówledge | and of the | fear of the | Lord ;

Anointing Him to preach good tídings | to the |
poor : to bínd | up the | broken- | hearted ;

To cómfort | those who | mourn : to procláim | li-
berty | to the | captíves ;

The opening of the prisons to | those who are |
bound : to announce the new | year | of the | Lord.

4. PSALM 45.

THOU art fairer than the | children of | men : full of
grace are Thy lips, because Góð hath | blessed |
Thee for | ever.

Gird Thee with Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O |
Thou Most | Mighty : accórding to Thy | worship |
and re- | nown.

In Thy májesty | ride | prosperously : becáuse of |
truth | meekness and | righteousness.

Thy throne is the throne of Góð for | ever and |
ever : a sceptre of équity is the | sceptre | of Thy |
kingdom.

Thou lovest righteousness, and | hatest in- | iquity :
Therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with
the óil of | gladness a- | bove Thy | fellows.

I will make Thy name to be remémbered in | all
gener- | ations : therefore shall the péople praise |
Thee for | ever and | ever.

5. PSALM 72.

GIVE the kíng Thy | judgments, O | God : and Thy
righteousness | unto the | king's | son.

He shall júdge Thy | people with | righteousness :
and Thy | poor with | judg- | ment.

The móuntains shall bring | peace to the | people :
and the | little | hills by | righteousness.

And | He shall | judge : thé | poor | of the | people.

He shall save the children | of the | needy : and
shall bréak in | pieces | the op- | pressor.

They shall fear Thee as long as the sún and | moon en- | dure : thróugh- | out all | gener- | ations.

He shall come down like ráin up- | on the mown | grass ; ás | showers that | water the | earth.

In His dáys shall the | righteous | flourish : and abundance of péace, so | long as the | moon en- | dureth.

He shall have dominion álso from | sea to | sea : and from the ríver | unto the | ends of the | earth.

They that dwell in the wílderness shall | kneel be- | fore Him : ánd His | enemies shall | bow to the | dust.

Thé | kings of | Tarshish : ánd of the | isles | shall bring | presents ;

Thé | kings of | Sheba : ánd | Seba shall | offer | gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fáll | down be- | fore Him : áll | na- | tions shall | serve Him.

For He shall deliver the néedy | when he | crieth : the poor álso, and | him that | hath no | helper.

He shall spáre the | poor and | needy : ánd shall | save the | souls of the | needy.

He shall redeem their sóul from de- | ceit and | violence : and précious shall their | blood be | in His | sight.

Ánd | He shall | live : and to Hím shall be | given of the | gold of | Sheba ;

Prayer also shall be máde for | Him con- | tinually : ánd | daily shall | He be | praised.

There shall be a handful of córn | in the | earth : úp- | on the | top of the | mountains ;

The fruit thereof shall | shake like | Lebanon : and they of the cíty shall | flourish like | grass of the | earth.

His náme shall en- | dure for | ever : His name shall bé con- | tinued as | long as the | sun ;

And mén shall be | blessed in | Him : áll | nations
shall | call Him | blessed.

Blessed be the Lord Gód, the | God of | Israel : who
only | doeth | wondrous | things.

And blessed be His glórious | name for | ever : and
let the whole earth be filled with His glóry, A- | men
and | A- | men.

Lent.

6. PSALM 55.

GIVE éar to my | prayer, O | God : and hide not
Thysélf | from my | suppli- | cation.

Atténd unto | me and | hear me : I mourn in my
com- | plaint and | make a | noise.

My heart is sóre | pained with- | in me : and the
térrors of | death are | fallen up- | on me.

Fearfulness and trémbling are | come up- | on me :
ánd | horror hath | over- | whelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wíngs | like a | dove : for
then would I flý a- | way and | be at | rest.

Lo then would I wánder | far | off : and remáin | in
the | wilder- | ness.

I would hásten | my es- | cape : fróm the | windy |
storm and | tempest.

As for mé, I will | call upon | God : ánd the | Lord |
shall | save me.

Evening and morning and at noon will I práy and |
cry a- | loud : ánd | He shall | hear my | voice.

It is He that hath delívered my | soul in | peace :
yea, even Gód | that en- | dureth for | ever.

O cast thy burden upon the Lord, and Hé | shall
sus- | tain thee : and shall not súffer the | righteous
to | fall for | ever.

7. A LITANY OF PENITENCE.

LORD, who knowest all things, and lovest all mén |
even as Thou | knowest : Thine is | might and | will
to | save us.

With Thee is ténderness and | multitude of | mer-
cies : in pardoning the sins of yéars, and | not chas-
tising | willingly.

Remember not, Lord, the shame of to-day, nor the
dark stóry of | days gone | by : but after Thine ínfi-
nite | pity | deal with | us.

Let Thy love plead with Thee, to také a- | way our |
sins : and to save ús | even | as our | fathers.

Save us from all hopeless sháme | and re- | morse :
and deliver ús in | every | day of | judgment.

Save us from all hardness of heart, and áll | blind-
ness of | soul : and from all things that separate ús
from each | other | and from | Thee.

Make our thoughts the lively echóes of | Thy com- |
mands : and wín our af- | fections | for Thy | kingdom.

Help us to offer to Thee the sácrifice | of the | life :
ánd to ful- | fil Thy | will in | well-doing.

For Thy name's sake pérfect Thy | work in | us :
and let ús | live | as Thy | children.

Our hope is ín Thy | goodness for | ever : O let us
not go hence till our éyes have | seen | Thy sal- | va-
tion.

THE CHURCH.

8. ISAIAH ; PSALM 102.

FOR Zion's sake will I' not | hold my | peace : and
for Jerusalem's sáke | I | will not | rest,

Until the righteousness thereof go | forth as | bright-

ness: and the salvation thereof | as a | lamp that | burneth.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls | O Je- | ru-
salem: which shall never hold their | peace | day nor |
night.

Ye that make mention of the Lórd | keep not |
silence: till He establish and make Jerúsalem a |
praise up- | on the | earth.

Awake, awake, put on thy | strength, O | Zion: put
on thy beautiful garments, O' Je- | rusalem, the | holy |
city.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O árm | of the |
Lord: awake as in the ancient dáy's, in the | gener- |
ations of | old.

O Lord, be grácious | unto | us: we have waited for
Thee, be Thou our salvátion | in the | time of | trouble.

Our transgressions are múltiplied be- | fore | Thee:
and our síns | testi- | fy a- | gainst us;

But be not wróth very | sore, O | Lord: neither re-
member iniquity for éver | for we | are Thy | people.

.

Thou shalt arise and have mércy | upon | Zion: for
the time to favour hér | yea, the set | time is | come.

For Thy servants take pléasure | in her | stones:
ánd | love the | dust there- | of.

So the Gentiles shall fear the náme | of the | Lord:
and áll the | kings of the | earth Thy | glory.

When the Lórd shall | build up | Zion: Hé shall
ap- | pear | in His | glory.

He will regard the práyer | of the | destitute: ánd |
not des- | pise their | prayer.

This | shall be | written: fór the | gener- | ation
to | come;

And the péople which | shall be cre- | ated : sháll |
praise | —the | Lord.

For He hath looked down from the héight | of His |
sanctuary : from héaven did the | Lord be- | hold
the | earth ;

To hear the gróaning | of the | prisoner : to loose
those that áre ap- | pointed | unto | death ;

To declare the náme of the | Lord in | Zion : ánd
His | praise | in Je- | rusalem ;

When the péople are | gathered to- | gether : ánd
the | kingdoms, to | serve the | Lord.

Holy Week.

9. ISAIAH LIII.

HE is despised and re- | jected of | men : a man of
sórrows | and ac- | quainted with | grief ;

And we hid as it wére our | faces | from Him : He
was despised, and | we es- | teemed Him | not.

Surely Hé hath | borne our | griefs : ánd | carried |
our | sorrows ;

Yet we díd es- | teem Him | stricken : smíten of |
God | and af- | flicted.

But He was wóunded for | our trans- | gressions :
Hé was | bruised for | our in- | iquities ;

The chastisement of our péace | was up- | on Him :
ánd with | His stripes | we are | healed.

All we like shéep have | gone a- | stray : we have
túrned every | one to | his own | way ;

And the Lórd hath | laid on | Him : thé in- | iquity |
of us | all.

He was oppressed ánd | He was af- | flicted : yét
He | opened | not His | mouth ;

He is brought as a lám-b | to the | slaughter : and as
a sheep before her shearers is dumb, só He | openeth |
not His | mouth.

He was taken from prís-on | and from | judgment :
and whó shall de- | clare His | gener- | ation ?

For He was cut off out of the lánd | of the | living :
for the transgréssion of My | people | was He | stricken.

10.

CANTICLE.

HOLY is Thy name, O Lord, Thóu art | God a- |
lone : Thy glory is in the earth and héaven, and Thy |
witness in | all the | nations.

Who hath not heard of Thee from the vísion | of
Thy | prophets : and met Thée in the | secrets | of
the | heart ?

Our fathers have told ús Thy | wonders of | old :
how Thou calledst them by the tender vóice | of the |
Son of | Man ;

And therein we tóo | weary and | listening : stíll |
find | —our | rest.

With Thee may we live as chídren | with a | father :
lovéd with an | ever- | lasting | love ;

Seeking not our ówn | wi- | but | Thine : that we
may be pérfect as | Thou | art | perfect.

Lay on us the cróss of | others' | sorrows : if thus
we may fulfil the | healing | sufferings of | Christ.

Remind us in every tróuble | of the | soul : that for
this cáuse | came we | unto this | hour.

And when at last we commit our spírit | unto | Thee :
receive us into the hígher | mansions | of Thy | house.

11. O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

O SAVIOUR of the wórld, the | Son, Lord | Jesus :
stir up Thy strength and help ús, we | humbly be- |
seech | Thee.

By Thy cross and precious blóod Thou | hast re- |
deemed us : save us and help ús, we | humbly be- |
seech | Thee.

Thou didst save Thy discíples when | ready to | perish :
hear us and save ús, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

Let the pítifulness of | Thy great | mercy : loose us
from our síns, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

Make it appear that Thou art our Sáviour and |
mighty de- | liverer : O save us, that we may praise
Thée, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

Draw near, according to Thy prómise, from the |
throne of Thy | glory : look down and hear our
cryíng, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

Come again and dwell with ús, O | Lord, Christ |
Jesus : abide with us for éver, we | humbly be- |
seech | Thee.

And when Thou shalt appéar with | power and
great | glory : may we be made like unto Thée | in
Thy | glorious | kingdom.

Thánks be to | Thee, O | Lord : Álle- | luia |
A- | men.

Good Friday.

12. PSALM 22.

DEUS, DEUS MEUS.

MY God, my God, look upon me ; whý hast |
Thou for- | saken me : and art so far from my health,
and fróm the | words of | my com- | plaint ?

O my God I cry in the day-time, b́ut Thou | hearest |
not : and in the night-season álso | I | take no | rest.

And Thóu con- | tinuest | holy : O' Thou | worship |
of | Israel.

Our fáthers | hoped in | Thee : they trusted in Thee,
and Thóu | didst de- | liver | them.

They called upon Thée | and were | holpen : they
put their trust in Thée | and were | not con- | founded.

But as for me, I am a wórm, and | no | man : a very
scorn of mén, and the | outcast | of the | people.

All they that see mé | laugh me to | scorn : they
shoot out their líps, and | shake their | heads |
saying,

He trusted in God, that Hé would de- | liver | him :
let Him delíver | him, if | He will | have him.

O go not from me, for tróuble is | hard at | hand :
ánd | there is | none to | help me.

They pierced my hands and my feet, I may téll | all
my | bones : théy stand | staring and | looking up- |
on me.

They párt my | garments a- | mong them : ánd
cast | lots up- | on my | vesture.

But be not Thou fár from | me, O | Lord : Thou art
my súccour | haste | Thee to | help me.

13. PSALM 69.

SÁVE | me, O | God : for the waters are come ín |
even | unto my | soul.

I stick fast in the deep mire, whére no | ground | is :
I am come into deep waters, só that the | floods run |
over | me.

I am weary of cryíng, my | throat is | dry : my sight
faileth me for wáiting so | long up- | on my | God.

They that hate me without a cause are more than the
háirs | of my | head: they that are mine enemies, and
wóuld de- | stroy me | guiltless, are | mighty.

And why? for Thy sáke have I | suffered re- | proof:
sháine hath | covered | my | face.

I am become a stránger | unto my | brethren: even
an álien | unto my | mother's | children.

For the zeal of Thine house hath éven | eaten | me :
and the rebukes of them that rebúked | Thee are | fallen
up- | on me.

I wept, and chástened my- | self with | fasting : and
thát was | turned to | my re- | proof.

I pút on | sackcloth | also : ánd they | jested up- |
on | me.

They that sit in the gáte | speak a- | gainst me: ánd
the | drunkards make | songs up- | on me.

But, Lord, I make my práyer | unto | Thee : ín | an
ac- | ceptable | time.

Hear me, O God, in the múltitude | of Thy | mercy:
even ín the | truth of | Thy sal- | vation.

Take me out of the míre, | that I | sink not: O let
me be delivered from them that hate me, ánd | out of
the | deep | waters.

Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the
déep | swallow me | up: and let not the píť | shut her |
mouth up- | on me.

Hear me, O Lord, for Thy lóving- | kindness is |
comfortable: turn Thee unto me accórding to the |
multitude | of Thy | mercies.

And hide not Thy face from Thy sérvant, for | I am
in- | trouble: O' | haste | Thee and | hear me.

14. CANTICLE.

BEHÓLD the | Lamb of | God : which taketh away
the | sin | of the | world.

He is despised and re- | jected of | men : a man of
sórrows, | and ac- | quainted with | grief.

And we hid as it wére our | faces | from Him : He
was despised, and | we es- | teemed Him | not.

Súrely He hath | borne our | griefs : ánd | carried
our | sorrows.

Yét we did es- | teem him | stricken : smítten of |
God | and af- | flicted.

But He was wóunded for | our trans- | gressions :
Hé was | bruised for | our in- | iquities.

The chastisement of our péace | was up- | on Him :
and wíth His | stripes | we are | healed.

All we like shéep have | gone a- | stray : we have
turned évery one | to his | own | way ;

And the Lórd hath | laid on | Him : thé in- | iquity |
of us | all.

Repróach hath | broken my | heart : ánd | I am | full
of | heaviness.

And I looked for some to take píty, but | there was |
none : and for cómforters | but I | found | none.

Is it nothing to yóu, all | ye that pass | by : behold,
and see if there be any sórrów | like unto | my | sorrow.

Easter Eve.

15. PSALM 30.

SING unto the Lórd, O ye | saints of | His : and give
thánks at the re- | membrance | of His | holiness.

For His anger endúreth | but a | moment : ánd | in
His | favour is | life ;

Wéeping may en- | dure for a | night : bú | joy
cometh | in the | morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I' shall | never be |
moved : Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast máde my |
mountain | to stand | strong.

Thou didst hide Thy fáce, and | I was | troubled : I
cried to Thee, O Lord, and unto the Lórd | I made |
suppli- | cation.

What profit is there in my blood, when I gó | down
to the | pit : Shall the dust praise Thee? sháll | it
de- | clare Thy | truth?

Hear, O Lord, ánd have | mercy up- | on me.: O' |
Lord, be | Thou my | helper.

To the énd | that my | glory : may sing práise to |
Thee and | not be | silent.

16. CANTICLE.

HE was taken from prísion | and from | judgment :
and whó shall de- | clare His | gener- | ation?

For He was cut off out of the lánd | of the | living :
for the transgression of My | people | was He | stricken.

For Thou wilt not léave my | soul in | *sheol* : neither
wilt Thou suffer Thine Hóly | One to | see cor- | rup-
tion.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye
éver- | lasting | doors : and the Kíng of | Glory | shall
come | in.

Psalms for Easter.

17. PSALM 2.

WHÝ do the | heathen | rage : and the péople i- |
magine a | vain | thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rúlers

take | counsel to- | gether : against the Lord, and
a- | gainst His a- | nointed | saying,

Let us bréak their | bands a- | sunder : and cást
a- | way their | cords | from us.

He that sítteth in the | heavens shall | laugh : the
Lórd shall | have them | in de- | rision.

Then shall He speak unto thém | in His | wrath :
and vex thém | in His | sore dis- | pleasure.

Yet have I' | set My | King : upón My | holy | hill
of | Zion.

I will declare the decree, the Lord hath said | unto |
Me : Thou art My Son, this dáy have | I be- | gotten |
Thee.

Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the héathen for |
Thine in- | heritance : and the uttermost párts of the |
earth for | Thy pos- | session.

18. PSALM 16.

PRESERVE | me, O | God : fór in | Thee do I | put
my | trust.

O my soul thou hast said unto the Lord, Thóu | art
my | Lord : I have nóthing | good with- | out | Thee.

The Lord is the portion of mine inhéritance and | of
my | cup : Thóu | shalt main- | tain my | lot.

The lines are fallen unto mé in | pleasant | places :
yéa I | have a | goodly | heritage.

I have set the Lórd | always be- | fore me : because
He is at my right hánd | I shall | not be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glád and my | glory re- |
joiceth : my flésh | also shall | rest in | hope.

For Thou wilt not léave my | soul in the | grave :
neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Hóly | One to | see
cor- | ruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life, in Thy présence
is | fulness of | joy : at Thy right hánd there are | plea-
sures | for ever- | more.

19. PSALM 118.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good :
fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Let them now that féar the | Lord | say : thát His |
mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

I called upon the Lórd | in dis- | tress : and the
Lórd | heard me | and de- | livered me.

The Lord is my stréngth | and my | song : and ís
be- | come | my sal- | vation.

The Lórd is | on my | side : I will not fear, wát
can | man do | unto | me?

The Lórd is my | strength and | song : and ís be- |
come | my sal- | vation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the táber-
nacles | of the | righteous : the right hánd of the |
Lord | doeth | valiantly.

I' shall not | die, but | live : and declére the | works |
of the | Lord.

The Lórd hath | chastened me | sore : but He hath
not gíven me | over | unto | death.

Open to mé the | gates of | righteousness : I will go
into thém, and | I will | praise the | Lord.

This is the gáte | of the | Lord : ínto | which the |
righteous shall | enter.

I will praise Thée, for | Thou hast | heard me : and
árt be- | come | my sal- | vation.

The stóne which the | builders re- | fused : is becóme
the | head stone | of the | corner.

This is the | Lord's | doing : ít is | marvellous | in
our | eyes.

This is the dáy which the | Lord hath | made : we
will rejóice | and be | glad in | it.

20. Canticle for Easter.

CHRIST is rísen | from the | dead : and become the
fírst | fruits of | them that | slept :

For sínce by | man came | death : by man came álsó
the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

Íf | we be- | lieve : that Jésus | died and | rose
a- | gain,

Even so them álsó who | sleep in | Jesus : wíll |
God | bring with | Him.

Christ being raised from the déad | dieth no | more :
death hath no móre do- | minion | over | Him ;

For in that He died, He díed unto | sin | once : but
in that He líveth, He | liveth | unto | God.

Likewise reckon ye also yóurselves | dead unto | sin :
but alive unto Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

Set your afféction on | things a- | bove : nót on |
things | on the | earth.

Fór | ye are | dead : and your lífe is | hid with | Christ
in | God.

When Christ who is our lífe | shall ap- | pear : then
shall ye álsó ap- | pear with | Him in | glory.

21. Canticle for Ascension Day.

THOU art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity
captive, and recéived | gifts for | men : yea, even for
Thine enemies that the Lórd | God might | dwell a- |
mong them.

The Lórd | gave the | word : gréat was the | com-
pany | of the | preachers.

How beautiful are the feet of them that préach the |
gospel of | peace : and bríng glad | tidings of | good |
things.

Their sound is gone óut into | all | lands : and their
wórds into the | ends | of the | world.

Let áll the | angels of | God : wór- | — | — ship |
Him.

(*And Psalms 15, 24.*)

22.

Whitsunday.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, and cáll up- | on His |
name : tell the péople what | things | He hath | done.

O let your sósongs be of | Him, and | praise Him :
and let your tálking be of | all His | wondrous | works.

Seek the Lórd | and His | strength : séek His | face
for | ever- | more.

The Lórd | gave the | word : and great was the
cómpany of | those who | published | it.

His salvation is nígh unto | those who | fear Him :
that glóry may | dwell | in the | land.

Mercy and trúth are | met to- | gether : ríghteous-
ness and | peace have | kissed each | other.

Truth shall flóurish | on the | earth : and ríghteous-
ness shall | look | down from | heaven.

The Lord will give stréngth | unto His | people : the
Lord will give únto His | people the | blessing of | peace.

Blessed are the people whose stréngth | is from |
Thee : and in whóse | heart are | Thy | ways.

Teach us to do Thy will, for Thóu | art our | God :
O let Thy good Spirit léad us | into the | paths of |
righteousness.

23.

Trinity Sunday.

HÉAR | O | Israel: the Lórd our | God is | one |
Lord.

And thou shalt love the Lord thy Gód with | all
thine | heart: and with all thy sÓul | and with | all
thy | might.

Worthy is the LámB | that was | slain: to receive
power, and riches, and wisdom, and stréngth, and |
honour, and | glory, and | blessing.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto
Him that sítteth up- | on the | throne: and únto the |
Lamb for | ever and | ever.

O the dépth | of the | riches: bóth of the | wisdom
and | knowledge of | God.

How unséarchable | are His | judgments: and His
wáys | past | finding | out.

For who hath known the mínd | of the | Lord: ór |
who hath | been His | counsellor?

24.

TE DEUM.

WE práise | Thee, O | God: we acknÓwledge |
Thee to | be the | Lord.

All the éarth doth | worship | Thee: thé | Father |
ever- | lasting.

To Thee all ángels | cry a- | loud: the héavens and |
all the | powers there- | in.

To Thee, Chérubim and | Seraph- | im: cón- | tinual- |
ly do | cry,

HÓly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba- | oth;
Heavén and | earth are | full: óf the | majesty | of
Thy | glory.

The glorious c6mpany | of the a- | postles : pr6ise |
— | — | Thee.

The goodly f6llowship | of the | prophets : pr6ise |
— | — | Thee.

The n6ble | army of | martyrs : pr6ise | — | — | Thee.

The holy Ch6rch throughout | all the | world : d6th |
ac- | knowledge | Thee ;

The F6- | — | ther : 6f an | in- | finite | majesty.

Thine h6nour- | able | true : 6nd | on- | ly | Son.

6lso the | Holy | Ghost : th6 | Com- | fort- | er.

Th6u | art the | King : 6f | glo- | ry, O | Christ.

Thou art the 6ver- | lasting | Son : th6 | Son | of
the | Father.

When Thou tookest upon Th6e to de- | liver | man :
Thou didst n6t ab- | hor his | low es- | tate.

When Thou hadst overc6me the | sharpness of |
death : Thou didst open the k6ngdom of | heaven to |
all be- | lievers.

Thou sittest at the r6ght | hand of | God : 6n the |
glory | of the | Father.

W6 be- | lieve that | Thou : sh6lt | come to | be
our | Judge.

We therefore pr6y Thee | help Thy | servants : whom
Thou hast red6emed | with Thy | precious | blood.

Make them to be n6mbered | with Thy | saints :
6n | glory | ever- | lasting.

O L6rd | save Thy | people : 6nd | bless Thine |
heri- | tage.

G6v- | —ern | them : 6nd | lift them | up for | ever.

D6y | by | day : w6 | magni- | fy | Thee ;

6nd we | worship Thy | name : 6ver | world | with-
out | end.

V6uch- | safe, O | Lord : to k6ep us this | day
with- | out | sin.

O Lórd, have | mercy up- | on us : háve | mer- | cy
up- | on us.

O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten up- | on us : ás our |
trust | is in | Thee.

O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted : lét me | never |
be con- | founded.

25. THE TRUE LIGHT.

Lo ! at léngth the | true | Light : light for every mán |
born | into the | world ;

Kindling the face of thém | that re- | ceive it : till
théy be- | come the | sons of | God.

Cease blinding glóries | of the | heavens : whích |
none could | see and | live !

Cease gross dárkness | of the | earth : where the
ríghteous put | forth their | hands and | fear !

The veil betwéen is | taken a- | way : ánd the |
mingling | day-spring | comes ;

No longer is the dwelling of eternal life too | bright
a- | bove : and the périshable | world too | dark be- |
low.

The Son of Gód hath | dwelt a- | mong us : fúll of |
gráçe | and | truth.

The Son of Mán has gone | up on | high : made
perfect through súffering | for the | holy of | holies.

Hé | is our | peace : giving us access by óne | spirit |
to the | Father ;

No móre | strangers and | exiles : but fellow-citizens
with the sáints | and of the | household of | God.

O Lord Almíghty ! we had | said of | Thee : “ Thy
thóughts are | not as | our | thoughts ” ;

But Thou hast looked on us as with the píty | of a |
man : and raised ús to | think the | thoughts of | God.

We had said, “ Our righteousness reacheth nót |

unto | Thee : nór to the | holy ones | of Thy | presence” ;

But Thou hast made one fámily | there and | here :
one living commúnion of | seen and | un- | seen.

We had said, “Thou layest men fast in éver- | last-
ing | sleep” : but lo ! they sléep into | ever- | lasting |
waking.

Blessed be the Lord God, that givéth | beauty for |
ashes : and the garment of práise | for the | spirit of |
heaviness.

26. PRAISE.

WE praise Thée in Thy | power, O | God : wé |
praise Thee | in Thy | sanctity.

We praise Thee who réignest in the | furthest |
heavens : we praise Thee who dwellest in our inmost
souls, our Lórd and | hidden | Comfort- | er.

No voice can dúly pro- | claim Thy | greatness : no
heart can comprehend Thy goodness, O’ Thou | Father
of | all our | spirits.

The longings of the spírit are | inex- | haustible :
ónly | Thou canst | fill the | heart.

When it is éempty, and | aching | for Thee : húng-
er- ing and | thirsting | for Thy | righteousness,

Thóu | visitest | it : wíth | peace un- | speak- | able.

With Thee there is no míserý to | the dis- | tressed :
but sórrow is | hallowed, and | pain is | sweetened.

And hardship is assúaged, and | fear is | calmed :
for Thine own nature is blessedness, ánd Thou | makest
Thy | worshippers | blessed.

Yea, bléssed | is Thy | presence : O’ | Lord | most |
holy !

Blessed is it to dwell with Thée | and to | know
Thee : to rést on | Thee | and to | serve Thee.

Bléssed shall the | nations | be : when | Thy | glory
is | recognized.

: When all who love | Thee u- | nite : to succour | and
to | raise the | weak.

Strengthen us in life or death, in this and in | every |
life : to be Thine in déed, as | we are | Thine in |
right.

To obey chéerfully, to | strive | loyally : to suffer
méeckly | to en- | joy | thankfully.

So shall we love Théé | while we | live : and par- |
take | of Thy | joy ;

And triumph over sorrow, and ful- | fil Thy | work :
and be numbered with Thy sáints, and | die | on Thy |
bosom.

27. A PSALM OF TRUST.

MARVELLOUS things of the | Lord our | God : have
we héard | and our | fathers have | told us.

Repeat to their children His | ancient | praise : that
the generátions may | set their | hope in | God.

They that trust in the Lord, shall be as His | holy |
hill : which | cannot | be re- | moved.

As the mountains are round a- | bout Je- | rusalem :
so the Lórd en- | compasseth | them for | ever.

The secret of the Lórd is with | them that | fear
Him : in the time of trouble He hidéth | them in | His
pa- | vilion.

: In the day-time He leadeth them | with a | cloud :
and in the night | with a | light of | fire.

Though they fall, they shall not be útterly | cast |
down : for the Lórd up- | holdeth them | with His |
arm.

They shall not be afraid of | evil | tidings : for their |
times are | in His | hands.

Because their heart is not háughty nor their | eyes |
lofty : and they are quíet | as a | weaned | child ;

Thérefore He | lifteth them | up : and girdeth them
with míght | though they | know it | not.

Commit thy way unto the Lórd, wait | patiently | for
Him : and thóu shalt | never | be for- | saken ;

He will draw thee óut of the | dark | waters : and
shów | thee the | path of | life.

Who is among yóu that | feareth the | Lord : yet
wálketh in | darkness, and | hath no | light ?

Let him surely trúst | in the | Lord : ánd | stay up- |
on his | God.

Lift up your éyes | to the | heavens : and lóok up- |
on the | earth be- | neath ;

The heavens shall vánish a- | way like | smoke : and
the earth shall wáx | old | like a | garment ;

And théy that | dwell there- | in : sháll | die in |
like | manner ;

But the salvation of the Lórd shall | be for | ever :
ánd His | righteousness | shall not | fail.

28. THE CITY OF GOD.

GLORIOUS things of | thee are | spoken : Jerúsalem |
city | of our | God.

Of thee it shall be said, Hére were the | prophets |
born : hére the | Most | High was | known ;

Look on the móuntain | of His | holiness : a líght
and | joy to the | whole | earth ;

Mark well her tówers, and con- | sider her | bul-
warks : that ye may tell ít to | gener- | ations to | come.

O Zíon that | bringest good | tidings : lift úp thy |
voice to | every | age ;

Let the watchmen crý | from thy | palaces : Bé- |
hold | —your | God !

As a banner from thy walls, an énsign | from a- |
far : is the | testi- | mony of | Israel.

For dárkness | covered the | earth : and gróss |
dark- | ness the | people ;

But the Lord aróse as a | light up- | on thee : ánd
His | glory was | seen up- | on thee ;

Till the Gentiles cáme | to thy | light : and thy walls
were called salvátion | and thy | gates | praise.

We will remémber the | days of | old : the years of
the right hánd | of the | Most | High ;

We will méditate on | all His | work : and wíte
His | law up- | on our | hearts.

O Lord, Thou art a Gód that | doest | wonders :
Thou hast decláred Thy- | self a- | mong the | people.

Thy wáy is | in the | sanctuary : who is so gréat a |
God as | our | Gód ?

29.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

HOLY is Thy name, O Lord, Thóu art | God a- |
lone : Thy glory is in the earth and héaven, and Thy |
witness in | all the | nations.

Who hath not heard of Thee from the vísion | of
Thy | prophets : and met Thée in the | secrets | of
the | heart ?

Our fathers have told ús Thy | wonders of | old :
how Thou calledst them by the ténder | voice of the |
Son of | Man.

And therein we too | weary and | listening : stíll |
find | —our | rest.

With Thee may we live as chíldren | with a | father :
lovéd with an | ever- | lasting | love ;

Seeking not our ówn | will, but | Thine : that we
may be pérfect as | Thou | art | perfect.

Lay on us the cróss of | others' | sorrows : if thus
we may fulfil the | healing | sufferings of | Christ.

Remind us in every tróuble | of the | soul : that for
this cáuse | came we | unto this | hour.

And when at last we commit our spírit | unto |
Thee : receive us into the hígher | mansions | of Thy |
house.

30. **HOLY DAY.**

I WAS glad when my compánions | said unto | me :
Cóme, it | is our | holy | day ;

Let us go into the hóuse | of the | Lord : let ús |
take sweet | counsel to- | gether ;

Let our feet stánd with- | in His | gates : and heart
and vóice give | thanks | unto | Him.

Blessed be the temple hállowed | by His | name :
práy for | peace with- | in its | walls ;

Peace to young and óld that | enter | there : peace
to every sóul a- | bidding | there- | in.

For friends' and brethren's sake, I will néver | cease
to | say : Péace | be with- | in | thee !

What though for Him who fílleth | heaven and |
earth : there can bé no | dwelling | made with | hands ;

What though His way is in the deep, and His
knówledge too | wonderful | for us : and before Him
we áre as | children that | cannot | speak ;

Yet, touched by the áltar's | living | glow : we léarn
as an | infant to | lisp His | name,

And try the wíngs that | beat for His | refuge : and
flée as a | bird | to the | mountain.

O Lord, when we cry unto Thée | from the | deep :
and wait for Thée as | they that | wait for the |
morning ;

Thou wilt have regard to | our en- | treaty : the sigh
of the lówly | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.

Not long, O Lord, shall we feel after Thée in these |
courts be- | low : not long wilt Thou héarken to |
these | faltering | lips.

Our fathers Thou hast called to Thy | higher |
praise : and gathered to their fáthers must | all the |
children | be.

Let the dead and living praise Thee, O Gód, a- | bove,
be- | low : let all the géner- | ations | praise | Thee.

Let the glorified cómpany | of the | first-born :
whose námes are | in the | book of | life ;

Let angels in the héight | praise | Thee : whó |
dwellest | in the | heavens ;

Let Thy church on éarth | praise | Thee : the delight
of whose wísdom is | in the | children of | men.

O hóuse of the | Lord's | praise : péace be to | them
that | love | thee !

If I' for- | get | thee : may my ríght | hand for- | get
its | cunning.

31. THE SONG OF THE LAMB.

SING no móre the | song of | Moses : lift on hígh
the | song | of the | Lamb ;

For the former things have | passed a- | way : and
heaven and éarth | have be- | come | new.

O' Je- | rusalem, Je- | rusalem : thy children re- |
fused | to be | gathered ;

But a Zion of héavenly | pattern de- | scends :
whóse | builder and | maker is | God.

The tabernacle of Gód | is with | men : He dwelleth
nót in | temples | made with | hands.

The témples of our | holy Je- | rusalem : are the
Lord Gód Him- | self | and the | Lamb ;

Théy are the | light that | lighten it : thóugh | sun
and | moon should | fail.

All dáy its | gates are | open : and no níght | shuts
the | way of | mercy.

Come to the river of Gód | in the | midst : to him
that is athirst He gívethe of its | living | waters |
freely.

Cóme to the | tree of | life : whose leaves are fór
the | healing | of the | nations.

Blessed be the Lórd that | draweth | nigh : and
openeth deep thínghs of the | Spirit to | them that | love
Him ;

And calleth the kíngdoms | of this | world : to be
the kíngdoms of our | God and | of His | Christ.

32. THE FATHER OF MANKIND.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel : who
draweth the eyes of all nátions | to His | holy | hill ;

And saith, "Living waters shall go óut | from Je-
rusalem : and turn the éarth | into a | fruitful | field."

Though Ábraham be | ignorant | of us : ánd | Israel
ac- | knowledge us | not ;

Thou, O Lord, art our Fátther | our Re- | deemer :
Thy náme | is from | ever- | lasting.

Great art Thou in cóunsel and | mighty in | work :
Thine eyes are upón | all the | sons of | men ;

To write upon their héarts that | they may | know
Thee : from the léast | even | unto the | greatest.

Through the tender mércy | of our | God : the dáy-
spring from on | high hath | visited | us,

To give light to them that sit in dárkness and the |
shadow of | death : and to guide our féet | into the |
ways of | peace.

He is found of théin that | sought Him | not : and
pursueth the sóuls that | had for- | gotten | Him.

O Lord, give unto Thy people a pure speech, that
they may cáll up- | on Thy | name : to sérvé | Thee
with | one con- | sent ;

To preach glad tídings | unto the | meek : and pro-
claim the accéptable | year | of the | Lord.

33. GOD, OUR CREATOR, FATHER, AND SAVIOUR.

THE Lord is our Créator, we will | glorify | Him :
our Father, and we will love Him ; our Sáviour, and |
we will | trust in | Him.

Práise Him | heaven and | earth : all that is abóve
and be- | low | praise | Him.

Praisé | Him, my | soul : all that ís with- | in me |
praise | Him.

The Lord is plénteous in | loving- | kindness : and
áll His | ways are | ways of | mercy.

Day after dáy | night after | night : the úniverse
pro- | claims His | good- | ness.

All things de- | clare His | love : it shines in the
brightness of the sún, and in the | beauty of | field
and | flower.

Thé | food that | nourisheth : kind friends and
háppy | homes are | all His | gifts.

The Lórd is the | Saviour of | sinners : mágni- | fy
His | holy | name.

He delivereth the wicked from the bonds of iniquity,
He héaleth the | wounded | soul : He giveth eyes to
the blind and ears to the deaf, joy to the sórrowful |
and new | life to the | dead.

Daily He goeth through our streets and knócketh |
at our | doors : offering the bréad of | life to | starv-
ing | children.

With base ingratitude they revile Him and transgress His will, for they | know Him | not : yet He has love and com- | passion | unto the | wicked.

His nature is love, anger and véngéance He | knoweth | not : Hé is | patient | and long- | suffering.

He delighteth not in the misery | of the | sinner : and will nó | suffer | him to | perish.

He is the Good Shepherd who goeth about to | seek and to | save : and rejóiceth | when the | lost is | found.

His mércy | vanquisheth | sin : and who can measure the length and breadth and dépth of | His re- | deeming | love ?

34. A MORNING PSALM.

BLESSED be Thou, Lord Gód | of our | fathers : and our God who túrnest the | shadow of | night into | morning ;

Who makest night and dáy | darkness and | light : and lightenest our eyes | that they | sleep not in | death.

Thou Eternal and Inéffable | Fountain of | Life : renew our souls with Thy bréathing, and | make us | children of | light.

Teach us to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thóu | art our | God : and let not our days be spent in váníty | nor our | years in | sorrow.

Remove from us foolish thoughts, and let not our ears be quíck to | evil | sound : but be ópen to the in- | struction | of Thy | oracles.

Let our speech be out of the abúndance of a | pure | heart : and help us to do some work which may bé ac- | ceptable | in Thy | sight.

Into Thy hands we commend our spírit | soul, and |

body : of which Thou art Creator, Saviour, Restórer,
O | God | of | truth.

Give Thy strength to Thy sérvants and | help Thy |
children : whó | put their | trust in | Thee.

35.

AN EVENING PSALM.

WE thank Thee, Lórd, for the | day that is | gone :
make bríght to | us the | coming | night.

When life's long dáy is | grey with | evening : make
líght to | us the | time of | age.

Cast us not awáy in the | time of | weakness : but
be our stréngth and our | Friend when | strength |
faileth us.

Pérfect Thy | strength in | us : and when day is far
spént | lighten | our | darkness.

As the Lord has granted His loving-kíndness | in
the | day time : at even will we lift up our hands in the
sánctuary and | praise the | God of our | life.

Through all chances and chánges | Thou a- | bidest :
and gívest us | songs | in the | night.

Lord, as we ádd | day to | day : let us nótt | add |
sín to | sín.

In whatsoever we have sinned, let ús re- | pent |
truly : and hélp | Thou our | unre- | pentíng.

Let Thy mercy be gréater than | all our | offences :
and beyond our guílt | let Thy | love a- | bound.

Heal, O Lífe-gíver, every | wound of the | past : take
away the sháme, and | cleanse us | from our | sín.

Vouchsafe, O Gód | rest to our | weariness : and
visit us with visions of wísdóm and | with re- | freshíng |
peace.

Shelter our slúmber with the | wing of Thy | pity :
and when we awáke | may we be | still with | Thee.

36. A LITANY OF THANKSGIVING.

O LORD, open Thóu our | lips with | goodness : and
let our spéech show | forth Thy | praise with |
power.

Make perfect the túrning of our | hearts unto | Thee :
and let us love múch since | to us | much is | given.

O bless the Etérnal | and Un- | speakable : for His
Godhéad and | power and | provi- | dence.

Praise Him who has bróught us | into | life : who
has upheld us hitherto, and will be our gúide | even |
unto the | end ;

Through the tender mércies | of our | God : the Dáy-
spring from on | high hath | visited | us.

Thine is the beauty of the world, and Thine álso is
the | light in- | visible : whatsoever is | true and | good
with- | in us ;

All holy writings and téachings, and | all helpful |
thoughts : are rays from Thy bríghtness, with | whom
is no | night for | ever.

Though our sins be many, yet the múltitude of Thy |
mercies pre- | vail : and Thou dost hear us in our tíme
of | need, and | give us | peace.

Glory to Thee, O Lórd, for | life and | reason : fór
pro- | tec- | tion and | guidance.

Thy love is in all our gifts of | training and | prayer :
Thy grace in náture | and Thy | purpose in |
chance.

Thíne are | all our | friends : the smiles of home,
and the human love that béars and | puts a- | way
our | sin.

Blaming ourselves, we bléss | Thee, O | Lord : to
think of Thee is péace, to | love | Thee is | joy.

37. A LITANY OF PENITENCE.

LORD, who knowest all things, and lovest all mén |
even as Thou | knowest : Thine is | might and | will
to | save us.

With Thee is ténderness and | multitude of | mer-
cies : in pardoning the sins of yéars, and | not chas-
tising | willingly.

Remember not, Lord, the shame of to-day, nor the
dark stóry of | days gone | by : but after Thine ínfinite |
pity | deal with | us.

Let Thy love plead with Thee to táke a- | way our |
sins : and to save ús | even | as our | fathers.

Save us from all hopeless sháme | and re- | morse :
and deliver ús in | every | day of | judgment.

Save us from all hardness of heart, and áll | blind-
ness of | soul : and from all things that separate ús
from each | other | and from | Thee.

Make our thoughts the lively echóes of | Thy
com- | mands : and wín our af- | fections | for Thy |
kingdom.

Help us to offer to Thee the sácristice | of the | life :
ánd to ful- | fil Thy | will in | well-doing.

For Thy name's sake pérfect Thy | work in | us :
and let ús | live | as Thy | children.

Our hope is ín Thy | goodness for | ever : O let us
not go hénce till our | eyes have | seen Thy sal- | va-
tion.

38. THANKSGIVING.

LET all Thy wórks | praise Thee, O | Lord : and
Thy children re- | joice in | thanking | Thee.

Thine is our bréath, and | Thine our | likeness :

Thou quickenest our minds, and mákest | fine the |
springs of | conscience.

From Thee came áncient revel- | ation and | writ-
ings : deep sáyings of | prophets and | songs of | praise.

From Thee are all the wise wórds of | olden | time :
the counsels of trúth, and | worship of | prayer and |
deed.

O everlasting Téacher | of man- | kind : from Thée
come the | workers of | good for | ever.

Thine are the revivers of gódliness | in the | world :
and the sówers of | winged | seeds of | truth.

Thine, O Lord, is the great cómpany | of our |
ancestors ; the sácured | truth-tellers | and brave |
patriots ;

All makers of story and song and the másters of |
harmony are | Thine : and the púre | suffer- | ers for |
goodness ;

Whóever has | vanquished | evil : and in faith and
hópe | gone through | labour for | right.

Lord, let not all Thy wórk | be in | vain : whereby
Thou dost redeem our race, that it máy par- | take | of
Thy | glory.

If stories of old time fade, and éárlhly | parables |
fáil : let Thy kindness be ever nów, and | truth be-
come | perfect | in us.

Open to us the door of faith, and of a new mínd,
and of | deep | insight : and the God of óld will be |
known as the | Living | Friend.

39. THE NATION.

BLESSED is the nátion whose | God is the | Lord :
the people that Hé hath | chosen for | His in- | heri-
tance.

Ópen | ye the | gates: that the ríghteous | nation
may | enter | in.

For when the righteous are in authóritý the | people
re- | joice: but when the wícked bear | rule the |
people | mourn.

Woe unto thee, O land, when équity | cannot | enter:
when judgment is | turned a- | way | backward;

When justice stándeth a- | far | off: and trúth is |
fallen | in the | street;

When thy rulers fóllo w | after re- | wards: ánd
their | eyes are | blinded with | bribes;

When none bríngeth his | suit with | justice: ánd |
no one | pleadeth with | truth.

Bléssed art | thou, O | land: wén thy | law is | not |
slackened;

When thou mákest thy | rulers | righteousness:
ánd | —thine | officers | peace;

When each despiséth the | gain of op- | pression:
and sháketh his | hands from | holding | bribes;

When he respecteth not the pérson | of the | poor:
nor hónoureth the | person | of the | mighty;

But in righteousness | serveth the | people: and
establis héth true | judgment | in thy | gates.

Then shall violence be no móre | heard in thy |
land: wásting and de- | struction with- | in thy |
borders.

Then shall jústice roll | down as | waters: and
ríghteousness | as a | mighty | stream.

And thou shalt cáll thy | walls Sal- | vation: ánd |
—thy | gates | Praise.

For righteousness ex- | alteth a | nation: and in-
jústice is a re- | proach to | any | people;

And in righteousness hath the | -Lord | called thee:
and given thée | for a | light to the | kingdoms.

O God, we have heard with our éars, and our |
fathers have | told us : what works Thou didst in their
dáys and | in the old | times be- | fore them.

Our lines have fallen unto ús in | pleasant | places :
yéa we | have a | goodly | heritage.

O give thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good : fór
His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

And pray for the péace | of our | country : all théy
shall | pros- | per who | love Thee.

40. *Psalm 124* SPRING.

Lo, the wínter is | over and | gone : the flowers
appéar a- | gain | on the | earth.

The time of the sínging of the | birds has | come :
and the vóice of the | dove is | heard in our | land ;

The orchards put fórth their | green | fruit : and the
vínes are | fragrant with | tender | grapes.

The cóld came | out of the | north : by the bréath
of | God the | frost was | given.

The dúst | 'grew into | hardness : ánd the | clods
cleaved | fast to- | gether.

The waters were híd as | with a | stone : ánd the |
face of the | deep was | frozen.

Thou sendest óut Thy | word and | meltest them :
Thou causest Thy wind to blów | and the | waters |
flow.

Thou vísitest the | earth and | waterest it : Thou
wáterest the | hills there- | of a- | bundantly ;

Thou sendest ráin | into the | valleys : ánd | makest
them | soft with | showers ;

Thou sátisfiest the | desolate | ground : ánd | blessest
the | springing there- | of.

Wherefore if God so clóthe the | grass of the | field :
will He not much móre | care | for His | children ?

The grass wíthereth, the | flower | fadeth : but the
mércy of the | Lord en- | dureth for | ever.

41. SUMMER.

AWAKE and praise Gód | in His | goodness : rejoice
and sing, ye children | of the | Most | High.

Come before Hím with | mirth and | song : and be
glád in the | multitude | of His | mercies.

He hath filled the | heavens with | light : and made
the eye to sée | and the | heart to | love.

Arise, and lift up your sóuls | with thanks- | giving :
fór | His a- | bounding | beauty.

Beauty is spréad up- | on the | hills : ánd the |
valleys are | full of | flowers.

Consider the lilies of the fíeld | how they | grow :
and all the green things that make | pleasant our |
common | ways.

Full of wónder is the | life of | summer : and this
earthly beauty is but a párt | of His | glory and |
blessing.

The riches of Gód | cannot be | measured : and eye
hath not seen nor ear heard the things pre- | pared
for | those who | love Him.

42. AUTUMN.

THE summer is pást, the | autumn is | come : and
the heavenly bléssings | are on | every | side.

The Lord crowneth the yéar | with His | goodness :
and séed-time and | harvest | do not | cease.

He hath made His sun to shíne and His | rain to |
fall : ón the | evil | and the | good.

In the fields they réap what | they have | sown :
and gáther the | vintage | from the | vineyard.

Blessed be God for the light and | dew of | heaven :
and for the precious things | brought forth | by the |
earth.

Lét the | fields be | joyful : and all the sons of mén
be | glad be- | fore the | Lord.

Bléssed be Thy | name, O | God : for the days Thou
hast given ús | in this | world of | Thine.

Swiftly do they pass, yet have we time to en- | joy
Thee | in them : ánd to | serve | Thee with | love.

43.

A WINTER PSALM.

THE Lord God comes out of the hídíng-place | of
the | north : He rólls the thick | snow- | storm be- |
fore Him.

At the breath of His móúth vast | clouds are |
gathered : He utters His commánd, and | all the | rivers
are | frozen.

He gives wings to the wáters | of the | air : and
sends flákes of | snow | without | number.

They lie deep on the mountain side, and between
all the blades of gráss | in the | valley : they cóver the
young | corn | in the | furrow.

The bushes droop, and the fir trees shíver | with
their | burthen : the strong oak gróans, and the |
chestnut's | pride is | broken.

The sun looks fórth up- | on a white | wilderness :
and in the deep tranqúillity | every | sound is | heard.

The voice of song has pérished | from the | wood-
land : the wild birds seek píty | at the | hand of | man.

Who will take the óutcast | to his | home ? who is
he that lighteth fire on the | hearth | that is | desolate ?

Lord God of súnshine | and of | storm : be Thou
our stréngth | when Thou | sendest | winter.

Thou knowest all the páths | on the | mountains :
and providest shéltér in the deep | places | of the |
rocks.

Light is Thíne, and | darkness is | Thine : the
tempest makes a way for Thy counsel, and práyer
goes | up to | Thee in | stillness.

The year as it rolls is fílléd | with Thy | fulness :
all its changes are shádwes of Thy | thought a- | biding
con- | tinually.

Thou, O Lórd, art | near to sus- | tain : bút far | off
to | under- | stand.

Thou that móvest | through things | temporal : lead
us ínto the | rest which | is e- | ternal.

44. THE STRAIN OF PRAISE.

THE strain upraise of joy and práise,

Álle- | lu- | ia :

To the glory of their King

Shall His fáithful | people | sing :

Álle- | lu- | ia : Álle- | lu- | ia !

And the chóirs that | dwell on | high :

Shall re-echó | through the | sky :

Álle- | lu- | ia : Álle- | lu- | ia !

They through the fields of | Paradise who | roam :

The blessed ones, repéat from | that bright | home :

Álle- | lu- | ia : Álle- | lu- | ia !

The planets glíttéring on their | heavenly | way :

The shining constellátions | join and | say :

Álle- | lu- | ia : Álle- | lu- | ia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,

Ye wínds on | pinions | light :

Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
 Ye lightnings | wildly | bright :
 In swéet con- | sent u- | nite : your
 Alle- | lu- | ia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
 Ye stórms and | winter | snow :
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar fróst and | summer | glow :
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glórious | forests | sing :
 Alle- | lu- | ia !

First let the birds, with páinted | plumage | gay :
 Exalt their great Créátor's | praise, and | say :
 Alle- | lu- | ia : Alle- | lu- | ia !

Then let the beasts of éarth, with | varying | strain :
 Join in creation's hýmn, and | cry | again :
 Alle- | lu- | ia : Alle- | lu- | ia !

Here let the mountains thunder fórch so- | no- | rous :
 Alle- | lu- | ia :
 There let the valleys sing in géntle | cho- | rus :
 Alle- | lu- | ia !

Thou jubilant abyýss of | ocean | cry :
 Alle- | lu- | ia :
 Ye tracts of earth and cónti- | nents, re- | ply :
 Alle- | lu- | ia

To God, who áll cre- | ation | made :
 The frequent hýmn be | duly | paid :
 Alle- | lu- | ia : Alle- | lu- | ia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lórd Al- |
mighty | loves : Alle- | lu- | ia :

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Chríst Him- |
self ap- | proves : Alle- | lu- | ia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and vóice a- | wak- | ing :
Alle- | lu- | ia :

And children's voices echo, ánsver | mak- | ing :
Alle- | lu- | ia !

Now from all mén | be out- | poured :

Allelúia | to the | Lord :

With Allelúia | ever- | more :

The Son and Spírit | we a- | dore.

Praise be gíven to the E- | ternal | One :

Alle- | lu- | ia : Alle- | lu- | ia : Alle- | lu- | ia !

Amen !

Words of Anthems.

1. Advent.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness:—Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

G. F. Handel.

2.

ARISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Sir G. Elvey.

3.

SLEEPERS, wake: a voice is calling; it is the watchman on the walls, thou city of Jerusalem. For lo, the Bridegroom comes! Arise, and take your lamps.

Hallelujah! Awake! His kingdom is at hand. Go forth to meet your Lord.

Felix Mendelssohn.

4.

IT is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent; the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

J. Barnby.

5.

O DAYSPRING, brightness of the everlasting Light, and Sun of righteousness. O Dayspring, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Come, Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus, come!

Sir J. Stainer.

6.

SEND out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me, and let them bring me to Thy holy hill. O God, then will I go unto Thy altar. On the harp we will praise Thee, O Lord our God. Why, O soul, art thou sorrowful, and why cast down within me? Still trust the loving-kindness of the God of thy strength; and my tongue yet shall praise Him who hath pleaded my cause.

C. Gounod.

7.

Christmas.

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them:

Fear not ! for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth !

Break forth into joy, Hallelujah ! sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem : for the Lord hath comforted His people, He hath redeemed Jerusalem.

A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac.

8.

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo ! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not ! for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying : Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, goodwill towards men.

G. F. Handel.

9.

SING and rejoice, O daughter of Zion, for lo ! I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord thy God.

Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord, for He is raised up out of His holy habitation.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him

Born, the King of Angels ;

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Amen.

J. Barnby.

10.

BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.

Sir J. Goss.

11.

Epiphany.

FROM the rising up of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My name.

For My name shall be great among the heathen.

Thus saith the Lord. Amen.

Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.

12.

O PRAISE the Lord ! O praise the Lord, all ye heathen. Praise Him, all ye nations. For His

merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever : His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us. O praise the Lord ! Amen.

Earl of Wilton.

13. **Lent.**

SEEK ye the Lord while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

J. V. Roberts.

14.

COMFORT, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, for unto Thee do I lift up my soul.

W. Crotch.

15.

COME unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

J. S. Smith.

16.

LORD, for Thy tender mercies' sake, lay not our sins to our charge, but forgive that is past ; and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin and incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee now and evermore.

R. Farrant.

17.

UNTO Thee have I cried, O Lord, and early shall my prayer come before Thee, O Lord. Consider and hear me, O Lord. Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death. Turn Thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul, O save me for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.

Sir G. L. Elvey.

18.

TURN Thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Thomas Attwood.

19.

YE people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions: even as Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God: for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind, and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me; thus saith our God. O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence!

O come, ev'ry one that thirsteth, O come to the waters, O come unto Him! O hear, and your souls shall live for ever.

Felix Mendelssohn.

20.

ALL ye who weep, O come unto Me; I will comfort you. All ye who suffer, O come to Me; I will console

you. All ye who mourn, O come to Me; I am your peace. All ye who die, O come to Me for life eternal.

C. Gounod.

21.

O THAT thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Sir A. Sullivan.

22.

WHEREWITHAL shall a young man cleanse his way: even by ruling himself after Thy word. With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments. Thy words have I hid within my heart: that I should not sin against Thee. Blessed art Thou, O Lord: O teach me Thy statutes. Hallelujah! Amen.

Sir G. J. Elvey.

23.

REND your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil.

F. C. Atkinson.

24.

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

E. Prout.

25. Palm Sunday and Holy Week.

DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

Sir G. Elvey.

26.

BLESSED is He who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

C. Gounod.

27.

Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.

Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.

28.

O LAMB of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Grant us Thy peace.

C. Gounod.

29.

O JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wing, and ye would not! If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes.

Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

Montagu Smith.

30.

JERUSALEM, thou that killest the prophets, thou that stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered unto Me thy children, and ye would not, Jerusalem.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
 Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
 My life I but from Thee inherit,
 And death becomes my chiefest gain.
 In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
 Content, for Thou art ever nigh. Amen.

Felix Mendelssohn.

31.

O SAVIOUR of the world, who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

Sir J. Goss.

32.

SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

G. F. Handel.

33.

Easter.

CHRIST is risen from the dead. Hallelujah! In that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Christ is risen from the dead. Hallelujah!

Sir G. Elvey.

34.

HE was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of Thy people was He stricken.

But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell, nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

G. F. Handel.

35.

THE Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation. Open to me the gates of righteousness that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord. The same stone which the builders refused is become the headstone in the corner. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Hallelujah! Amen.

W. H. Monk.

36.

MY hope is in the Everlasting that He will save you; and joy is come unto me from the Holy One, because of the mercy which shall soon come unto you from the Everlasting, our Saviour. I sent you out with mourning and weeping, but God will give you to me again with joy and gladness for ever and ever.

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof.

But yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead.

Sir J. Stainer.

37.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever. King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

G. F. Handel.

38.

SING unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness. For His anger endureth but a moment, and in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

E. Prout.

39.

BLOW golden trumpets, sweet and clear;

Blow softly upon the perfumed air;

Bid the sad earth to join your songs:

To Christ, to Christ

The victory belongs.

Oh, let the winds our message bear

To every heart of grief and care;

Sound through the world the joyful lay:

Our Christ, our Christ

Has conquered death to-day.

On cloudy wings let glad words fly
 Through the soft blue of echoing sky ;
 Ring out, O trumpets ! sweet and clear :
 Through death, through death
 Immortal life is here.

Words by Margaret Deland.

F. Root.

40.

BREAK forth into joy, sing together ye waste places
 of Jerusalem : for the Lord hath comforted His people.
 He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made
 bare His holy arm in the sight of all His people.

Hymns of praise then let us sing,

Alleluia.

Unto Christ our Heavenly King,

Alleluia.

Who endured the cross and grave,

Alleluia.

Sinners to redeem and save,

Alleluia. Amen.

Joseph Barnby.

41.

Ascension.

LEAVE us not, neither forsake us, O God of our
 salvation. In Thy presence is the fulness of joy.

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into
 heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from
 you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye
 have seen Him go into heaven.

Thou art gone up on high. Hallelujah ! Thou
 hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men—
 yea, even for Thine enemies—that the Lord God
 might dwell among them. Hallelujah ! Amen.

Sir J. Stainer.

42.

Whitsunday.

IF ye love Me, keep My commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever :

Even the Spirit of truth. Amen.

W. H. Monk.

43.

BEHOLD, how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell in unity ! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard ; and went down to the skirts of his clothing. It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion. For there the Lord promised His blessing, and life for evermore.

J. Clarke Whitfield.

44.

Trinity Sunday.

COME up hither, and I will shew thee what shall be hereafter. And lo ! a throne was set in heaven, and on the throne One stood ! And a rainbow was round about the throne. And the elders knelt before the throne, clad in white raiment, and on their heads were crowns of gold. And from the throne came thunderings and lightnings, and voices crying, day and night :

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, God Almighty, who wast, and who art, and art to come.

Spahr.

45.

HOLY, holy, holy is God our Lord, the Almighty One : He that is, and He that was, and is to come.

Spahr.

46. **St. Michael and all Angels.**

THEREFORE with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name; evermore praising Thee and saying, Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.

Vincent Novello.

47.

ANGELS ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care ;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of raiment white.

G. F. Handel.

48. **Saints' Days.**

BLEST are the departed who in the Lord are sleeping, from henceforth for evermore; they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

Spohr.

49.

BUT the Lord is mindful of His own; He remembers His children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us.

Mendelssohn.

50.

HAPPY and blest are they who have endured; for though the body dies, the soul shall live for ever.

Mendelssohn.

51.

How lovely are the messengers who preach to us the Gospel of Peace. To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their word.

Mendelssohn.

52.

HALLELUJAH! What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Sir J. Stainer.

53.

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

Sir J. Goss.

54.

PROVERB Harvest.

O LORD, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches. The valleys stand so thick with corn, that they laugh and sing. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

Sir J. Barnby.

55.

O TASTE and see how gracious the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the Lord, ye that are His saints; for they that fear Him lack nothing. The lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Sir J. Goss and Sir A. Sullivan.

56.

YE shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be My people, and I will be your God.

I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field.

And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate, in the sight of all that passed by.

And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden.

Give thanks unto the Lord, His mercy endureth for ever.

57.

OH blessed is that land of God,

Where saints abide for ever;

Where golden fields spread far and broad,

Where flows the crystal river.

Oh blessed, thrice blessed,

The strains of all its holy throng

With ours to-day is blending;

Thrice blessed is that harvest song

Which never hath an ending. Amen.

Sir J. Stainer.

58.

General Use.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 Oh ! when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine ?

Spohr.

59.

O LORD, my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant
 prayeth ; have Thou respect unto his prayer. Hear
 Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou
 hearest, Lord, forgive.

S. S. Wesley.

60.

SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord !

Before Thy mercy-seat

My soul adoring pleads Thy word,

And owns Thy mercy sweet.

Where'er Thy Name is blest,

Where'er Thy people meet,

There I delight in Thee to rest,

And find Thy mercy sweet.

Light Thou our weary way,

Lead Thou our wandering feet ;

That while we stay on earth we may

Still find Thy mercy sweet.

Thus shall the heav'nly host

Hear all our songs repeat,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;

My joy, Thy mercy sweet. Amen.

*Words by J. S. B. Monsell.**Sir J. Barnby.*

61.

HOLY, holy, holy is the Lord our God, glorious in His high abode. Angels praise the heav'nly King, men on earth His glory sing.

Abbé Vogler.

62.

LIKE as the hart desireth the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God.

Vincent Novello.

63.

A DAY in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

Sir G. A. Macfarren.

64.

IF with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me; thus saith our God. Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence!

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand. Thy mercy Lord is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

Felix Mendelssohn.

65.

LOVE not the world, nor the things that are in the world ; for the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

O love the Lord, all ye His saints ; for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer. Be strong, and He shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord. Amen.

Sir A. Sullivan.

66.

O REST in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee ; He never will suffer the righteous to fall : He is at thy right hand. Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

Felix Mendelssohn.

67.

O HOW amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts ! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house : they will be always praising Thee. Hallelujah !

Sir J. Barnby.

68.

TEACH me Thy way O Lord : I will walk in Thy truth. O knit my heart to Thee that I may fear Thy name. O turn Thou unto me : have mercy upon me.

Spohr.

69.

WHAT shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people. Praise ye the Lord !

A. H. Brown.

70.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that ledest Joseph like a flock. Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth. Hallelujah !

Bortnianski.

71.

THE Lord is in His holy temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Sir G. J. Elvey.

72.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. For there is the seat of judgment, ev'n the seat of the house of David. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen.

Sir G. Elvey.

73.

O COME, every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters; come unto Him. O hear, and your souls shall live for ever.

Felix Mendelssohn.

74.

I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

R. Cecil.

75.

Swiss Morning Hymn.

MORN awakes in silence, still in the vaulted sky, stars with fading lustre gem its canopy; hail, then, hail, fair morning's gleam! Praise to Him who kindleth every sunny beam; swell your grateful voices, bend in adoration, praise the Lord of Light; Lord of every land and nation, thron'd in boundless might.

Franz Abt.

76.

Evening Anthem.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last,

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
 Art Lord of all.

H. H. Woodward.

77.

Chorale.

To God on high be thanks and praise,
 Who deigns our bonds to sever,
 His cares our drooping souls upraise,
 And harm shall reach us never ;
 On Him we rest, with faith assured,
 Of all that live the mighty Lord,
 For ever and for ever.

Felix Mendelssohn.

78.

GOD is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must
 worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Sir W. S. Bennett.

79.

Jubilate Deo.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands ; serve the Lord
 with gladness, and come before His presence with a
 song. Be ye sure that the Lord He is God ; it is He
 that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His
 people and the sheep of His pasture. O go your way
 into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts
 with praise. Be thankful unto Him, and speak good
 of His name. For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is
 everlasting, and His truth endureth from generation to
 generation. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
 and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is
 now, and ever shall be, world without end.

G. M. Garrett, Mûs. Doc.

80.

Aunc Dímittis.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou has prepared before the face of all people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

81.

Magnificat.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden. For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name. And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations. He hath showed strength with His arm. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel, as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.

82. Cantate Domino.

O SING unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things. With His own right hand and with His holy arm hath He gotten Himself the victory. The Lord declared His salvation; His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel, and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God. Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands, sing, rejoice, and give thanks. Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving, with trumpets also and shawms. O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is, the round world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.

83. Deus Misereatur.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations rejoice and be glad, for Thou shalt judge the

folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.

84. Lift up your Hearts.

LIFT up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord. Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God. It is meet and right so to do. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, holy Father almighty, everlasting God.

Therefore, with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee and saying,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

J. Barnby.

85.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed at the last time. But as He who

hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation. Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear. See that ye love one another, with a pure heart, fervently. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God; for all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for evermore.

Dr. S. S. Wesley.

86.

HEAR my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear,
Thyself from my petition do not hide.
Take heed to me, hear how in prayer I mourn;
Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide.
The enemy shouteth—the godless come fast,
Iniquity, hatred upon me they cast.
The wicked oppress me—oh where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry!
My heart is sorely pained within my breast,
My soul with deadly terror is oppressed.
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall,
With terror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.

O for the wings of a dove!

Far away would I rove,

In the wilderness build me a nest,

And remain there for ever at rest.

F. Mendelssohn.

87.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation. O deliver me from deceitful and unjust men. For Thou art the God of my strength; O why dost Thou cast me from Thee? Wherefore mourn

I because the enemy sorely oppressed me? Send out Thy light and truth, Lord; O let them lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling-place. And then will I go to the altar of God, the God of my joy; to God, the God of my gladness and joy. I will praise Thee upon the harp, O my God. O my soul, why art thou cast down, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in the Lord, O my soul; for I will praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my gracious Lord and God.

F. Mendelssohn.

88.

THOU knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer: but spare us, Lord most holy; O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from Thee.

H. Purcell.

89.

I WAITED for the Lord: He inclined unto me, and He heard my complaint.

O blessed are they that hope and trust in Him.

F. Mendelssohn.

90.

THE souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die; but they are at peace.

Sir George F. Elvey.

91.

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom

as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold your God will come, even God : He will come and save you. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart ; and the tongue of the dumb sing ; for in the wilderness shall water break out, and streams in the desert. And a highway shall be there, and it shall be called the way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it. But all the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Dr. S. S. Wesley.

92.

COMES at times a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

Comes at times a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore,
As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes at times a voice of days departed,
On the dying gales of even borne.
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

Sir H. S. Oakley.

93.

IT came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and with instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord. Hallelujah. Amen.

Rev. Sir F. A. S. Ouseley.

94.

FROM Thy love as a Father,
O Lord, teach us to gather
That Life will conquer Death:
They who seek things eternal
Shall rise to light supernal
On wings of lowly faith.

Ch. Gounod.

95.

I WILL lay me down in peace, and take my rest;
for it is Thou, Lord, that makest me dwell in safety.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc.

96.

THE way is long and weary, the path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary, but we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen, more desolate Thy way.
O Lamb of God, who takest the sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

The snows lie thick around us in the dark and gloomy
 night,
 And the tempest wails above us, and the stars have
 hid their light ;
 But thicker was the darkness round Calvary's cross
 that day.

O Lamb of God, who takest the sin of the world away,
 Have mercy upon us !

Dr. Leslie and Sir A. S. Sullivan.

97. **Agnus Dei.**

LAMB of God, whose awful beauty
 Shines within the darkest place,
 So that angels veil their faces,
 And the little ones find grace :
 Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei !
 Suffer us Thy feet to trace.

Lamb of God, whose perfect whiteness
 Throws no shadow of a stain ;
 Suffer us Thy fallen spirits
 Something of Thy light to gain.

Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei !

Purify us by Thy pain.

Lamb of God, whose love so wondrous
 On our callous natures came,
 Making of our very passions
 Fuel for Thy lambent flame.

Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei !

Sanctify us through Thy name,

Jesu Christe, Agnus Dei !

Words by Sarah Williams.

B. Sykes.

98.

How lovely are Thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where Thou dost dwell so near !
My soul doth long and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O Living God, for Thee.

There even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest ;
The swallow, there to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest ;
Ev'n by Thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode :
And home they fly from round the coasts,
T'ward Thee, my King, my God.

Spahr.

99.

No shadows yonder !
All light and song !
Each day I wonder,
And say, " How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng ? "

No weeping yonder !
All fled away !
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay

No partings yonder !
Time and space never
Again shall sunder.

Hearts cannot sever :
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder !
Bought by the Lamb.
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A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac.

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I have also to acknowledge the assistance I have received in revising the metres of the hymns, and in pointing the chants, from Mr. JAMES GREIG, late Choir-master of Trinity Church, Glasgow.

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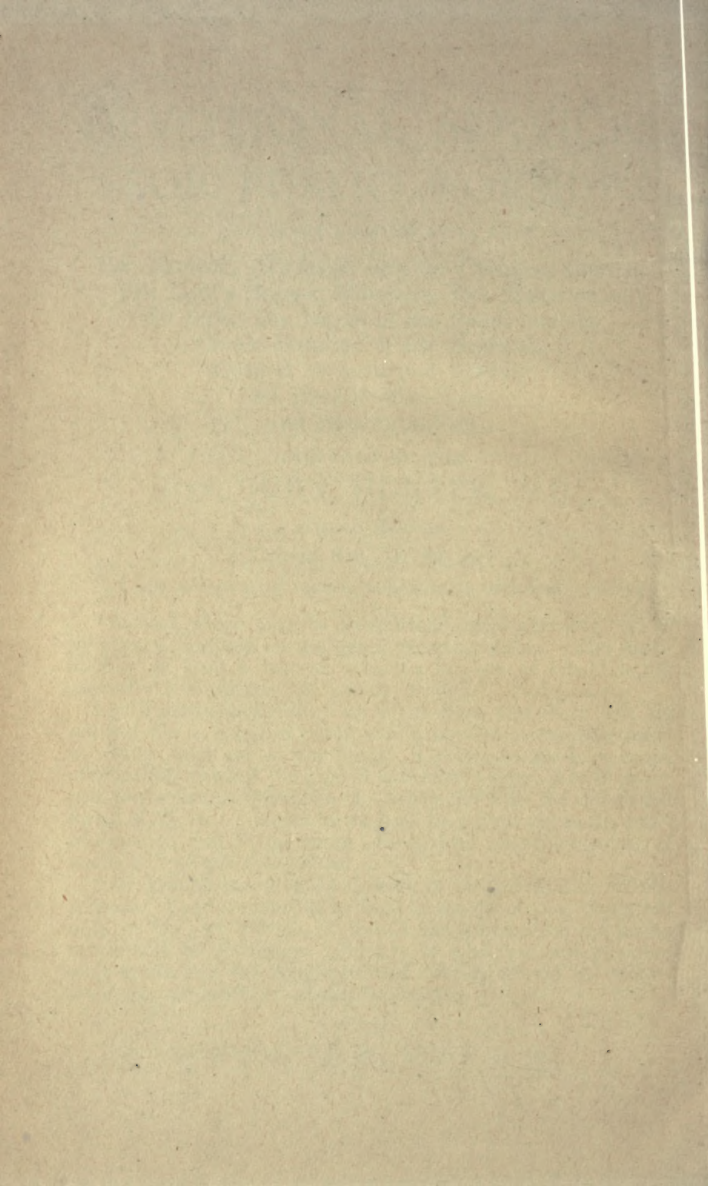
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